THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OCTOBER 26, 1929

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Eleanor Mercein—Albert W. Atwood—Brooke Hanlon—Artur Bodanzky
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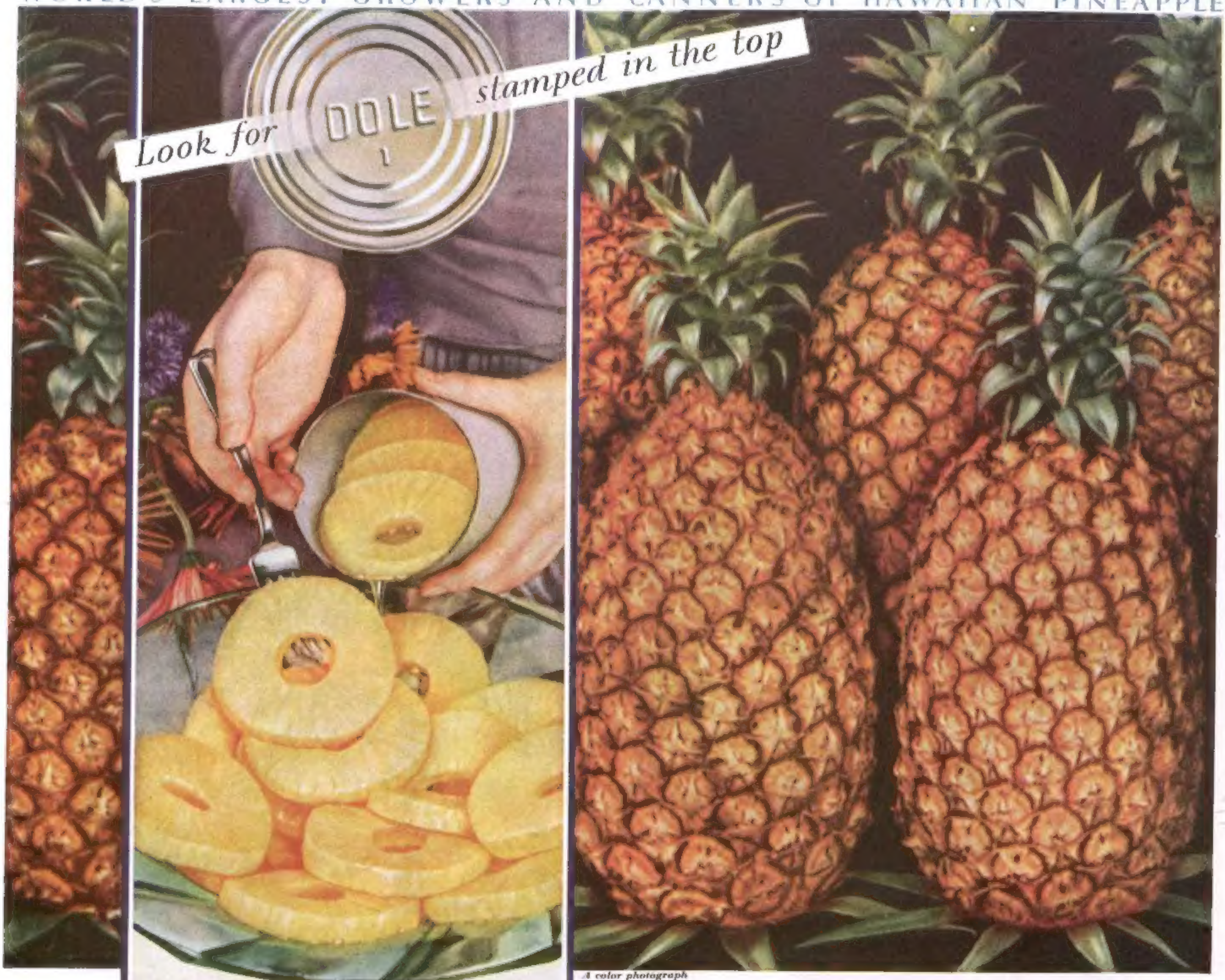
WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



A color photograph

DOLE-grown, DOLE-packed, DOLE-graded, DOLE-marked

Everything you could wish to know stamped in the top of the can

HERE'S news for the modern woman whom guesswork will not satisfy. Dole's new way of marking his pineapple stamps all the information right in the top of the can.

If you wish to know (and it is most important) who grew and packed your pineapple—if you want to be sure it is Dole's choice fruit—simply look for the one word *DOLE stamped in the top of the can.* That name is certain proof it is the tender, golden, fresh-from-the-garden pineapple you want.

Beneath it is a number—1, or 2, or 3—your guide to the *grade* of pineapple you buy. Now you can do what you could never do before—choose the exact grade to suit your need by a simple, reliable, easily remembered mark.

This is the modern way to buy Hawaiian Pineapple. Find out about it at your grocer's today.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

Do you know you can now buy pure, unsweetened Hawaiian Pineapple juice—packed by DOLE?

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu, HAWAII *Sales Office:* **215 Market Street, San Francisco**

Here's the exact meaning of the new grade marks

DOLE 1 · · DOLE 2 · · DOLE 3

Read below the meaning of the new grade numbers, Dole 1, Dole 2, Dole 3. They are your accurate guide to the grade of pineapple you wish.

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

A booklet prepared by experts—free!

THERE are 39 exclusive new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes in the new edition of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden"—prepared for you by the food experts of four leading women's magazines. Send for your copy—it's free!

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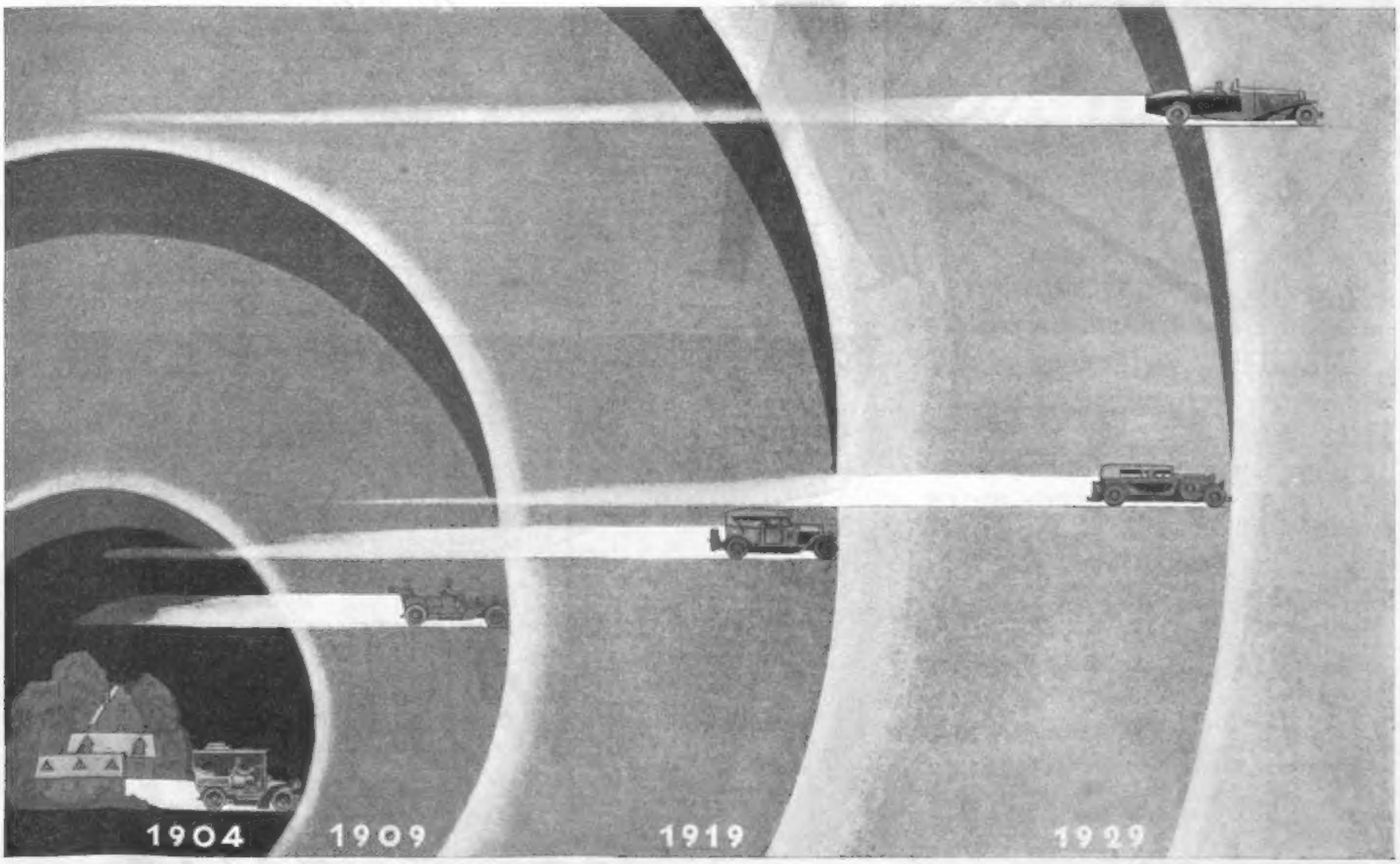

TO many millions of Americans, home today is just an eating and sleeping place located near the garage. We like to "go places and do things."

Ten years ago, the average day's run of the motor tourist was 110 miles. Today it is 234 miles. There are not a few purposeful pilots who do 500 miles in a single day's going.

What a contrast with 1909—when our country consisted largely of people limited to a daily radius of 15 miles!

Automobiles and roads have become a great determining factor in social life, farm prices, property values . . . even the stock market. Roads constitute the warp into which modern transportation has woven the new prosperity.

But automobiles are increasing faster than pavements. More and-wider roads—not just more and faster automobiles—are needed.

The nation is in no temper to countenance anything that interferes with its road-borne liberty and road-borne prosperity. Time presses. The tide of traffic will not wait.

There need be no waiting—no burdensome financing—if your community adopts a Tarvia program. Twenty-five years of low-cost construction and economical first-class performance have proved Tarvia. It is the right road anywhere—enabling maximum economy in use of local materials—equal to every traffic requirement — long-lasting, skid-safe and smooth. — The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

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The CRESTWOOD TRAY *"Grosvenor" design illustrated*

EACH SET OF COMMUNITY here displayed for your approval, reveals an unexpected value . . . . each is a gift sure to be welcomed . . . . and accompanied by an *extra* gift . . . . with our compliments! Observe the set of *Grosvenor* above, nested in its velour silver holder . . . which, on lifting out, discloses a Crestwood *tray* . . . for tea things or the serving of drinks in summertime. ¶ Consider, too, the complete service of *Deauville* shown at the right . . . . its carrier reposes on a panelled mirror . . . . an accessory that will find a needed place in every home. ¶ Then see the service of *Paul Revere* below . . . ensconced within a leather 'Petit Voyage' case of midnight blue . . . . with mirror in the cover, substantial handle, and sturdy brass clasps, a really convenient overnight bag.

Best of all, one of these accessory carriers is given FREE with each complete service of COMMUNITY PLATE in the design you choose. . .

Above is the gay gift box in which each single piece (such as berry spoon or pie server) is packed this season.

The PETIT VOYAGE CASE *"Paul Revere" design illustrated*

The SALON MIRROR TRAY *"Deauville" design illustrated*

CHOOSE your gift of COMMUNITY PLATE with this extra value in mind, realizing that no matter which form of carrier you pick out . . . . you may have the ware itself in any of the five lovely designs shown below.

Complete service, six places $36.50
Complete service, eight places 48.00
Six Teaspoons 4.00

BEAUTIFUL single "gift pieces" of flatware, such as berry spoons, tomato servers, and cold meat forks at equally modest prices.

Also, in these same designs, "service pieces" . . . . three piece tea sets, sugar and cream sets, well and tree platters, covered vegetable dishes, etc. . . . at prices ranging from $3.75 to $70. . . . . At your jeweler's.

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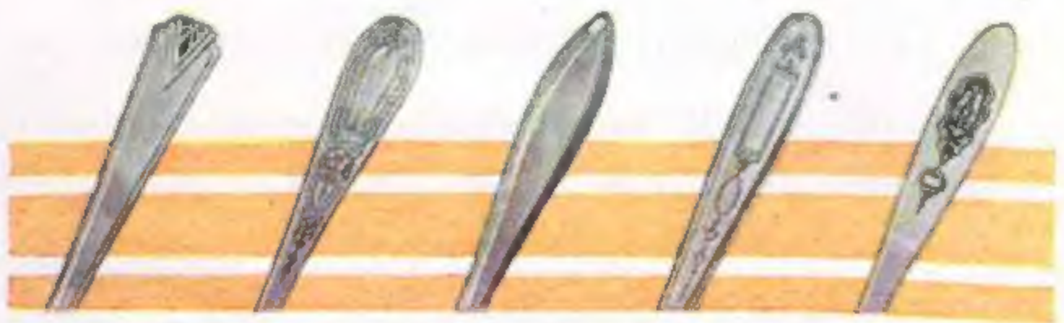

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COMMUNITY PLATE

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THE WORLD OIL ENTENTE

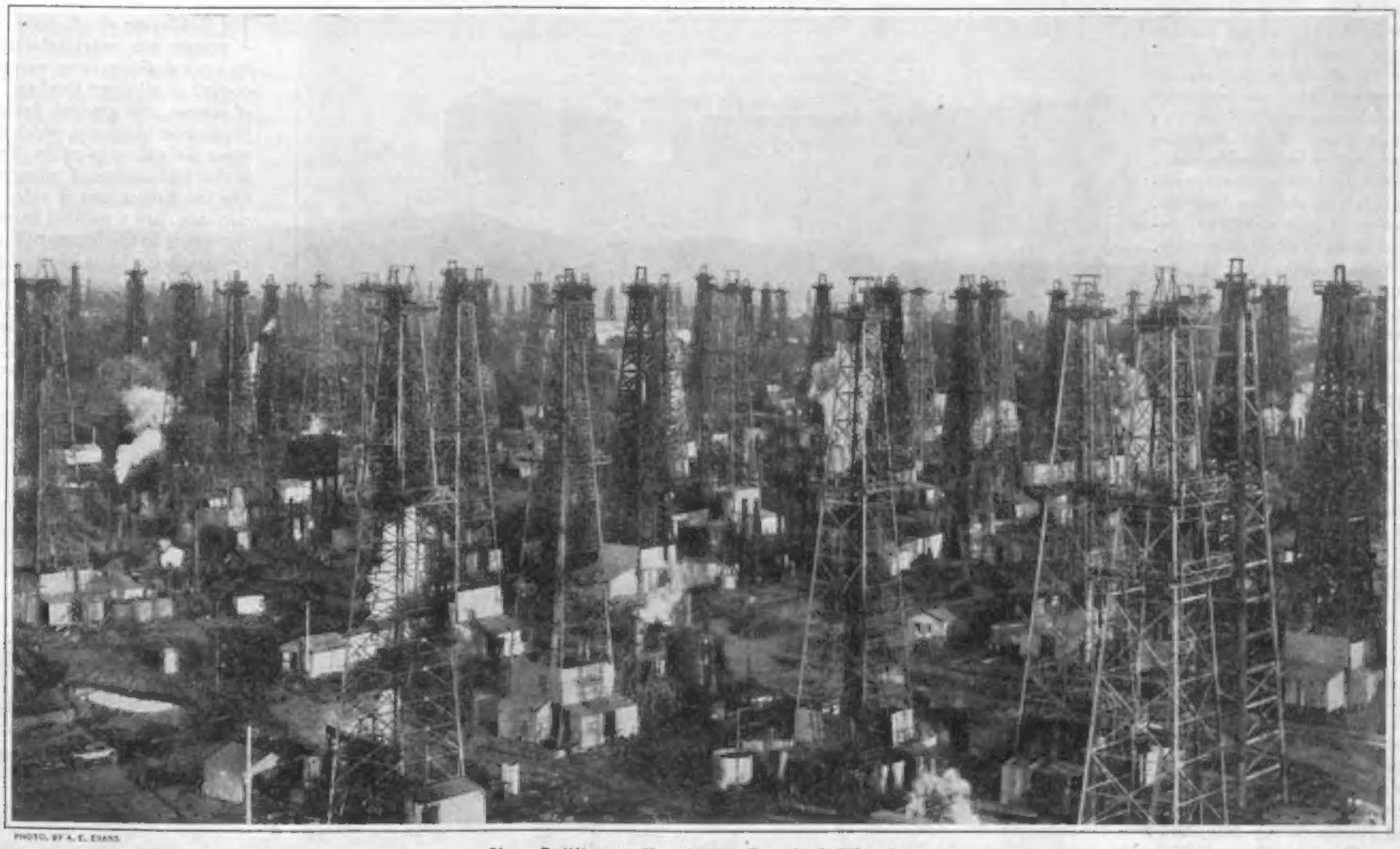

PHOTO. BY A. E. EVANS

Close Drilling at Huntington Beach, California

By Isaac F. Marcosson

EVER since its inception the oil industry in the United States has been one problem after another. Between alternate feast and famine, and with some kind of attack invariably lurking around the corner, trouble appears to be its peculiar heritage.

This succession of welfare and woe has been distinctively American in origin. Although we had begun to export both the crude and the refined product decades ago, and had planted the outposts of a foreign production in Mexico and Rumania, we were not immediately caught up in the international petroleum structure, with all its political ramifications. The cycles of prosperity and distress adjusted themselves and the drill continued to locate the black gold in ever-increasing quantities, with no thought of tomorrow.

Three momentous events projected us into that greasy vortex which is world oil. They started the chain of happenings culminating in the situation which provides the provocation for this article.

The first was the advent of the automobile, which, in less than twenty years, converted gasoline, once a waste petroleum product, into one of the necessities of life and civilization. We consume 1,000,000 barrels of it every day. Each year witnesses some new use for it, as is also the case with lubricating oil. Both are necessary adjuncts to transport and industry.

The second contributory cause was the World War, which, as everybody knows, was a war of machinery. Its enginery of destruction was stoked with liquid fuel. The great conflict did more than impress on the world the vital need of this fluid. It showed man's dependency upon oil anew, and likewise revealed, in terms of dread and danger, the long ocean spread between source of supply and ultimate consumption point.

Third, and most important of all in its economic aspect, is the overproduction in the United States, which began in 1926 and continues at full tide. Since 1927 our oil wells have been producing at the rate of 2,500,000 barrels a day. We produce 68 per cent of the world's output and consume 65 per cent. Competitive drilling—the curse of the business—is largely responsible for the deluge which, during the first seven months of this year, set a new record for output. The July average was 2,946,000 barrels every twenty-four hours.

A lowered price for crude is only one danger signal. The biggest of all the red signs that dot the highway of the industry is the fact that we are exhausting our reserves much faster than the rest of the world. There is permanency of demand, but no permanency of natural supply. You cannot renew petroleum as you renew corn, wheat or oats. It is not like a crop that can be rotated. Thousands of wells may be producing today, but no statistician can forecast what they will be doing six months hence. Finally, oil is a migratory mineral and must be trapped while the gushing is good.

Moreover, Europe, Asia and the Middle East are not only consuming our product but their oil output is in close competition with ours in many of the most desirable markets. Persia, Russia, Rumania, Venezuela, and, to a lesser extent, Mexico, are giving forth their treasure as fast as modern science can garner it from the bosom of the earth.

With the foreigner there is, so far, no persistent overproduction such as ours. If it did develop, the great British and Dutch companies could coöperate for relief, because no Sherman Law impedes their path. The hands of the American producers, on the contrary, are tied by statutory restrictions. They have frustrated every attempt to agree on widespread conservancy, and make Federal or state compulsion, with all its

political possibilities, practically the sole corrective.

The one loophole in our antitrust legislation is the ability of the American manufacturer, regardless of what his product is, to cooperate in a foreign field. This enabling act—the Webb-Pomerene measure—has now made it possible for the United States to set up a machine with which to join what may become the greatest of oil ententes. A vast and rationalized world petroleum movement would eliminate duplication of sea haulage and at the same time effect more economic distribution of markets and prices, thus achieving real conservation by bringing production down to meet consumption. What was once a world struggle to locate oil becomes a world effort for coördination to safeguard supply and stabilize business.

PHOTO, BY F. A. SWAINE, LTD.

A close-up of this significant development is only part of the picture. With it must be linked the existing American overproduction, the various efforts made to apply a remedy, and the consequences of the oil overflow if it is permitted to become chronic. I will deal with the world possibility and our participation in it first.

Now, to get the background of the most pretentious and far-reaching, perhaps, of all oil projects, with a vital significance for every American who uses gasoline, it is first necessary to know the men and the circumstances that have combined to make large international coöperation possible. We are so drenched in oil ourselves, and so apt to regard the militant American industry as the whole works, that we do not pause to realize that elsewhere on this globe there are vast combinations of capital and production capable of competition with the Yankee output. The old feud between the Royal Dutch and the Standard of New York in China, and the more recent price war between them in India, are merely two instances of how the conflict has raged.

In Persia and Iraq are immense stores of oil. Venezuela displaced Russia during 1928, and now ranks second as producer. Russian oil production has passed prewar proportions. Rumania and the Dutch Indies are holding their own. Only Mexico has receded in the procession of production.

Derricks Near the Foot of Shannon Sand Escarpment, Salt Creek Field, Wyoming. Above—Sir John Cadman, President of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company

Low Prices at Great Cost

WHILE we have a big stake in Rumanian, Mexican and Venezuelan oil, and a fourth interest in the Iraq domain, the British, through the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and the Dutch, through the Royal Dutch-Shell affiliation—both these groups are closely allied—control the bulk of world reserves outside the United States, Mexico and South America. Incidentally, the Dutch have a strong hold within our confines. But the point to be emphasized here is that throughout the world oil is being produced in large quantities, and its price and distribution, as well as the safeguarding of its source, form the complement to the American problem, which has become increasingly acute during the past two years because of our persistent overproduction.

At the root of this problem is solicitude about future supply. This is as applicable to Persia, Rumania and Iraq as to the United States. Everywhere production has leaped ahead of consumption and sticks at this highly uneconomic stage. The first item, therefore, in what might be called the bill for world conservation lies in adjusting output to demand. That such a check is imperative is shown by the fact that so-called shut-in production, which means potential production brought in, but not flowing, is estimated to be 40 per cent of the total consumption. In other words, if all the wells throughout the world were producing at full tilt the daily output would be 5,000,000 barrels, which is approximately 1,500,000 barrels more than is required.

World production has gone from 149,137,000 barrels in 1900 to 1,309,571,000 barrels in 1928. In no country is output more prodigal than in the United States. In 1900 our total was 63,621,000 barrels. Last year it reached 902,000,000 barrels. At the present rate, 1929 will set a new record. The wasteful aspect of all this is revealed in the statement that on June 30, 1929, we had 665,805,000 barrels in storage. This huge hoard not only represents the needless lifting of a precious natural possession, with all the attendant price dislocation, but costly overhead as well. It costs forty cents a barrel to build steel tankage and twenty cents a barrel a year to carry oil in storage.

The inevitable result of overproduction anywhere is that each big unit seeks to dispose of its surplus and increase its sales at the expense of someone else. You have dumping in oil as well as in merchandise. Second comes duplication in the machinery for distribution. The excess of service stations in the United States is matched by overlapping marketing facilities abroad. Everywhere in oil, from the moment the drill bites into the earth, through the refinery to the ultimate consumer, you have the costly by-product of useless competitive effort.

The third item brings us to a condition that has long cried out for correction. It relates to the over-sea transport of both the crude and the refined product. The fields which supply many of the great consuming markets have come to occupy this position through commercial relationship rather than geographical proximity. As a result, there is much cross freighting of petroleum cargoes. If you examine the charts of operation of the larger companies you will find that tankers traveling halfway around the world meet other tankers bound in the opposite direction, each supplying countries remote from their base of supplies.

Venezuelan oil, for example, is shipped to New York and Baltimore—a distance, roughly, of 2000 miles—while American oil is transported to Brazil and the Argentine. Persian and Dutch East Indies oil goes all the way to England and Iceland, and the American product to India. By distributing oil in the territory tributary to production a great deal of this transport would be avoided.

The consequence of all this is that, in the long run, the consumer pays the bill. This may sound like a paradox, in view of the low prices that overproduction brings about. Experience has invariably shown that any cheapness due to excess is merely temporary. In his letter creating the Federal Oil Conservation Board, Mr. Coolidge made a statement which bears directly upon this all-essential matter and which is well worth repeating. It is: "Overproduction in itself encourages cheapness, which in turn leads to wastefulness and disregard of essential values. Oil, of which our resources are limited, has largely taken the place of coal, the supply of which seems to be unlimited."

A Remedy Withheld

IN THE case of oil, there are two reasons why overproduction, with its price slashing, takes eventual and costly toll all down the line. One is, of course, the gradual depletion of the sources of supply, which can only mean ultimate exhaustion. The other is that fluctuations of price, precisely like the fluctuations of a depreciated currency, are a menace to stability. According to the figures of the Treasury Department at Washington, the returns of American petroleum companies between 1919 and 1927 show that on an average investment of more than $8,000,000,000 the earnings, after all taxes have been paid, show an average of only 3.27 per cent a year. Thus the investor as well as the consumer gets the hot end of the overproduction stick.

A Section of the Yates Field in Texas, Where Conservation is in Effect

Oil men the world over appreciate the fact that the state of affairs I have just outlined constitutes a definite handicap on the business. They also know that the remedy can lie only in coöperation. The American producers are prevented from getting together at home because the Sherman Act blocks the way.

Inefficient state regulations and informal, self-imposed restrictions were the only alternatives, and these, as we have discovered during the past two years, have proved incapable of checking the avalanche. Up to this year we also lacked the agency with which to coöperate on an international scale.

Meanwhile the British and the Dutch, with no antitrust statutes to impede traffic, have initiated a close degree of coöperation. In previous articles in these columns I have explained the scope and organization of both the Anglo-Persian and the Royal Dutch-Shell interests, and of their close ally, the Burmah Oil Company, which controls petroleum output in India. The Burmah Oil Company has tightened its connection with the Dutch by purchasing 833,000 shares in the Shell Transport and Trading Company, which, with the Asiatic Petroleum Company, forms the transporting and distributing agencies of the Royal Dutch-Shell group. The Burmah also has large holdings in the Anglo-Persian. It is only necessary, therefore, to repeat that between them is a growing coördination which may result in a complete corporate union. Such a step would require the consent of the British Government, which owns a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian. It would tie up the world-wide production and distribution resources of two powerful entities, practically self-sufficient in every phase of the industry, and with an American end as expressed in the Royal Dutch properties in the United States.

A Way to Greater Stability

WHAT concerns us here are the most recent evidences of their coöperation, because they bear directly upon the world agreement now in prospect. They help to point the way in the matter of procedure.

In October, 1928, the Consolidated Petroleum Company was organized in London by the Royal Dutch-Shell-Anglo-Persian interests to market products jointly throughout the world, especially in areas where duplication of facilities could be avoided. It may be regarded as the first step in the movement to rationalize the business and to bring about the twin objectives of economy of production and distribution. The first territories for operation were Egypt and East and South Africa. These are now known as the Consolidated Areas.

I can best explain just what this new world coöperation means, as well as the provocations, by quoting some extracts from the report made by Sir John Cadman, head of the Anglo-Persian Company, at the annual meeting, held in November, 1928. In outlining the necessity for the kind of coördination which, in all probability, American producers will be able to join, he said:

"It profits nobody, in the long run, that there should be alternate waves of overproduction and underproduction, of high prices and low prices, of big profits and little or no profits. Least of all does it help the consumer—whether he be responsible for a motorcycle or for a transport system—to find his fuel bill, over a very brief term of years, looking like a fever chart.

"There can now be no secret that certain representatives of the leading forces of the petroleum industry of today have been closely considering this many-sided problem. We naturally want to make the industry a prosperous one. Prosperity, however, does not mean a place in the sun only for a few world-wide operators. Every concern that can produce or operate competitively, but efficiently, must be able to share in it. Let me strongly emphasize the fact that in no sense is any creation of a trust aimed at.

"Overproduction is by no means governed by the rate at which oil can be brought to the surface in the world's oil fields. If it were so, there would be chaos. Fortunately a check is immediately imposed by the physical limitations of pipe lines, tanks, refineries and transport, through which oil has to pass before it reaches the consumer. These facilities already exist throughout the world in such abundance as to insure that an adequate supply of products at fair prices will be available to the consumer for very many years to come. So long as they are not unduly multiplied, there will always exist a check against oil flowing into the world's markets at a rate far exceeding the world's demands. It is evident, therefore, that the problem of what is called overproduction has recognizable dimensions, and that it should not prove impracticable to devise means which will make for greater stability.

"The most formidable obstacle is the system by which oil products are at present distributed to the consumer. The great oil organizations are established in all the world's markets and naturally intend to remain. Their representatives compete side by side, whether the products they sell are produced from areas contiguous to, or far remote from, these markets. Clearly there is scope here for making an arrangement without detriment to the general producing and marketing interests of these organizations. They might all draw upon the nearest sources of supply, and thereby effect an enormous economy in transport. Further, we have the problem of excessive multiplication of selling agencies, pumps, lorries, tank wagons and other distributing facilities on land. By coöperation it should be possible to effect very large economies in distribution, with definite benefit to motorists and other consumers."

In commenting on the Consolidated distribution in Egypt and East and South Africa, he said:

"An important part of the scheme is a provision whereby, whilst both companies participate equally in marketing profits, the oil will be supplied in such a manner as to afford recognition to the principle of drawing upon their nearest sources of production. The equipment established and the experience already gained by both partners in the countries concerned will constitute a common stock."

Another Consolidated area is India, where the Burmah Oil Company sells through the Burmah-Shell Oil Storage and Distributing Company of India, the capital of which is jointly provided by Burmah and the Asiatic Petroleum. Prior to the organization of this company, the Anglo-Persian outlet in India was confined to fuel oil. It now includes heavier oils, kerosene and gasoline in its exports there, operating through the new joint organization.

If the consumption of American oil were confined exclusively to the United States we would have no interest in the type of coöperative conservation that has been disclosed. The Anglo-Persian and the Royal Dutch-Shell could go ahead and create an air-tight international entity which would pool supply interests and standardize distribution. The trouble is that our oil is used all the way from Shanghai to Cape Town. We compete with the Dutch and British producers and refiners practically wherever petroleum is used. Hence, world coöperation in oil conservation is incomplete without Yankee participation. They need us as much as we need them. Leave a single loophole in the conservation structure, and, figuratively, an excess of some kind is likely to rush through.

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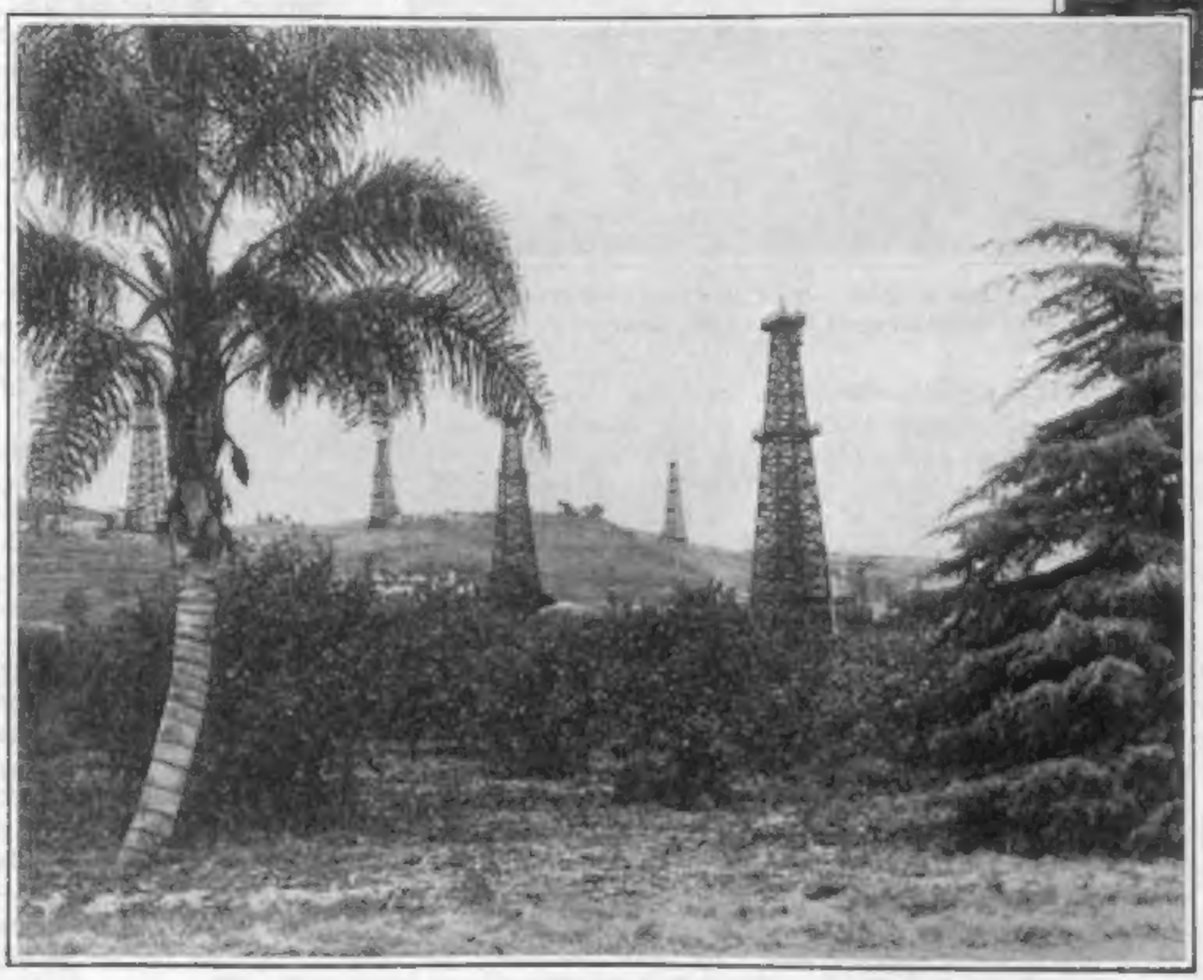
PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE



Above—Sir Henri and Lady Deterding. Sir Henri is General Manager of the Royal Dutch Oil Company

At Top—Walter C. Teagle (Left), President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey

At Left—Derricks Amid the Palms at Montebello, California

The Napoleon of Oil

AMERICAN participation in the world scheme is easier said than done. Our producers, as I have already pointed out, are not only barred from official coöperation at home by the Sherman Law but, up to this year, they lacked the agency with which to engage in any kind of coöperation abroad. There had to be a way out if we were to share the benefit of coöperative standardization and conservation in the universal market place.

Accordingly the stage was set for what was, in many respects, one of the most historic conferences in the annals of oil conservation. The approach to it was interesting. Ever since overproduction first reared its head Sir Henri Deterding has preached international coöperation to conserve supply and stabilize distribution. I have already told his story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. His commanding position in oil—he is variously described as the Napoleon of oil and the European Rockefeller—and particularly his part in the existing drama of agreement, make it necessary to revisualize him for a moment. This one-time obscure Amsterdam bank clerk and later manager of a trading post in the Dutch East Indies is today head of the whole Royal Dutch-Shell show. From a semicircular desk in a rabbit-warren sort of building in St. Helen's Place, London, he runs the most ramified network of oil interests yet consummated. He is stocky, bronzed, with a curious Oriental cast of face. Moreover, he is dynamic and aggressive, and therefore peculiarly equipped to sell an idea, once it is born.

(Continued on Page 142)

EL U Y EL DOS

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE azure-domed and towered city of Valencia, white gleaming amid the vast gardens of its surrounding *huerta*, has ever the appearance of a *gala* that is just beginning or just ending or about to occur next week.

This is because of the constant coming in of the oxcarts laden with vivid flowers and fruits or with those metallic-glittering fish of the Mediterranean which fill the boats so heavily that oxen must go out to help drag them in through the shoal waters—"gifts from God," as the peasants call them, or "fruits of the sea"; though they might with more truth be called "jewels of the sea." Even the color of such wares is not enough for the color-mad Valencians, who knot crimson sashes about their middles in harvest season—which is always—and bind their brows with orange handkerchiefs, and tie streamers of multicolored rags even to the poles that support the canopies of the oxcarts; while the discreet oxen themselves, and the mules and asses occasionally hitched with them, wear vivid fringes swaying modestly about their persons, suggestive of hula-hula dancers in the South Seas.

Neither oxen nor asses nor the men who handle them, however, find too much leisure for the pleasures of life, despite their gala appearance, since Valencia is not Andalusia; not by any means! The people of the old Green Province must work hard and steadily to garner their "gifts from God," and are canny in the marketing of them; for this is peasants' country, and the nobles who own the *huerta* land, unlike the aristocratic breeders of bulls and horses about Seville and Jerez and the Estremadura, take little part in its life except to enjoy at long distance such bounty as the low, hot fields and teeming coast waters and prolific rice paddies provide.

Marta Lifted the Veil From Her Face, and He Saw That She at Least Had Not Devoted Herself Entirely to Conversation With Angels. Her Tear-Wet Gaze Sought His, Shyly, Gratefully

Therefore, when holidays do occur, such as follow in rapid succession the beloved *mona de Pascua*, they are holidays indeed; all the country hurries in to the city, to gape and walk the streets in Sunday clothes, while all the city hurries out as far as it can get toward the orange groves and beaches; with a compromise effected at the town gates in the great dry bed of the River Turia, become since the warlike days of the Cid—not unlike the land it waters—such a narrowed and diminished power that beneath its imposing embankments and splendid bridges there is room for horse fairs to be held and for soldiers to drill and for all the people to come of a summer evening to dance. Then there is great eating, and drinking of new manzanilla wine; and the most modest of well-brought-up young girls are to be seen riding *grupa* with attendant suitors, mounted behind them pillionwise, on the sturdy Valencian work horses which are so far descended from the famous Arab wind-drinkers of their ancestry. It is a position which is practically an embrace. But for once the mothers do not notice; they are too busy themselves, fast married though they be and fat enough to know better, treading again, each with her own man, the measures reminiscent of youth and happiness—that invariable dance of Valencian courtship known colloquially as *El U y el Dos;* The One and Two.

The first sure indication that this joyous season of festival is at hand comes with the public distribution of cake, the grand ceremony of the *coca*. At the searching sound of a brass band consisting of a bugle, a cornet, a drum and a tambourine, all honest folk in that old quarter of the city where the market lies drop whatever they are doing and rush into the street to see which of their neighbors are fortunate and prosperous enough this year to receive the *coca*.

An American who chanced to be passing in a place where Americans rarely pass, since this is not a tourists' city, found himself forced to pause in his pursuit of ancient history to give a vague and somewhat preoccupied attention to history in the making. He saw that an assortment of villainous-looking brigands and sinister old warlocks and more than ordinarily unclad gutter urchins appeared to be mobbing the brass band, nor did he blame them; but after a moment of struggle there emerged from it, victorious, a very small official, in a great deal of gold braid, bearing hieratically on uplifted hands a cake. This he delivered ceremonially to a plump Juliet in her balcony, where she appeared to be awaiting it in all the coy consciousness of a mayor receiving word of his renomination.

"*A-a-a-ah!*" came a deep breath of envy from the crowd below. "*Que felicidad!*" followed by a triumphant concerted blare from the bugle, the cornet, the drum and the tambourine. Evidently among this frugal folk the reception of cake was matter for congratulation.

The American, somewhat against his will, found himself drawn along in a maelstrom of citizens who followed the brass band, preceded by a sort of super tea wagon whose several shelves held many rather uninviting but durable-looking specimens of pastry—a durability frequently tested by the fingers of envious attendants. His impressions of Valencia had hitherto been somewhat vague, consisting chiefly of the Cid Campeador's conquest there of the Saracen, in the year 1094; also of a certain musical number only too familiar among the phonographs, radios and hand organs of his native land during the year 1927, and which he was dismayed, having suspected it to be of purely Broadway origin, to discover equally ubiquitous in Spain. He paused now to make a reminding note on his cuff: "Universality of vulgar popular taste among nations."

The ambitious band seemed to be attempting this atrocity at the moment. "Tra-*la*-la! Tra-la-*la*, la-la-la-*la*, la-la-la-*la*, la-la-*la*-la-*la!*" went the bugle, the cornet, the drum and the tambourine, more or less in unison, with that tricky emphasis on the fourth beat which is so difficult to escape. The crowd which followed the cake wagon in ever-lengthening procession moved in glad rhythm with it, stamping their heels, swaying their bodies, snapping their fingers. The American had no intention whatever of doing likewise—he was not a dancing man—but in the mere effort to maintain equilibrium among the pushing and jostling natives in the narrow street, his own feet adopted a sort of odd, shuffling gait which was evidently open to misunderstanding; for a hairy old villain at his elbow peered around at him companionably, with a yellow-toothed grin, remarking in pseudo English: "*Que musica* for shak' the foot! Eh, señor?"—adding the irrelevant

information that he had obtained his mastery of the señor's beautiful language while accompanying fruit boats to the far, fruitless country of New York.

Whenever the cake wagon stopped, the band paused dramatically in midcareer while a name was intoned aloud amid the plaudits of the multitude. This honor was evidently not unexpected, for in each case the recipient appeared dressed as for an occasion, with flowers in her comb, perhaps, or girded by a newly starched apron. It was always a woman, though not necessarily a young one; some were quite old, many mothers of large families.

"It is their 'osband, señor, or possibly their loving sons which has banded themself together to subscribe for the *coca*," explained the yellow-toothed brigand who had attached himself to the American's person. "Rich pipples, *comprende?* which have this year made much moneys!" Apparently the distribution of cake was a sort of local Bradstreet's, to indicate the financial solvency of patrons.

But they were not always the husbands or sons who provided cake, added his informant, further; sometimes they were suitors, would-be *novios*, who took this delicate anonymous way, it appeared, of apprising the fair of serious intentions. The American was reminded of certain enterprising advertisements he had noted along the picturesque and thrifty North Shore of his birth: "Say it with Lobsters. Flowers Fade!" At the time his reaction to this suggestion had been that, of the two, he personally would prefer fading flowers as a love token to fading lobsters; but the attention of cake seemed to him a happy compromise—practical without being too committal. He said as much.

The señor was a man of understanding, his new-found friend declared, beaming under such international comprehension. Practical without being too committal—exactly so! Not, for example, a step so serious as to require the services of a neighbor. There was still room for discretion. No doubt when a young man went so far as to spend good money anonymously on cake, he would wish later to ride *grupa* with the recipient in the festivals. Had the señor perhaps ridden *grupa* in his day, yes? Ah, the lost pleasures of youth! Then he would choose her for his partner in *El U y el Dos*. And then the neighbors could prepare to bring their good dollars to the wedding *boda;* for the next year the bold young man would need to subscribe for a larger cake, since there would be another little mouth to fill with it; perhaps—who knows?—two little mouths! He grinned broadly and yellowly. In these prolific regions of the *huerta*, families frequently arrived in crops of two and three.

There was apparently no age limit to the native enjoyment of *coca;* whether toothless with years or with youth, all partook. The American made a note to this effect: "Influence of environment on infant digestion."

But so pleasant a sequence of events did not necessarily follow, enlarged the yellow-toothed one, seeing that he held his audience; occasionally a man, as the señor would readily understand, underwent a certain cooling of the blood. One had, for example, the case of the girl Marta yonder—his bleary old eye lifted significantly to a small balcony several stories above, like half a cage, where a young girl, surrounded by several small children, and holding a quite new baby in her arms, gazed down wistfully at the celebration below. There was one who had received the cake on two successive occasions—not cakes entire, the señor would understand, but large and costly portions—and everybody knew from whom; since at the *recolección des naranjes*, when all the world goes out into the groves of the Marqués de Dos Aguas to gather fruit, one Miguel from the *huerta* had devoted himself openly to the family of Marta, providing them with sugar cane to suck and other signal favors, and he had given the girl for *regalo* a bird in a fine cage, and he would have taken her riding *grupa* with him, but that she was timid of horses and refused; and afterward, when they danced the *U-y-Dos*, he would have none other for his partner, since a hearty, toward man like that prefers his women timid and modest.

But Miguel was not only hearty and toward, he was also cautious, as became one favored by the Marqués' agent above others: a *hortelano* who owned his own *barraca*, with its garden patch, and might in time become quite a landed proprietor, since many old estates permit the peasants to buy in shares of the land they cultivate after the third generation. All that Miguel needed, indeed, was enough money and a third generation; so it behooved him to be careful in marriage. The señor had perhaps seen *barracas* such as Miguel's, there in the *huerta?* Fine little stout-walled huts of plaster, built in a day when men had the time to hew themselves real timbers, and good for as many more decades as they had stood already, with their steep roofs sloping off on either side from ridgepole to ground, so that the thatch would never rot with the long rains, and a cross set at the peak of the roof to ward off the evil eye. In the dooryard, perhaps, a palm tree rustling of Africa, and a fig tree pleached against the wall, and so many flowers and cabbages and onions everywhere that the place smelled rich as a market stand. No wonder the poor little Marta, whose patio grew nothing but cobblestones and garbage, ate her heart out thinking of what she might have had—with a hard-working, stout young husband to boot.

But a man must make his haste slowly, eh? In Spain one is a long time married, *verdad!* So not anyone, least of all Marta herself, had been surprised that Miguel did not at once ask a neighbor to speak for him to the girl's parents. After the second distribution of the *coca*, however, when she received an even more extravagant portion than before, then indeed something was expected of Miguel, admitted the historian of these events severely. A girl cannot be expected to stay young and marriageable forever; especially when she must redden her eyelids with constant lace making.

And why—the American registered polite if somewhat perfunctory interest—had this young man suffered his sudden cooling of the blood? His gaze followed the significant one of his guide once more to the family group in the balcony above, where it noted the baby and became less perfunctory. Deep in the academic reaches of his nature

(Continued on Page 95)

The Man From the Huerta Let Out Another Sudden Roar—This Time of Pleasure—and Slapped the American on the Back Until He Echoed

Chicago, the American Paradox

By SAMUEL MERWIN

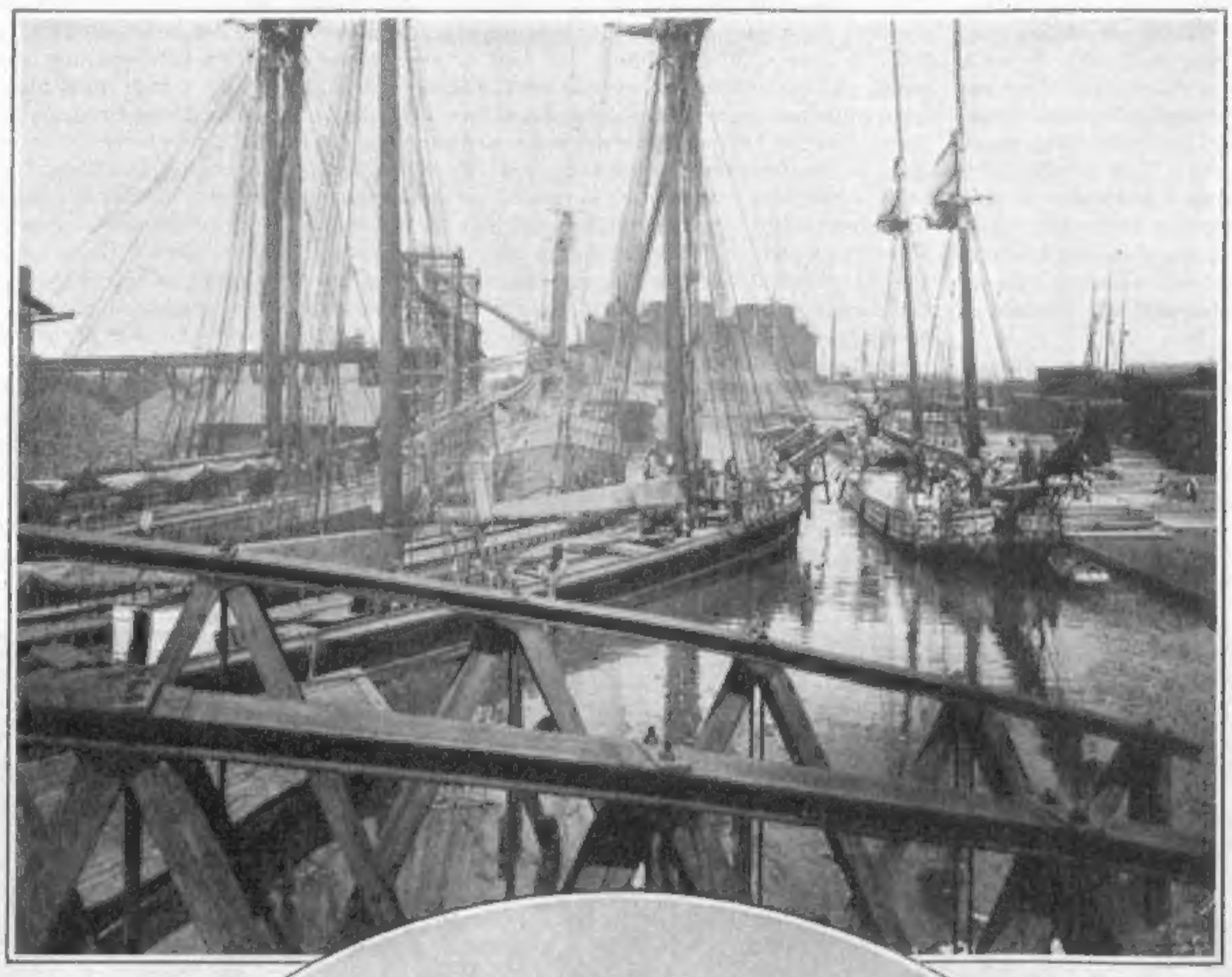
THE spread of the Chicago legend is a strange phenomenon of our modern life. It is, I believe, universally accepted from Maine to California. It is taken as a matter of course in England. It is widely known on the continent of Europe. It carries with it a picture of the complete breakdown of law, of corruption unequaled in any other American city, of casual everyday murder in the streets. Wives of traveling men who must go there sigh with relief when their husbands succeed in getting out of the place with whole skins. When I recently spoke to friends of visiting the city, not one of them failed either to warn me or at least to joke about the need of a bullet-proof vest. Not one. And they meant it. The legend had settled in their minds. It is probably settled in the mind of nearly everyone who reads this article. Even within the city itself—the immense, vital capital of our Midwestern empire, with a population today of nearly 3,500,000—it is felt. A newspaper editor there assured me that it was not a legend. "It is," he said crisply, "the truth."

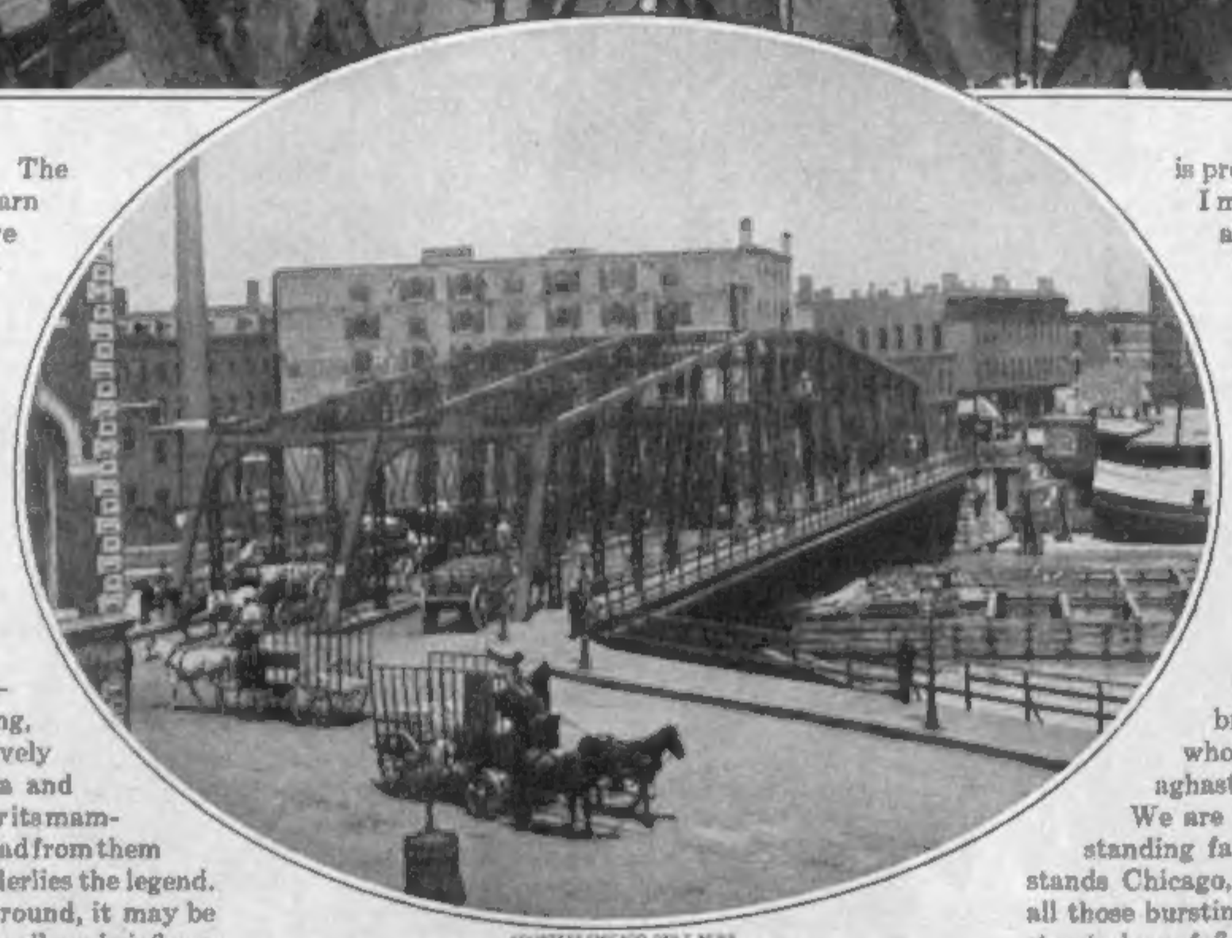
A thousand current anecdotes lend color to it.

Women, traveling alone, have been known to request armed escorts in order to make, in the hope of comparative safety, a dash from railway station to hotel.

A visiting Englishman, who recently found himself under the necessity of going to a North Shore suburb, drove first to a police station to demand protection during the taxi trip.

A naval officer, commander of a flotilla of destroyers, stopping off between trains with his wife and child, called up a friend and asked him to come over to the station for a visit. The Chicagoan, wondering, complied; to learn that the wife had flatly refused to leave the station building or to trust her husband in those deadly streets. Unquestionably, to that wife, a destroyer was a safer place.





The Old Rush Street Bridge, Which Has Given Place to the Fine New Michigan Avenue Bridge, a Short Distance Nearer the Mouth of the River. Above—The Old River

Just a Home Body

THESE few stories are mentioned merely as samples. They are typical. There would have to be a mass of fact back of a legend so widely accepted. And there is. My own youth was spent in and about Chicago during the last decades of the nineteenth century. I remember, vividly, a huge, grimy, sprawling, disorderly city; ruled informally but effectively in those years by Hinky Dink McKenna and Bathhouse John Coughlin; a city known for its mammoth stockyards and for the smell that spread from them over vast areas of slums. All that, too, underlies the legend.

At the risk of traveling over familiar ground, it may be well to touch on that mass of fact; to recall, as briefly as we can, a few high spots in the city's recent history. Take the notorious O'Banion case. Dion O'Banion was a smiling, many-sided gangster and racketeer who ran a florist shop across the street from the Holy Name Cathedral, where he had been—say Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith in their excellent history of Chicago's reputation—a choir boy. He had also been a waiter in saloons. He dressed well and was popular. His wife adored him. Though he was known as a collector of deadly weapons, though he ran a mob, he "stayed home nights," his wife said. A generously impulsive man who helped the needy.

They shot him to death in his pleasant little shop. He died among chrysanthemums. "They" shot him. Some "dark men." Nobody yet knows or has told who they were. And promptly, then, began an amazing and apparently typical spectacle. The body lay in state. The coffin cost $10,000; and was brought from the East in a special car. On that coffin were his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the astounding words: "Suffer little children to come unto me." There was a huge funeral procession. Judges, aldermen, legislators rode behind the hearse. The affair took on what was virtually an official atmosphere. That is why I am giving it space here. It is significant. And it is fact. The date is 1924. Of course it was news—the most blatant and fascinating sort of news. There was even a Robin Hood flavor in the queer business. And of course it turned a white light, fringed with red, on Chicago.

Other pictures were soon added to the appalling gallery. The first groups of the big beer barons began to hold up their heads. They throve and flowered into luxury. They lived and dressed like lords. They became men about town with fine cars and strings of race horses. Never were there such magnificent bootleggers. Here was more news, of course. And the gang wars were gathering intensity. Revolvers, sawed-off shotguns, bombs became commonplaces and—a real innovation—machine guns that fired a hundred shots a minute from the shoulder.

Gang warfare for trespass was spreading. Four of the Gennas were killed; the remaining two fled back to Sicily, run out. Torrio was shot by men of a rival mob as the police were escorting him to prison on sentence. He recovered, served his term, and vanished. Drucci and Hymie Weiss were killed. Others—many others. It was slaughter. And it was news. A complicated, baffling sort of private war, with city and county and Federal officials drifting queerly here and there across the scene.

Taxing Business

THE racketeers conceived the notion of taxing small business on a huge scale, collecting unbelievable totals, with bombing as the penalty for nonpayment. So widely was this bombing carried out that the handling and sale of the "pineapples" became almost a stable business. There were alliances and realliances of powerful groups, weavings and new interweavings that no mere citizen could hope to follow, with everybody concerned apparently protected from the law if not from each other. Is it a wonder that the legend has swollen beyond belief? For it is all news. Chicago has today, it is probably fair to say, the worst publicity—if I may use the term—of any city since Sodom and Gomorrah. And why not? Within the boundaries of the county—Cook—there were three hundred and ninety-nine murders in 1928 alone.

The final and perhaps most typical exhibition in this chamber of horrors occurred in February, 1928—to become widely known as the Valentine's Day Massacre. Seven men of the Moran gang were executed, standing in a line against the wall of a garage. Two of the murderers were reported as wearing police uniforms. It was a fitting-enough climax to a long saturnalia of murder. The various associations of business men broke out in exclamations of horror. The whole country—the world, indeed—looked on aghast.

We are touching here on only a few of the outstanding facts—the more dramatic ones. But there stands Chicago, blazoned miserably to the world. With all those bursting bombs and flying bullets, how could the streets be safe? Why shouldn't the chance traveler worry a bit as he makes his way about? I will confess that my own recent visit was undertaken with misgiving, amounting at least to a sense of adventure. I had read the newspaper stories. The facts were admitted. That popular play Chicago added an ugly bit of color. In that other excellent play, Broadway, it was the Chicago mob, remember, that was brought in as a matter of course to supply the final touch of menace, the final shiver. It all seemed a natural enough evolution from the sprawling, smoky, muddy city of my youth.

An old friend, a thoughtful man, distinguished as a novelist, drove me about the place. To my surprise he wasn't thinking about bombs and bullets. He plainly loved

his city. I had merely gone across the Loop from station to station and ridden out to Evanston on the North Shore by train, and had seen really nothing. But the North Shore, in my memory little more than a straggling line of suburbs, had prospered. Attractive homes, fine clean business structures and hotels and apartment houses were built up solidly for a distance of twenty miles or more beyond the city proper. There were widespreading lawns, charming flowers and shrubbery, stately old elms arching over the streets.

We drove back into the city by way of Sheridan Road. I counted only two or three hot-dog stands and a few filling stations in twelve miles; it proved to be the most nearly beautiful approach to a city I know of in the United States. And in making this statement I am not forgetting the Commonwealth Avenue approach to Boston.

A City Enjoying Itself

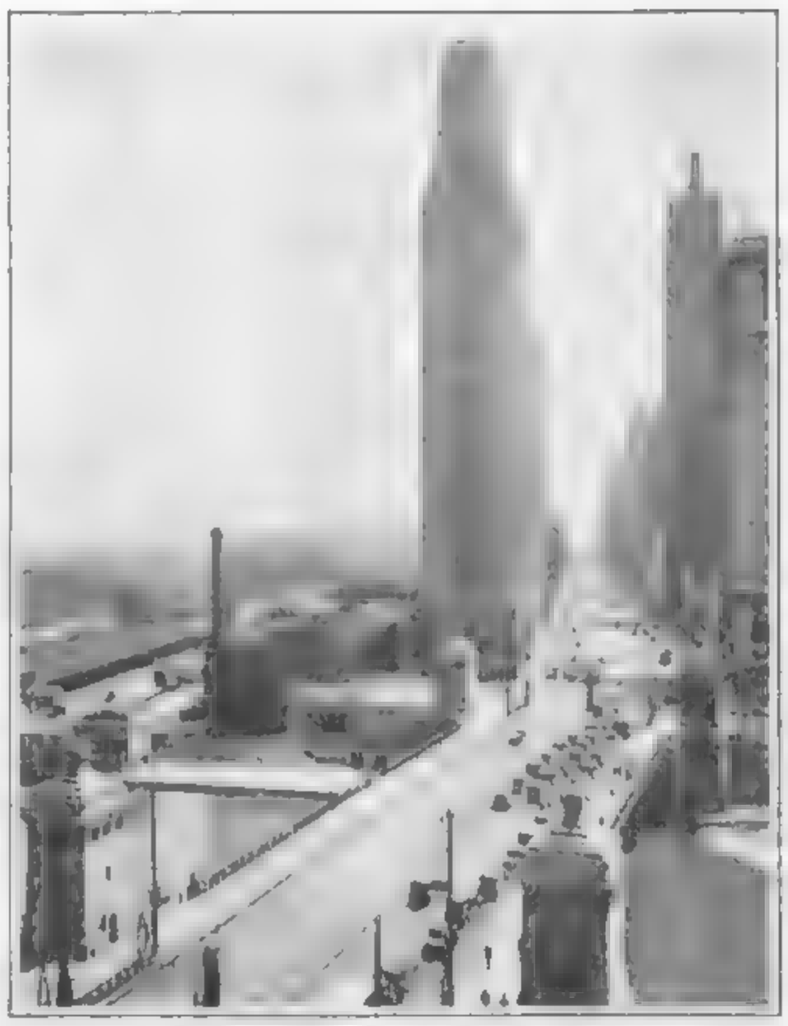
AT THE city limits we swung over to the shore of Lake Michigan and from there rode seven or eight miles along the noblest boulevard I have ever seen, wide beyond the dreams of a motorist, bordered with rows of handsome light pillars stretching to the limits of vision, and with orderly and expert control of traffic. Speed was taken for granted; the boulevard was built for it. Throughout the length of Lincoln Park the shaded lawns were filled with amiable-looking folk enjoying themselves. There were golf courses, tennis courts, a trap-shooting area with a clubhouse; in the pleasant lagoons long rows of slips for motorboats and yachts. And as far as one could see along the sandy beach were tens of thousands of bathers. They thronged back and forth to the beach, those bathers, wandering from their homes; the women and girls in gay kimonos or beach pajamas and carrying gayer parasols.

Michigan Avenue, the Lake Front, and the Present Partial Development of Grant Park. The Island Shown is the First of a Row of New Islands on Which the New Sort of World's Fair Will Stand in 1933

I was to find that astonishing army of bathers more and more in my thoughts as I wandered about the city. They took on almost a touch of the symbolic. Any pleasant afternoon, there they were, blocks away from the lake, among the business and residential streets, crowding down to the beach or strolling back home; whole families, wheeling the baby—in bathing suit and wrapper—moving casually along, stopping at soda fountains and shops. Over nearly all the twenty-six miles of shore front within the city, this scene is familiar. Not in Grant Park, perhaps—the actual center of the city—but nearly everywhere else. And the picture is that of a great city comfortably enjoying itself. Tens, scores, of thousands of people taking their ease without a thought of bullets or bombs. I found it pleasant but confusing. We drove on, past rows of splendid business buildings and more splendid hotels, past the old limestone waterworks, still on that fine wide boulevard, toward the Michigan Avenue bridge. I could only look about me with a catch in my breath. In my day there had been no boulevard there and no bridge; the only river crossing near that point had been the old turnbridge at Rush Street. The river then was a sluggish, foul stream lined with blackened wharves and railway tracks and dingy warehouses. They had reversed the current of the river, of course—I remembered that—so that the current, purified, ran in from the lake to the drainage canal and the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. But the rest of it I wasn't prepared for at all.

The present bridge is a wide, monumental structure. At the northern end, grouped about a fine plaza, stand the immense white Wrigley Building and the splendid Gothic Tribune Tower. At the farther end, across the river, I found myself gazing at the most impressive group of skyscrapers I know of in America, towers in color, spires, a thrilling sense of upward flight in steel and stone; a plaza, of course; the wide line of Michigan Avenue running straight south; off to the right the new Wacker Drive.

This drive is, flatly, a new concept. For nearly a mile along the southerly bank of the many-times manhandled little river it curves its unbelievably lovely way, widening here and there into broader areas of pavement, edged with massive stone parapets. The South Water Street of my youth, where one picked his muddy way between crowding market wagons, has vanished. All the old brick buildings where the market men and the commission men once held forth have gone. Every building. Uprooted, tossed aside to make a noble esplanade. I felt like rubbing my eyes. It hardly added to my bewilderment to be told that one large modern building had been bought for $4,000,000 and tossed away along with its humbler neighbors in red brick. They hadn't let anything stand in the way of Charles H. Wacker's dream. And by this time I'd made the discovery that another wide street lay beneath the drive, forking at Michigan Avenue and actually crossing the river to the northward on a lower level of the bridge. A two-deck lift bridge! Well, why not? Anything could happen in Chicago. They are planning, it appeared, a similar two-deck drive along the north bank of the river. All through the heart of the city the once sluggish ugly stream will be lined—within the next two or three years—with those monumental parapets and with splendid buildings set back to permit of a hundred-foot avenue by the river.



The "New River." Michigan Avenue, Looking South, and the Bridge. At the Right is the Beginning of the Two-Level Wacker Drive. The Railway Yard at the Left Will Soon be Covered With Streets and Buildings

The Largest Building in the World

AND such buildings as are already rising there on the north bank! The new Merchandise Mart, for example—a truly magnificent structure, to be completed in 1930. It is built wholly on air rights over the railway tracks; standing on 458 caissons of reinforced concrete that rest, in their turn, on the bedrock 100 feet below. That it will be the largest building in the world may be dismissed as incidental, though such readers as may be curious regarding statistics will be interested to know that the river frontage is 577 feet and the depth on Kinzie Street 724 feet. It is to be twenty-four stories high, and will contain 4,000,000 square feet of floor space. In Chicago they toss such figures about as casually and easily as they are tossing out literally hundreds of millions of dollars to achieve beauty.

We went on southward along Michigan Avenue. Beside it, for width, for design of center islands and of the fine rows of lighting posts, for the magnificent, apparently endless, line of stately buildings on the landward side, New York's Fifth Avenue seems hardly more than a side street. Along the left of this avenue stretch Grant Park and Lake Michigan.

At mention of this vast park area along the shore, memory jogs my elbow. A quarter of a century ago that lake front looked

The Old Lake Front, Hemmed In by the Illinois Central Tracks. Under the New Development of Grant Park the Railway, Electrified, Disappears From View

(Continued on Page 118.

Fourteen Years at the Metropolitan Opera House

By Artur Bodanzky

In Collaboration With Donald Marshall

THE afternoon of April 13, 1929, I did what was for me a very unusual thing I stood for a moment before the golden curtain of the Metropolitan Opera and faced an audience on which I had been accustomed to turn my back for fourteen years.

It was an exhilarating, pleasant moment. I had just finished conducting my last opera in that famous house, laid down the baton after my last Tristan; there were flowers beside me on the stage, and out front people were cheering and clapping a friendly farewell.

This summer I have realized that that was one of the great moments of my life; a turning point, of course, but more than that, an experience. And it has set me thinking of the other great moments of those fourteen years which I spent at the greatest opera in the world—of my first rehearsal; of the night Caruso sang for the last time, magnificent in his agony; of the night when war broke as a bomb into our mimic world. I have thought of all the singers and the operas that have had their day and gone, and of Gatti-Casazza, the one fixed star, who saw me come and sees me go like the rest.

Lawrence Tibbett Making Up for the Title Rôle in the Much Discussed Jazz Opera "Jonny Spielt Auf"

A certain sadness comes with such thoughts, but when I think also of the hard work which I did in those fourteen years, and remember how much labor lies ahead of me with the Society of the Friends of Music, I cannot say that I regret deciding that I could no longer carry on both opera and concert, and so must turn my back, in a figurative and final sense, on the Metropolitan.

Hard work! The public cannot realize how many months, even years, of work must go into making an evening's pleasure. Its emotions swept by the finished art of a great musician, a soul-stirring voice, it forgets the effort behind that ease, forgets that genius in music, as elsewhere, must include that infinite capacity for taking pains.

The Italian Wing at the Metropolitan

THERE is much gossip written about the temperament of opera stars. I say it is so much bunk. The cables tell regularly of how some star has refused to sing at a foreign opera house because the management has failed to give her a new dressing room or something like that. I believe all those stories are just press-agent stunts. The truth is just the opposite—the greater the artist, the harder, more conscientiously does he labor for perfection; and the discipline of the opera is stricter than that of an army. All the greatest singers submit to this discipline—or rather, they make it themselves—because they know that no work can be done without it.

The strictest of them all was Caruso. He could never get enough rehearsals, was always asking for more. If a rehearsal began at eleven o'clock in the morning I would find him at the opera house when I arrived at a quarter of, sitting at a piano practicing his rôle. He was the most conscientious singer I ever knew.

Once, at a performance of Le Prophète, he made a mistake, lost a line. I helped him out and camouflaged the slip—which was a very tiny one—by skipping the orchestra over the few bars; I am sure no one in the audience noticed or cared. But afterward in his dressing room I found him absolutely distressed.

Not only in his singing but in every detail of his stage business and costuming, Caruso was most meticulous. For his impersonation of the old Jew, Eleazar, in the revival of La Juive in 1919, the great tenor took lessons from a rabbi in the Passover ceremonial of the second act, and he even insisted that we use the sacred unleavened bread at every rehearsal. That première was one of the outstanding performances of my stay at the Metropolitan. Caruso, in the Shylock make-up of his part, never demonstrated his dramatic gifts or his vocal art in more impressive fashion; and Rosa Ponselle was equally magnificent. Only a year later, singing that same rôle, he was to stand on that stage for the last time.

Martha, in the fall of 1917, was my first opera with Caruso and my first experience with the Italian wing at the Metropolitan. In those days of the war the Wagner operas, which had been my special province, were out of the repertoire, and so I was given a more varied fare, which was much to my liking. Of course at Prague and Mannheim, where I had conducted before coming to America, Italian opera was a regular part of the repertoire and I was thoroughly familiar with it. At the first rehearsal the Italians gave me a most charming reception and Caruso greeted me with open arms. I think nowadays with great delight of that interlude of conducting Italian opera at the Metropolitan.

It was in the rehearsals for Le Prophète, my first novelty with Caruso, that I discovered how untiringly conscientious he could be. I couldn't give him enough rehearsals; for hours at a time he would rehearse, singing always with the full voice—he never sang half voice—and never seeming to mind the strain.

But just to show that Caruso was human like the rest of us, I shall recall an incident of the rehearsals and performance of Le Prophète which gave me much quiet pleasure at the time. One of the Anabaptists in the Tent Scene of the third act has a very high note, C sharp; the part is small, but it has this one big moment. I noticed in rehearsals that Caruso seemed a little taken aback by his colleague's ability to bring out this note in clear, ringing beauty; the great man seemed a trifle annoyed, jealous, and at the dress rehearsal I am sure he frowned ever so slightly. Then came the première, the golden opportunity at last for our Anabaptist; he reached for that splendid note—and his voice broke. Naturally the whole house was amused; Caruso just turned away his head and smiled, ever so slightly. Yet I must say that he was always very generous and good-natured toward his fellow singers.

Caruso's Farewell

IT WAS my privilege to conduct the last opera in which Caruso sang, La Juive, on Christmas Eve, 1920. Of course we had no inkling of the seriousness of his condition, although it was known that he had not been well. December eleventh he had had an attack of what he called throat trouble, when he burst a blood vessel while singing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. On that occasion he struggled through the whole first act of Elisir d'Amore, although at times the hemorrhage

A Famous Operatic Swan. Elsa's Long-Lost Little Brother Godfried Waiting to Appear as Two Property Men Manipulate the Disappearance of the Swan in the Final Scene of "Lohengrin"

almost choked him. Not even his doctors thought he was in any danger, but Caruso himself was much afraid. Still, he insisted on singing in La Juive on Christmas Eve.

I noticed when he first appeared on the stage that he looked far from well, and after the first act Gatti and I went to his dressing room. Caruso was sitting down, holding his right side with his hand, and obviously in fierce pain. I asked, perplexed, "But why should your side hurt if you have throat trouble?" He shook his head and did not answer.

It turned out the next day that the diagnosis had been wrong and he was even then suffering from pleurisy. We should have known that when Caruso, who was always gay, was so low in spirits as he was that night, something must be wrong.

And yet he went through with the whole opera. He must have suffered agony. A doctor told me afterward that he could not understand how a man with pleurisy could have sung at all; and when you consider how that powerful voice of Caruso's set his whole upper body vibrating violently, it seems incredible.

The Goal of the World's Musicians

I SHALL never forget the look he gave me during the difficult aria in the fourth act. Of course I comforted him, restrained the orchestra so that he would not strain himself, cut out the stretta of the aria. And still he sang magnificently. It is on record in the newspapers that he received that night one of the greatest ovations of his life. Operagoers felt reassured that the matchless voice of their idol had not been impaired, and out in the orchestra and balconies there was a festive, exultant feeling, which was far from being shared by us behind the scenes.

After every act I went to Caruso's room. At the end he was crying. I must say that I didn't realize the seriousness of his condition, though I knew he was in frightful pain. I thought he had a touch of rheumatism or the like. So I bade him a happy new year and went home. Two days later came the announcement that the premier singer of the world had been stricken with pleurisy and that five doctors were attending him.

I saw him once again when he came out of his sickbed in May. It was at Thirty-ninth Street, the singers' entrance to the Metropolitan, where the artists linger in the little lobby to smoke and talk. He said he felt better after his three operations; he wanted to go home to Naples, where he was sure he would be cured. When I arrived in Europe a few weeks afterward I heard that he had sailed for Italy; August second I learned with the rest of the world of his sudden death when complete recovery had seemed in sight.

That golden voice, that conscientious musician, that gay and cordial friend—dead at forty-nine, while worthless men of eighty are left alive! It will be another century before we hear another voice like his.

I came to the Metropolitan in the fall of 1915, arriving in New York after an exciting wartime voyage. The Noordam came up the bay just at dusk; as the celebrated sky line came in view I was so excited I could not talk; I felt dizzy, overwhelmed by that marvelous sight. A few hours later, after a dinner at the Claridge, Otto Weil of the Opera House took me walking down Broadway. We passed through Times Square, even then the brightest spot in the Great White Way, into the comparative gloom below Forty-second Street.

"I am going to give you a surprise," said Weil. "Look at that building. What do you think it is?"

"I can't imagine; it looks like a great stable."

"Well, that is the Metropolitan Opera House."

This glimpse of my promised land depressed me as much as the sky line had elated me. In my imagination I had pictured the famous theater, the goal of musicians and singers the world over, as a stately creation of a master architect, situated in some lovely park. Instead, I found this dingy pile.

Maria Jeritza and Richard Strauss

Eva Lavalliere, Star in the Paris Production of "Fledermaus" in 1904, Which Was Artur Bodanzky's First Big Success as a Conductor

The next day when I went inside I felt better, for I must say I liked the auditorium and its splendid acoustics very much. In fact, when, and if, New York's new opera house is built, we shall be very fortunate if the auditorium is as good. I found plenty of things inside to object to, however, and determined to speak about them. Soon I had the opportunity. A few days after my arrival I got a cordial note from Mr. Otto Kahn, inviting me to come down to his home to see him. He sent his car to fetch me, and we had a long talk, during which I suggested a few changes which I thought would benefit the opera house. Particularly, I said, the orchestra pit is all wrong; stretched out like a sausage, with the bass viola on Thirty-ninth Street and the tympanist at Fortieth, an orchestra cannot get the best effects.

Mr. Kahn replied that he thought my suggestions excellent, that the directors would gladly put them into effect. "But, you know," he added, "we are to have a new opera house in a very short time, and so ——"

"Oh, of course," I replied, "in that case ——"

That was in 1915, and now, in 1929, as I leave the Metropolitan, it is still the same old building, with the same elongated orchestra pit. And as the years have passed I have come to fear that we shall never have that splendid new opera house of which we have heard so much.

A few days after my arrival in New York I had my first rehearsal with the Metropolitan orchestra—Götterdämmerung. I will admit that I felt a little nervous. I didn't know how these hard-boiled musicians would take to being directed by a young man of thirty-seven—and I looked very young then, with long hair, most of which has become just another memory of the Metropolitan. But after five minutes I knew that all was well, and after the rehearsal they gave me the friendliest of ovations. I never had the slightest trouble with that orchestra, which in many respects is the most remarkable in the world, and those men always gave me their best, no matter how tired and hard-worked they might be.

That first season in New York was, musically, without especial incident. I took over the Wagner repertoire and had only one novelty, The Taming of the Shrew. Everything suited me except the climate, and that I couldn't stand at all. In that one year I conducted three operas while suffering from a high fever. Now I am more used to New York's fiendish, variable weather; in fact, in all the fourteen years at the Metropolitan I missed only four or five performances, and never a rehearsal, for I consider it more important to be present at the rehearsals than at the premiere.

But if the winter was uneventful, in the summer I was treated to an experience which has given me more amusing anecdotes, I believe, than all the rest of my stay in this country. This was the open-air tour, never to be repeated, which carried out through the country the Wagnerian operas and the prewar German company of the Metropolitan, so soon to be dispersed. It gave me the chance to see America for the first time; and the trip, as I say, was crammed with amusing and memorable experiences.

A Wagnerian Swimming Lesson. The Three Rhine Maidens Rehearsing the First Act of "Rheingold." Brawny Stage Hands are Responsible for Most of the Fancy Swimming Strokes Seen by the Audience

When Opera Stars Became Troupers

OUR first performance was in the Yale Bowl. It was a lovely summer night; above us the stars shone clear and far away, and around us forty thousand people filled that mammoth amphitheater. We, the tiny center of this vastness, sang Walküre. Something of the glory of Walhalla touched everyone there. I shall never forget it; it was one of the most beautiful experiences of my life. Incidentally, concertgoers might be surprised to know that that football stadium has acoustics which would do credit to any hall; I know, because I tested the sound at every point.

From Yale we went into the Middle West, traveling in two special trains and carrying with us our own stage and a great sounding board on which the orchestra was placed. In the company were such great names as Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Hempel, Sembrich, Goritz—who died only a few months ago—Whitehill, Reiss—all of the highest rank as artists. Artistically our performances were first-class, but we could not control the weather.

In Pittsburgh it began to rain during the second act. At the first drops I and the one hundred and twenty men of the orchestra, with their precious instruments, dived under

(Continued on Page 89.)

IPHIGENIA IN TUA NUA

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

"I Will Make You Brooches and Toys for Your Delight Of Bird Song at Morning and Starshine at Night"

IT WAS not often Iphigenia's privilege to see two ships in one day. But on Tuesday, the first of February of that year, she had seen the schooner, Tiare, crawling with copra bugs and cockroaches, in which her uncle, Prof. Hector Bientôt, had sailed for Papéiti, and the sturdy thirty-three-foot ketch, Storm, in which Charlie Hope, circumnavigating the world, came to pay his first visit to a coral atoll.

Even the coming of the Tiare into that lonely and menacing scene, and her departure therefrom at the breathless hour of sunrise, had been an event. She had brought her crew of boisterous, friendly Tahitians, news of the outside world, supplies, and a night of eating, drinking and song. And she had taken away with her all that sense of communion with the pleasurable realities of life which she had brought.

She had left Iphigenia to a stark solitude which might not be broken into again for months. It would be, like all her other solitudes, an enemy to be held in check only by an incessant marshaling of all that she had in her of heart, of patience and of mental resource. If the enemy were not held in check it meant that she would not live to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. Beauty and talent and strength cannot live with despair. In such a one, despairing, even the digestive processes cannot cope with the island diet, always limited and sometimes vile.

During the morning a black rain squall had burst over Tua Nua, and Iphigenia had climbed a ladder and readjusted a metal gutter of her uncle's house, so that none of the precious liquid should be lost, to the circular sheet-iron tank into which the gutter directed it. Wet to the skin, she stripped off her one-piece dress of *pareu* cloth, shampooed her head with a piece of bar soap, lathered herself from head to foot, and strolled about until the rain had rinsed her.

In that place, at that time, there was no eye to spy upon her. The village of Nua—five indigenous families and a half-caste Mormon missionary—was not exactly deserted. It had moved. It had moved to the upper end of the lagoon twelve miles away to gather coconuts and make copra. It would be gone for a month. With it, in many small outrigger canoes, had gone the mats on which it slept, its pigs, its dogs, its cats, and its tame sea gulls.

Iphigenia was alone in Nua. Nature for the moment had turned Nua into a magnificent shower bath, and Iphigenia had taken advantage of this. If cleanliness is not next to godliness, it is, at least in the tropics, nine points out of ten in the battle for health, and although there were plenty of rains at that season, the habit of economy is strong. And in the dry season, to draw off a shampoo's worth of water from the reserve in the tank may be an act of foolhardy shortsightedness.

For luncheon, Iphigenia curried herself a fine crab which she had caught the day before, and boiled a dish of spinachlike greens. After luncheon—for the day was once more bright and hot—she lay down in a shady place and slept for three hours. Then she soaped and showered in a feeble trickle from the tank, put on a fresh dress and went down to the pier.

The pier, built staunchly of coral blocks, jutted into the pass from the sea near the lagoon end. About its sides and base in the translucent green water many fish of incredible shapes and colors were always to be seen. The most beautiful were poisonous, but these had such small mouths that they could not negotiate the large hooks which Iphigenia kept baited. She had always half a dozen lines out, and her unremitting effort was sometimes rewarded with a fine *pahiri* or a wahoo or a small tuna.

Whenever Iphigenia stepped out upon the pier her first glance was not for her lines but for the open sea. Even a far-off sail, intent upon some other destination than Tua Nua, was a thrilling link with worlds more to be envied than her own. And she had in her enough of the Cinderella to hope that some day a sail would waft into her ken people of her own kind and that her destiny would be happily involved with theirs.

When Iphigenia stepped out upon the pier and looked seaward it was into a bank of enormous cumulus clouds in which were vast violet caves and valleys. The lightest tones of these clouds were already tinged with saffron and rose by a sun which was beginning to think of going to bed. White against dark violet, Iphigenia perceived the sails of a small ketch on the starboard tack. Even as she looked, the ketch came into the wind, her sails shivered and filled upon the port tack; half an hour later she came about once more, and it was evident that she was making for Tua Nua pass as fast as a light head wind would let her. Fate, indeed, was beating from the deep sea up to the very pier upon which Iphigenia was standing.

Iphigenia glanced at her lines. The water in the pass was almost slack. It would remain so for another fifteen minutes, and then it would begin to run out. She hoped that the ketch had some power auxiliary to her sails. Otherwise she would have to stand on and off until the tide had turned again, or until she became discouraged of making an entrance and went elsewhere.

But the ketch had the power for which Iphigenia hoped, and presently, having lowered her sails, began to make use of it. The tide had turned and was running strongly out; the ketch nibbled her way toward the pier and came alongside with almost all her way gone.

A young man in blue shorts and a white singlet ran lightly forward, gave one dark blue glance at Iphigenia and tossed the bow line into her outstretched hands. She took two turns with it around a post of coconut and held on. The young man ran lightly aft, shut off the engine and came ashore with the stern line. When he had made his ship fast, he thanked Iphigenia in badly broken French for the help which she had given him. She answered in English. He expressed gratitude that she should speak English at all, and admiration that she should speak it so beautifully. She explained that her mother had been an Englishwoman, but that since her mother's death she had lacked practice. Her uncle, she explained, was of the French, French.

"My name," said the young man, "is Charlie Hope. I am from Portland, Maine."

"My name," said Iphigenia, "is Iphigenia Bientôt. And I am from Nua, on the island of Tua Nua."

She extended the palms of her hands in a gesture of apology.

The pier at Nua was an extension of the main and only street of Nua. It was a hundred and fifty yards long, surfaced with coral and lime, shaded by young coconut palms, and wide enough for one wheelbarrow to pass another. Inland, the street ended in a tiny church, the graveyard and the house of the missionary. Fronting closely on the street, two on one side and three on the other, were the houses of the five indigenous families. Two of them were of indigenous construction, braided, walls and roofs, doors and windows out of pandanus leaves, spread over lashed frames of *curau* poles. The other three houses were built

He Felt That Between Them There Was the Beginning of a Wonderful Friendship

of thin boards and roofed with iron. Each house had a little veranda and a little yard in which, with the help of rotted fish for fertilizer, breadfruits grew, frangipani, limes, oranges and hibiscus. Each tree or shrub was surrounded at a little distance from the stem by a low wall of coral blocks to conserve the fertilizer and to give a sense of pride and order.

Professor Bientôt's house was much larger than the others. It stood farther back from the street and faced, instead, the lagoon, across which the prevailing winds brought coolness. More species of plants, useful and ornamental, flourished in its larger yard. Here and there the house was reminiscent of paint.

The dark blue glance had taken in the entire scene.

Charlie Hope smiled at Iphigenia and said, "Where is everybody?"

She explained.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are keeping house—keeping village, that is—all by yourself?"

"I have to, for weeks at a time."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No more than when the people are here. They couldn't help me in sickness or in a time of hurricane."

"But aren't you afraid of rough characters who might come ashore from a ship?"

She shook her head.

"I think you're wonderful," he said. "Just think of a man seeing his first South Sea island and you on the same day! But may I stay and look around a little or would you rather I put to sea again? I wish you'd show me around. It isn't in the least like what I'd been taught to expect."

"What did you expect?"

"A ring, like a wedding ring, of white coral; a break in the ring, as if it had come unsoldered—a break through which a ship might pass from the raging sea outside to the safe and mirrorlike anchorage inside. But your lagoon is as rough as your ocean. Is there another side to it?"

"Twelve miles away. But then, ours is a very small lagoon"

"Is it surrounded with land like this?"

"Not quite. Our ring is made up of islands like this, joined by low reefs of sand and coral or separated by narrow or deep passes. There are two deep passes—this and the one opposite—and there are dozens that you can wade across at high tide unless there is a big sea running."

"I knew that there would be palm trees, but somehow I didn't really expect to see them—or these lovely things with gay flowers"

"Would you like to walk through the village? Afterward I'll show you my garden and make you a cup of tea."

"I Am Glad That You Think Me a Deserving Character." "Well, Aren't You? Is There Anybody Like You?"

As they walked or stood, she made him explanations of this and that. Here and there in the dooryards lilies and little roses were grown, not in beds but in kerosene tins. Why? If it were not for the altitude afforded by the tins, and their toughness, the land crabs would devour the precious plants, root, branch, bud and flower. Why were there so many empty tins? Were the natives great readers? Did they burn the midnight oil? They didn't read—such nonsense—but they did burn oil. They dared not sleep in the dark. What feared they? They feared the terrible *tupapaus*, who at night came out of the shallow graveyard by the church or out of the deep graveyards in the sea. *Tupapaus?* Ghosts? Yes and no. Isn't a ghost a kind of translucent and transparent replica of one who has died? *Tupapaus* are different. They hide their origin. The *tupapau* of a mere child, for example, might bear the snapping head of a shark on a body more than sixty feet high. But light thwarted them. So keep your lamp filled and the wick trimmed. She had spoken of the missionary. Had he not taught the indigenous ones that there are no such things as ghosts and *tupapaus?* He had, indeed, so taught them, and they had nodded their heads and agreed that he spoke the truth, and had gone home and lighted their sleeping lamps as usual. Did they believe anything that the missionary taught? Some of them, perhaps, a little.

At just what point the sun was going down, it would have been hard to say. The direct lights were no brighter than the reflected. The entire vault of heaven was involved. Reds that cannot be squeezed out of the most expensive tubes conjured up their complementary greens. Cool colors so vibrated against hot colors that belief was staggered. The golds would have ransomed all the kings who ever lived and suffered. The cold grays would have cooled the fires of hell.

Iphigenia observed the heavens.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" she asked.

Charlie Hope was not observing the heavens. He was observing Iphigenia.

"Never," he said.

"It makes you forget all your troubles."

"Every one of them."

"It could cure any sickness of the mind."

"Or of the heart."

The incredible scene faded and they returned to the village. He told her why he was in the Pacific and on his way around the world. Like herself, he was an orphan. He had a little money—enough. He did not have to work—not, that is, at anything lucrative. But she mustn't think that it wasn't work to conduct a thirty-three-foot ketch, single-handed, across great waters. If he had known how much work it was going to be, he might have undertaken something else—something easier. But that wouldn't have been fair to the ketch. She was a great little ketch, and having proved her worth in Maine bays and off Maine headlands, it was only fair to let her prove it in all the seven seas. As for himself, he was trying to make a travel book of his experiences, and because the young love their sorrows and do not wish them to be altogether hidden, he gave her a glimpse of a girl whom he had wanted to marry, and who had shilly-shallied with him for a number of years and had then married somebody else.

Iphigenia, in the dusk of the main and only street of Nua, turned to him with a smile, and recited the opening stanza of a French song:

"Il y avait une fois un pauvre gars;
Elon, lon sere Elon, lon la;
Il y avait une fois un pauvre gars
Qui aimait celle, qui aimait celle,
Qui ne l'aimait pas"

Charlie Hope returned the smile. "I'm the poor *gars*," he said, "but not so poor as you might think. I see now that it would have been a horrible mistake for both of us."

"I promised you tea. Shall we say dinner instead?"

"Why not dine with me on the Storm?"

"Visiting yachtsmen always have to receive and, perhaps, enjoy the hospitality of the shore first."

Her words marred his complete joy in the moment

"Are there many—visiting yachtsmen?"

"You are the first."

He felt his spirits return to a perfect equanimity. He felt that between them there was the beginning of a wonderful friendship. He had been alone for so long, and she, except for a few years in the convent at Papéiti, had almost always been alone. It was wonderful to think that there were no older people about—no other people at all. Sure of his own intrinsic goodness and chivalrousness, he was highly resolved to prolong his stay in that place as long as Iphigenia would let him. She had spoken of the loneliness against which she had to fight, tooth and nail, day and night, without capitulation. He would try to be to her a godsend of innocent and stimulating companionship.

As he changed for dinner in his narrow quarters on the Storm, his heart beat high. How beautiful she was!

II

IPHIGENIA did not even wish to sleep. She was too busy remembering. With the black bow tie and the white dinner suit, he had looked very handsome and manly. What a fool the other girl had been! It was easily seen that the mainsprings of Mr. Charles Hope's young life were tolerance and generosity. She had never for a moment been nervous of him. He was the opposite of all those heroes in all those paper-bound French novels which her uncle had so painstakingly collected, by buying, by borrowing and not returning, and by open filching

She wondered if she had talked too much about herself. Men liked women to listen while they talked about themselves. Her uncle had often told her so. Had she run her uncle down to the stranger? She hoped not. Self-pity is a foolish, useless thing. But sometimes the tongues of maidens who are much alone run away with them.

She lay flat on her back and stared into the dark. Because Charles Hope had come to Tua Nua she was happier than she had ever been in her life before. But after he had gone away that brief happiness would crash disastrously about her. She knew that. A sixth sense that is in some women told her that when he went away her love would go with him forever. And it isn't true that it is better to have

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THE LAMPLIGHTER

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Every Night at Sunset He and the Small Boy Set Out the Lamps, and Every Morning at Daybreak Took Them In Again

AT THE seaward end of the canal that leads from Bruges to Zeebrugge is a lock, so that the depth of the water in the canal can be maintained, regardless of the tide level in the Zeebrugge basin. When the Germans occupied the Belgian coast, sometime in the fall of 1914, they immediately saw the strategical possibilities of a naval base a few hours from the English coast, and went about fortifying Zeebrugge with their accustomed thoroughness. Bruges was to be their base, for Ostend and Blankenberghe, the only other ports on the coast, were too exposed to gunfire from the sea, and the entrance to Bruges was by the canal from Zeebrugge, for the Ostend-Bruges canal was not deep enough, and was full of twists and turns that a big ship could not negotiate. The head of the Zeebrugge canal was the seaward lock. It was a real head. If it were destroyed the canal would die, the waters of the sea would rush in and out at will, and ships could only enter at high tide, with the risk of being stranded halfway to Bruges when the waters receded.

The nerve center of the entire system was the control station at the seaward entrance to the lock. From here the beacons at the canal entrance were turned on and off. Here was the controller, like that of a trolley car, that opened and closed the bridge by which the Heyst-Ostend highway crossed the canal, and the huge triple-bladed switch that operated the motors that, in case of bombardment, rolled the great gates of the lock under a sheltering ridge of steel and concrete. Nature aided the Germans in this matter. There were two gates to the lock, and both would have to be run under shelter, and at low tide, to dry the canal. But at low tide a British ship with guns heavy enough to damage the gates could not approach near enough, because of the offshore sand banks, to be able to bombard the gates with any accuracy whatsoever.

Upon a day, Obermaschinistsmaat Starcke, who was in charge of the control house, stood upon the quay beside the lock. It was early morning, a strong breeze blew from the north, and the bay, unprotected to the north by the great mole, was white with foam. A submarine had been signaled from the station at the end of the mole, and Starcke was watching for her to curve around the barrier of sand barges and go slipping across the bay to the wharf near the hydroplanes' hangar, where she would put her captain ashore and then come across to the canal to go up to Bruges.

The submarine appeared suddenly, the black-white-and-red ensign of the Imperial Navy flying bravely from her conning tower, the joy of homecoming apparent in her even across that mile of water, her siren screeching wildly, and her crew grouped on the deck, drinking in the sight of the land and dancing jigs in the delirium of men returned from the grave to life once more.

Starcke turned to telephone to the control station at the inside gate, when there was a clatter of heels on the stone flagging. An officer appeared around the corner of the control house. It was Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn—a young man with a face prematurely old. He commanded the canal guard, and had jurisdiction over the locks, the bridges and the munitions depot on the canal bank at Dudzeele. He had been a Zeppelin officer, but had his right hand crushed in an accident and so had been relegated to the Flanders Defense Force.

"Good morning, Starcke," said he, returning the other's salute. "Anything new?"

"No, lieutenant," replied Starcke.

"Very good. Was that a destroyer or a submarine that was blowing her siren out there?"

"A submarine, lieutenant."

"Didn't see her number?"

"No, lieutenant, but she is a UC, from the size. Either the 12 or the 19; they are the only two that are due back now."

"Ah!" said the officer, tapping his foot on the ground. "You sure about that? It wasn't the U-56, was it?"

"No, lieutenant. She is not due anyway."

"Um-m."

The lieutenant looked thoughtfully out to sea. The commander of the U-56 was married to his sister. The inspections that Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn made in the course of his duties brought him frequently to the lock; every time, in fact, that the shrieking siren announced a U-boat's return. If it was not the U-56, it would be some sister who had heard her signals amidst the shoals where the U's rested on the bottom to repose their tired crews, or who had spoken to her one dark night among the tide rips of the Channel.

Obermaschinistsmaat Starcke stiffened his back and he coughed as if to clear his throat.

"Lieutenant," he began, "may I have the lieutenant's permission to make a complaint?"

"Eh? A complaint? Well, let's hear it."

"Lieutenant, since Webber has gone from us we have not enough men to run the control house. We are only two here. The work is too much. Two men! We should have at least six!"

"Men are scarce," replied the officer. "All of us have more work than we can do. It would be very nice if we could have the proper number of men to do everything, but the Fatherland has need of them somewhere else. You and Felz should plan your work better, if you find it too hard. You should arrange watch and watch, as at sea."

"We can't do that, lieutenant. I am not complaining, lieutenant. I have twenty-nine years of service in the Imperial Fleet. I can do my share of work and another man's, too, if need be. But three men are needed here. It is dangerous not to have them, lieutenant. With the traffic here, mine layers, sweepers, torpedo boats, U's, light cruisers, coastal motorboats, we are working the lock continually. We have to open the lock, display signals, open the bridge, close the bridge, signal the shipping and hydroplanes in the bay of ships coming out, notify the district commanders as soon as a ship passes Dudzeele, so that troop movements by tram along the coast won't be held up by the open bridge, and fifty more things that I won't tire the lieutenant by naming."

"No," said the lieutenant coldly. "I know the functions of the control house as well as you. I know also that all the things you mentioned and the fifty that you didn't are all worked from the same control board."

"I would thank the lieutenant for permission to continue," said Starcke.

"Well, spit it out!" snapped the officer. "Let's hear it and get it done!"

"All of this, lieutenant, is worked from the same control board. But the lieutenant can see that a man cannot see much out of the windows of the control house, especially at

night. That means that one of us has to be on the edge of the lock to signal the other at the controls. However, that is not the point. The point is that the emergency lighting system is composed of some thirty-four lamps, and that Felz and I, chief petty officers of our service, have to clean, oil and place these lamps. This is our complaint. I am the senior and agreed to bring it to the lieutenant's attention. We sleep when we can, and perform our duties at the controls. But the lamps are killing us. To fill them alone requires almost two hours. Cleaning them and putting them in order requires three or four hours more. We eat with one hand and clean lamps with the other."

"Are you going to put this U through the lock?" asked the lieutenant, pointing to the homeward-bounder that was now quite close to the canal entrance.

"Yes, lieutenant!" replied Starcke.

He whistled on a sort of boatswain's pipe he wore. Felz, at the control board within, spun a wheel that lowered the safety gates across the roadway, then opened the drawbridge. The submarine, her greasy crew lining her forward deck, slid into the lock. An officer, his cap over one eye and a black sweater about his neck, waved a greeting to Oberleutnant Horn beside the control house.

"Ahoy!" cried Horn. "Had any news of the 56?"

"Right-o!" shouted back the submarine's officer, at the same time keeping a wary eye on the way the current was setting his boat's side against the canal wall. "Night before last."

The submarine slid on, the rush of the tide carrying her into the lock with terrific speed.

"On the dock!" shouted the officer. "I'll pass you a light line to Number 2 capstan."

A heaving line uncoiled like a long black snake against the sky, the monkey's fist on the end striking one of the men on the dock a resounding thump, amidst the laughter of the submarine crew.

"Hey!" shouted Oberleutnant Horn "The 56! Where did you speak her?"

"Off Westdiep!" came back the faint reply. "He hasn't seen anything. Staying out to shoot off a torpedo! . Forward there, you swab! Get off your foot! Don't you see that line is fouled, you blank dashed ——" The rest of it was lost as the boat went up the lock.

"Stand by, Felz!" ordered Starcke. "Good enough. She's clear. Close the bridge. Now if the lieutenant has no more orders for me I'll telephone Dudzeele that the UC-19 is in the lock."

"Er, just a minute, now, Starcke." The news that his brother-in-law was still alive had acted on Oberleutnant Horn like a draught of wine. He felt a brotherly feeling toward all men. "About this third man. You and Felz will have to arrange to run the lock between you. But you shouldn't have to take care of the lamps. You should have spoken about it before."

"We wanted to do it if we could, lieutenant. We didn't want to make a trivial complaint—chief petty officers of our service!"

"Yes, yes; well, never mind now. But you ought to have a man. I'll go see the personnel adjutant and see what I can get."

"Thank you, lieutenant."

The headquarters of the First Marine Division, which garrisoned the coast north of Ostend, was at Westcappel, and thither Oberleutnant Horn pedaled his bumpy way over the cobblestones. Here half the crews of the great coast-defense batteries passed their rest periods—that is, doing close-order drill and the manual of arms all day, restoring their discipline and set-up after the demoralizing

tours of duty in the batteries, where they did nothing but stand to their guns all day long. Here also were the cyclist battalions, composed of marine infantry or Jager organizations. These and the gun crews at rest formed a mobile reserve that could be rushed anywhere at a moment's notice, either to repel an attempt at a landing on the coast or to subdue the Belgians in case of a revolt.

Oberleutnant Horn dismounted from his bicycle at headquarters and went into the adjutant's office.

"Good morning, captain," began Horn. "I've come to ask you a favor. Give me another man for the Zeebrugge lock-control house."

"What for?"

"Well, there are only two men there, and they really haven't got time to eat. You know they have an auxiliary lighting system there in case the power house goes blooey in an air raid, and these two have to take care of the lamps themselves, in addition to their other duties."

"I don't know where I'll find another man," said the adjutant coldly. "We're undermanned everywhere. It takes twenty years to make a man, and they are destroyed with too much facility."

"Well, I only want one. One won't cripple anybody."

"Only one! That's what they all say! Only one or two! The battery Kaiser Wilhelm has got to have just two more blacksmiths! Only two. The searchlight section at Heyst must have one man more to assist their electrician. The commandant at Bruges sends an order for fifty machinists this morning. Where will I get fifty machinists? He think I can make them?"

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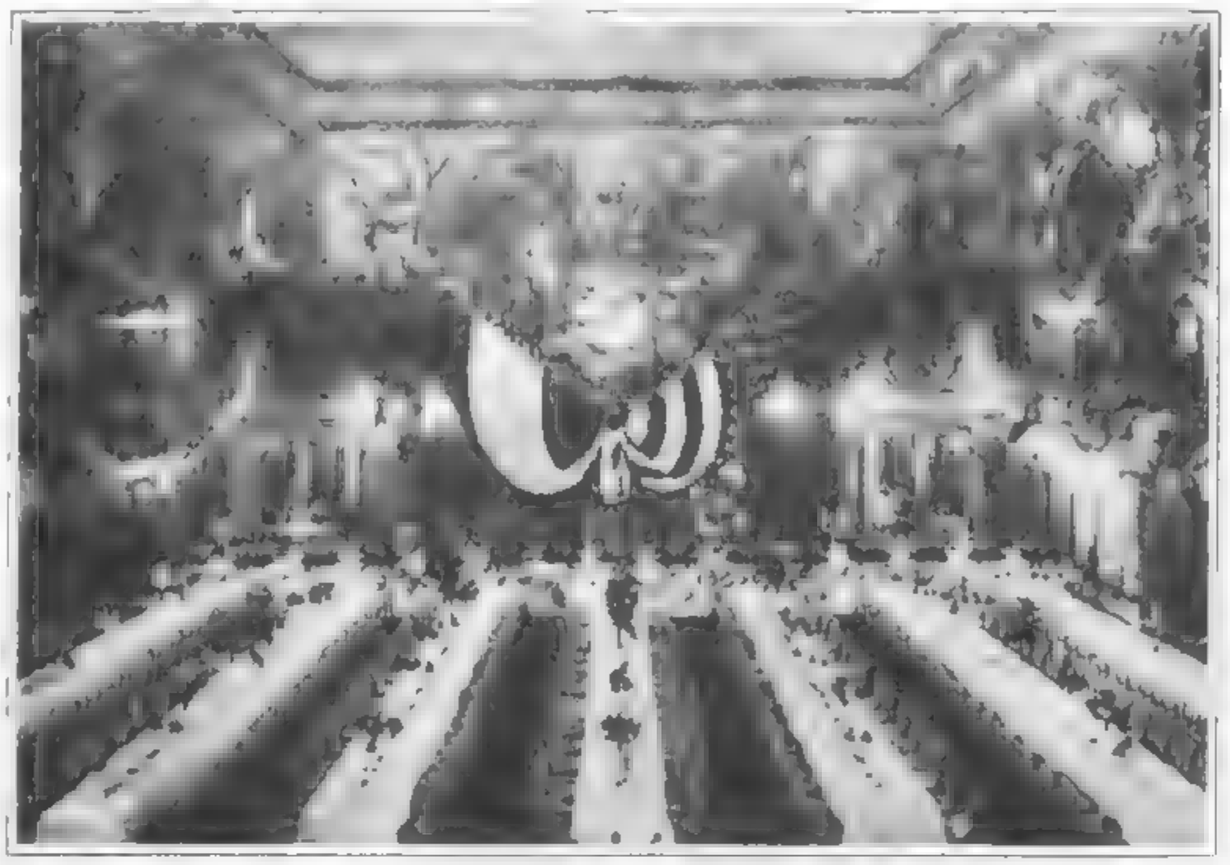
"Hah, That Was a Hit! See the Sparks Fly! Hah! Hit Her Again! An Enemy! Sock it to Her!"

HEARTY EATERS

By Albert Stevens Crockett



The Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Set for Prince Henry's Dinner, February, 1902

"WHY, before prohibition," you'll hear them say—"them" being certain staunch, sturdy and independent thinkers who are apt to prove mere yes men when proffered an inebriative drop—"before prohibition people never really used to drink so much. Of course, it was a good thing the saloons were abolished. But say, I never thought of taking more than a cocktail or a highball once in a while and on rare occasions a bottle of wine with dinner. No, sir, you never saw anything like the amount of drinking that's done these days."

Is there much drinking today? One who goes about a bit is inclined to answer affirmatively. The other day I was taken to a speak-easy by a friend who has an address book and a lot of secret passwords, and before I could utter a word five middle-aged women filed in, stood before the bar and called for a round of cocktails. So astonished was I that I followed them out to the sidewalk, where they got into a cab, and I heard one give to the driver an address which my friend who owned the book referred to said was that of a high-class drinking club.

Last Saturday night I went to a commuters' country club where several hundred men, women, boys and girls—some of the latter around sixteen—gave ocular, audible and emotional evidence of having arrived at the *n*th stage of stewdom. From what I hear, what I saw was typical of commuters' country clubs in the vicinity of New York on a Saturday night.

A Unique First Edition

BUT, after all, is there really more drinking now than before prohibition stepped in to put its foot down? Now, this is no wet argument. Nor is it dry. As a matter of fact, it is not an argument at all. But it so happens I am sitting before a lot of evidence as to what and how much some people used to drink before prohibition, and it is plentiful in quantity and of convincing, if not of convicting, possibilities. The freshest of it is ten years old, dating just before the advent of what some of our thirsty humorists would call the Great Big Drought—or Drouth, if they spell with Doctor Vizetelly. A good deal of it goes back thirty-five or thirty-six years. It is partly transcriptions from records. Much of it consists of copies of bills rendered, with annotations indicating that real money was exchanged for the same. A good deal of it is in the form of menu cards or transcriptions of them in the books of a long famous hotel, now, alas! as some of us lament, gone the way of the ghosts that for some years have been among its tenants.

From these data it can easily be proved that many Americans ate more fifteen, twenty-five and thirty-five years ago, and in wider variety. I cannot prove they drank more. But I can submit facts and figures which are indicative that they drank a far wider variety than is done these days in these United States, and that when they drank, they really performed.

Exhibit A in my collection, however, is not a ledger leaf or a maître d'hôtel's engagement book, nor yet a menu card. It is a whole volume, a real first edition, the only one of its issue now extant, I am told. Lest, however, the cupidity of collectors of rare volumes be unduly excited, let me explain that, though leather-bound, it is not a printed tome. It was written by hand. Its edges are brown and its pages dog-eared from frequent use. Once upon a time it would have commanded a big price, so high would its contents have been esteemed by a class of connoisseurs. For it is a book of recipes for all sorts of hard thirst quenchers, a compendium of directions for making every kind of fancy drink served in the famous bar of the late Waldorf-Astoria.

Its author—or should one say, its compiler?—is Joseph Taylor, for many years, under the sobriquet of "Dan the Barboy," minister to thirsts behind the great rectangular bar which fell into disuse and was cast out ten years before the big hotel which sheltered it, and of which it was the best-paying part, followed it into the past. Taylor, who had been a personage of note—at least, he had been much in the public eye went into comparative obscurity when his occupation left him.

The Famous Sit-Down Bar of the Old Waldorf

Soda Water Days

THE last decade of the old hostelry's existence, instead of spending his days saying, "Yours, sir?" and, after the performance of certain rites, passing artistically composed appetizers and exhilarators over the bar to stockbrokers and millionaires, hearing the chatter of big business and the hum of what was sometimes very informative conversation—abounding in hints as to how to make money on a turn of the market—he had sunk to the obscure title of assistant in the beverage department, handling such elevating and stimulative potations as ginger ale and soda water. Only upon certain important occasions did the old bar horse find in his nostrils the strong familiar odors that made memories gush back. To his immediate boss, the steward of the beverage department, were intrusted the keys of the innermost cellars where reposed a good deal of the rare prewar stock acquired by the owners of the old Waldorf-Astoria in 1918 when they took over the hotel-operating company from the George C. Boldt estate; but when one of those who shared that cellar had programed a party, Taylor had to help get the booze and start it on its discreet way to the scene of the festivity. No need to excite the police or the revenue men unduly. They might be embarrassed if a court ordered them to return liquor that, in the eyes of the law, was inviolate, but which they might ignorantly have smashed or ordered disposed of just as if it were common bootleg stuff.

On the other hand, the prompt and safe arrival of the liquor would often make the party, and the host must not be embarrassed by its lack. So, despite the underground character of his job and at times of his methods, and despite his disappearance from the sight of a long-appreciative public, Taylor's last job at the Waldorf was not without its responsibilities.

The reason for the sacerdotal alias of this former priest of Bacchus during twenty-three of the thirty-three years he worked in the Waldorf lay in the disinclination of Phil Kennedy, the head barman of the old hotel, to address as many as two of his subordinates as "Joe." On the bar staff, when Taylor applied for a job, was already one man with the front

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What Life Means to Einstein

An Interview by George Sylvester Viereck

RELATIVITY! What word is more symbolic of the age? We have ceased to be positive of anything. We look upon all things in the light of relativity. Relativity has become the plaything of the parlor philosopher.

Is there any standard that has not been challenged in this our postwar world? Is there any absolute system of ethics, of economics or of law, whose stability or permanence is not assailed somewhere? Can there be any permanent value or any absolute truth in a world in which the three angles of the triangle have ceased to be equal to two right angles—in a world in which time itself has lost its meaning, in which infinity becomes finite, and the finite is lost in the infinite?

Einstein refuses to sponsor newfangled theories which draw their justification from his own assault upon the certainties of mathematics. His voice was bell-like and gentle, but his words were decisive when he smashed with one sentence the rash application of the term "relativity" to philosophy and to life.

The World-Famous Physicist and Mathematician Explaining a Problem to His Secretary While Dictating to Her

"The meaning of relativity," he said, "has been widely misunderstood. Philosophers play with the word, like a child with a doll. Relativity, as I see it, merely denotes that certain physical and mechanical facts, which have been regarded as positive and permanent, are relative with regard to certain other facts in the sphere of physics and mechanics. It does not mean that everything in life is relative and that we have the right to turn the whole world mischievously topsy-turvy." I now remembered that some years ago, when I first met Einstein in New York, he had emphatically resisted the suggestion that he was a philosopher. "I am," he said, "solely a physicist." In spite of these denials, Einstein stands in a symbolic relation to our age an age characterized by a revolt against the absolute in every sphere of science and of thought. He is a child of his age even if he eschews metaphysics.

A Born Teacher

LIKE Napoleon, like Mussolini, Albert Einstein has the distinction of having become an almost legendary figure in his own lifetime. No man since Copernicus, Galileo and Newton has wrought more fundamental changes in our attitude toward the universe. Einstein's universe is finite. Seen through Einstein's eyes, space and time are almost interchangeable terms. Time appears caparisoned as a fourth dimension. Space, once undefinable, has assumed the shape of a sphere Einstein taught us that light travels in curves. All these facts are deducted from the theory of relativity advanced by Einstein in 1915

With the advent of Einstein, mathematics ceased to be an exact science in the fashion of Euclid. The new mathematics appeared in the midst of the World War. It is not impossible that in the evolution of human thought Einstein's discovery may play a greater part than the Great War. His fame may outlive Foch and Ludendorff, Wilson and Clemenceau.

Einstein, in the words of his favorite colleague, Erwin Schrödinger, explains the fundamental laws of mechanics as geometrical proportions of space and time.

I shall not attempt to expound this statement. It is said that only ten men understand Einstein's theory of relativity.

Doctor Einstein Accompanying Mrs. Einstein's Piano Song With His Violin

Einstein's patience is infinite. He likes to explain his theories. A born teacher, Einstein does not resent questions. He loves children The ten-year-old son of a friend was convinced that he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Einstein painstakingly explained to him the flaw in his calculations.

Whenever a question involving a difficult mathematical problem comes up, Einstein immediately takes up his pencil and covers page after page with the most intricate equations. He does not refer to a textbook; he works out such formulas immediately himself. Often the formula thus obtained is clearer, more comprehensible and more perfect than the equation that is found in books of reference.

Time in Space

RECENTLY someone talked to him about color photography. Einstein immediately revolved the subject in his mind. He studied the camera, he made various calculations, and before the evening was over, he had evolved a new method of color photography.

It is difficult for him to explain his theories when he writes an article for lay consumption. But when the inquiring layman exposes the abysses of his ignorance face to face with Einstein, the great mathematician usually succeeds in bridging the gulf with an apt illustration. Talking to him, I saw in a flash not only a fourth dimension but numerous others. Glowing with pride in my achievement, I scribbled down a sentence here and there, but afterward my notes were as difficult to interpret as the fantastic network of a dream.

"How can I form at least a dim idea of the fourth dimension?"

"Imagine," Einstein replied, slightly inclining his head with the crown of curly white hair, "a scene in two-dimensional space—for instance, the painting of a man reclining on a bench. A tree stands beside the bench. Then imagine that the man walks from the bench to a rock on the other side of the tree. He cannot reach the rock except by walking either in front of or behind the tree. This is impossible in two-dimensional space. He can reach the rock only by an excursion into the third dimension.

"Now imagine another man sitting on the bench. How did he get there? Since two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time, he can have got there only before or after the first man moved. He must have moved in time. Time is the fourth dimension. In a similar manner it is possible to explain five, six and more dimensions. Many problems of mathematics are simplified by assuming the existence of more dimensions."

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ZONE OF FRAGRANCE

By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

IN THIS country even the white concrete of the state highways seemed to roll softly. It swelled where the gentle hills were and slid easily into the sunlit depressions that were valleys between them It skirted fields of new, green, sprouted corn, companionable plots of red beets and cabbages. It hobnobbed with young tobacco and winter wheat, and passed under apple trees brooding upon the business of next winter's schnitz pies It turned on itself, remembering days when it had been a dirt road, when that stone ruin around the next curve had been a cider mill. These were tidy farms it passed; this was a tidy landscape. The green fields, the red, brown and ocher fields, the small plots of trees, the red barns and the cream houses were patches in a crazy quilt of soft coloring.

Phœbe Smucker followed the concrete road. She'd gone down to the store in the cool of the morning and was returning with her split basket of coffee, sugar, molasses. One bought staples only in this farming community. No greens peeped over the edge of market baskets here and no eggs nestled in their interiors. Even a farm as poor as the Smucker farm furnished for its small population a relatively luxurious table living

Phœbe sighed. She wore an intent and concentrated look, and it was as though worries were bubbling up within her. No less a subject than the poverty of the Smucker farm absorbed her. Now and then she had to cast a wary blue eye backward and forward to see that none of the marauders of the state highway burst in upon her meditations; now and then, when a six or eight cylinder monster hove into view, she had to scuttle with her basket to the side of the road.

"They would scare a person out of her right senses, still," she thought.

She came patiently back to the highway after each one of these excursions and her brow knit anew over the problems that beset it. Uncle Jake was letting the farm slip through his fingers—that was clear. The Smuckers could not any more hold on to anything. Phœbe shook her head. She remembered how her father's farm had gone and how he himself had died, how she had then come, six months before, as housekeeper to Uncle Jake. Now the Jake Smucker farm was going and it seemed possible that Jake himself might be going to slip out of invalidism and after Henry. No—her eyes were frightened suddenly—the Smuckers could not any more hold on to life, even, let alone land.

Phœbe reached the round of a hill, and stopped to look at a spectacle which spread out before her. She set her basket down, wiped her face with a white linen square, and looked again.

"It's different with that there Bensamacher," she muttered.

Here, in a flat soup plate of land at her right, lay the fertile Bensamacher acres. Here were rectangular plots literally swelling with promise, a barn which in size and solidity surpassed anything in the neighborhood, a comfortable stone house which seemed to exude from its flat strong surfaces an actual distillation of prosperity and peace. Here, emerging from a clump of trees at the edge of the nearest field, was the blue-shirted figure of Ephraim Bensamacher himself. Phœbe picked her basket up and the soft pink in her cheeks deepened to red, to scarlet. She scurried as though an entire fleet of high-powered cars was at her heels, and her eyes darted about, looking for cover.

"Good morning, Mr. Bensamacher," she said in a choked voice, and bobbed her head.

"Good morning, Miss Smucker," he answered stiffly, his face as red as hers.

She was on the round of the next hill before her cheeks had faded to their original pink. Placing her basket down again, she hitched herself up on a fence, and from the shelter of a screen of elder bushes watched their neighbor moving about on his land. "It don't wonder me that he would color up in his face that way," she thought bitterly. "A little shame he has in him maybe after all, to think how he is pushing Uncle Jake from off his farm. So big he is! So strong! So much health he has got in him!" Her eyes brooded upon the sturdy shoulders of Ephraim and upon the strong slope of his back. She set up beside him in imagination the frail, stooped figure of Uncle Jake.

"Och!" Her head went down into her hands suddenly. "Such a hate I got fur him, it could come up in my throat and choke me even! Such a hate I got fur him and his land that creeps always!"

There was an actual pain in her throat now, and under her eyes the Bensamacher land, with the sun haze swimming on it, seemed actually to creep. It crept up the gentle slope that separated it from the pathetic Smucker fields and oozed down over them. Field by field and strip by strip, Uncle Jake's farm was being swallowed up.

"Everything turns itself into money fur him," she choked. "Money he turns into land and land back into more money yet. No end there is to it."

Thoughts of dinner stirred finally in her mind, and she slipped down. Dinner bells rang at eleven o'clock at this season of the year. There was not much hired help to be set down to dinner on the Smucker place, to be sure—only little Johnny Graff. Phœbe trudged on and crossed the boundary line of her own territory. Her quick eye noted how the cabbages grew in sparse rows here and how the stand of corn and wheat was but half that in the neighboring fields.

"Such new principles of farming Uncle Jake can't keep himself up with at all," she reflected sorrowfully. "It gives nothing I can do."

She sat Uncle Jake and Johnny down to a tasty meal. "It gives nothing I can do." This reflection held her mute as she watched their hired hand stow away quantities of savory fried pork and fried apples, tender young beet greens with sour-milk dressing, snowy schmierkäse, pickles and preserved fruits, as she watched him down the half of a large egg pie. Johnny was in a hurry to get out to the back porch and his pipe, but even he had to linger a little over these delicious viands

"Such good cooks it made always by the Beidler family." Uncle Jake tried to cover up the failure of his appetite with flattery. "A man could not stay ailing long and have Sara Beidler's girl to cook up his wittles fur him."

"It would give me more heart fur to cook if you could put things more hearty like into your stummick," she murmured.

"Ach, I have et a good meal." He sighed.

"It gives nothing I can do." It was there, like a knell, in her mind. "Cook!" she burst forth in sudden vehemence. "That makes nothing! That gets us nowheres! Och, if I could be a man oncet and get out into the fields. When"—her fingers worked with the cloth—"when does that there note come up to be paid off?"

"In September a'ready," Uncle Jake said dully.

Ach! Phœbe moved to the window. In September, then, the Bensamacher farm would creep down over the Smucker fields, would blot them out, put the seal of its own sleek prosperity on them. "Maybe"—Phœbe's voice had no heart to convince even herself—"maybe he will leave it go till another year yet."

"Six months only you have had acquaintance with Ephraim Bensamacher," Uncle Jake pointed out simply. "All his life I have lived by him, and his father behind him."

"Eat up anyways the egg custard off your pie," she urged him gently.

Her Eyes Moved Up to Ephraim's Face, Flaming Above It. "It's Such a Tea Room," She Said Faintly

"It gives nowheres such pies as the Beidler womenfolk ran make," he said gallantly.

Phœbe tossed the compliment aside. She watched the cars on the highway. "You can hardly walk any more to the store and back and not get bumped," she observed

"Towerists!" Uncle Jake said contemptuously. "Running up and down like a chicken where the head is cut off from still "

"Anyhow," she murmured.

"Uncle Jake"—her voice came, strained, after a moment—"why couldn't we have such a tea room or inn or whatever here? Why couldn't we"—her fingers laced and unlaced themselves under the stress of this new idea—"open up a place fur such tourists to eat? If I have a gift in my fingers like you say; if I can make things taste like such another helping still ——"

"Such a tea room!" He looked at her blankly.

"It gives money by tea rooms." Her eyes sparkled blue above pink cheeks as vistas opened up. "Only last week I have read of it in a paper lent over to me by Mrs. Probst at the store. Eggs we got always by us, Uncle Jake, and butter and cream and milk. Such vegetables we got, and fruits. Chickens we got, and turkeys ——"

"Such a tea room?" Uncle Jake continued to look at her, his process of thought stopped by the introduction of an idea so strange.

"The Copper Kettle we could call it"—Phœbe's voice went higher with excitement—"and I could polish up the old kettle and hang it up in the fireplace even. Such fancy names they like always to have. Lunches and dinners we could serve up to tourists. The Copper Kettle! Och! Could I, Uncle Jake?"

Uncle Jake's characteristic apathy had settled down on him again. "It makes nothing to me if you do or if you don't." He got up heavily. "We got nothing to lose."

He started for the fields, but at the door turned and came back. "We got them tables and benches in the barn," he offered timidly. "When the old Dunker meeting-house was tore down I bid in onto them. Like putting money away into a hole in the ground, your Aunt Clara said always, but ——"

"Painted apple green and with yellow covers," Phœbe quoted from out of her store of tea-room knowledge in a preoccupied voice.

Jake went again, came back again

"Johnny Graff could mebbe make up fur you some signs or whatever too," he said. "Signs it gives always by tea rooms."

"Anyhow," Phœbe agreed abstractedly. She had moved to a window which overlooked the rich sloping acres that loomed threateningly to the west, the plenteous lands of Bensamacher. "Och, if I could!" Her hands clenched. "If I could fool him once!"

"It gives no restaurant by Conception over and none by Bennersville," Uncle Jake figured. "It gives no place to eat from Steigersburg up until Jacobstown even. Maybe they would have appetites by them."

"If I could stop his land from creeping and creeping always! If I could turn such tables over on him once! If I could show him how a Smucker could fool a Bensamacher!"

If she could stop this hatred that was pounding in her heart and beating in her throat. If she could stop this anger that burned up in her and consumed her when her path crossed that of Ephraim. If she could stop that painful rush of tears to her eyes evenings, after Uncle Jake had gone to bed, when she sat alone looking over the fields at that light which burned in the neighboring farmhouse.

Phœbe painted and scrubbed and polished and scoured, she hemmed and cut and stitched and dyed, and by degrees the big cool stone kitchen-dining-living-room of the farmhouse began to resemble the dining room of an inn. Sturdy tables and benches which had supported stolid Dunkers at love feasts in the basement of the old meeting-house shone resplendent now in apple green. Yellow runners girded them. Bowls of bright nasturtiums found and held their exact geometric middles. The old copper kettle hung in the big fireplace where once the suppers of dead-and-gone Smuckers had steamed. Pewter plates stood again on the plate rail. Whitewash gleamed on the stones which edged the path, on the well head, on the trim boxes in which the nasturtiums bloomed. A swinging sign improvised by Johnny Graff informed the world, or such of it as motored through Big Valley on this summer's day, that here was the Copper Kettle, that here meals could be had for seventy-five cents

P. Smucker, Proprietor, the sign read. P. Smucker struggled home from the store at nine o'clock on the morning of the day that the Copper Kettle opened its doors to the public. She was tired—almost too tired to scuttle from under the wheels of passing cars. Her basket was heavy. Discouragement had descended like a dark cloud on her mind and hung there, refusing to be dislodged What if nobody should come? Nobody would come; it became a certainty. Phœbe's steps became slower, the basket heavier.

"Crazy in the head I was even to think of it," she mourned. "Such money for paint I have spent out, for dishes and whatever." One twinge after another assailed her conscience. "Into debt still further I would push Uncle Jake, instead of helping him out from it. Dopplehead!"

She hastened her steps, nearing the Bensamacher farm. Head bent and eyes cast down, she hurried, having no desire this morning to see that blue-shirted figure, secure against all the winds of adversity, moving about on its land. No strength there would have been in her to return his stiff greeting.

"Hi!" A voice accosted her. It bellowed over the slopes, and she looked up to see Ephraim charging at her. One arm was waving wildly in the air, the other clutched some ungainly object. "What's this here?" He clambered over a fence and came up to her, panting.

Phœbe's eyes followed the letters of a sign. "The Copper Kettle," she read. "Dinners, 75c. P. Smucker, Proprietor." Her eyes moved up to Ephraim's face, flaming above it.

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"The Copper Kettle We Could Call It, and I Could Polish Up the Old Kettle and Hang it Up in the Fireplace Even. The Copper Kettle!"

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHAT sleep Toby had that night, he had in the studio, on the divan. Sometime after Ann's door closed—he had no idea how long after—he dragged himself out of the chair into which he had dropped when she left him, and made preparations for rest. His suitcase still stood near the door, with his typewriter. He hoisted it to a table and opened it, seeking pajamas and his dressing gown. From the rolled-up pajama jacket the bottle of perfume for Ann fell out and crashed to the floor and broke. He stared at it; left the pieces there in the aromatic stain.

He turned out the lights and lay down, with a scarlet satin cushion for his pillow and a small Oriental rug from the floor spread over him. He knew that sleep would not come for hours, and it did not. He was too miserable. He was too bewildered. What had got into him? Why had he behaved so, and how could he have said the things he had said? And realizing, as he did now fully, his own entire culpability, why did he not get up and go to Ann and say he was sorry? He could not seem to; and this—this stubbornness in the face of reason and inclination bewildered him most of all.

Across the garden court that lay beyond the great studio window, people in another apartment were having a party. Their talking machine ground out one after another of the season's popular tunes. Do-Do-Do. Sometimes I'm Happy. Someone to Watch Over Me. Once or twice they forgot to wind the machine, and it ran down gradually, gratingly. Toby gritted his teeth. "Ah, have a heart!" The night was hideous enough without that.

Some-times I'm hap-py
Some-times I'm blue-oo-re-
mmm-zzzz.

"I Do Those Dumb Things," She Said, "When I'm Crazy About Somebody"

When he woke, it was bright morning in the studio. For a drowsy half minute he had no thought of where he was, and then for a confused instant, during which he sat bolt upright, he could not think how ——

Oh! Recollection filled the blankness in his eyes with dark anxiety. Still sitting upright, an elbow against the back of the divan propping him, he surveyed the room. It was empty except for himself, and impertinently gay, even garish, with sunlight. At the other end of it the door to the kitchen stood open; he could see the coffee percolator on the little gas stove, over a ring of blue beads. Ann was awake, then.

Simultaneously with this discovery he heard the remote, renewed sound of a typewriter; somehow he knew it was renewed, not just beginning. Ann had taken her machine into the bedroom and closed the door, so as not to disturb him. Or so as not to be disturbed?

He lay back to ponder the question, pulling the silk puff over him, for the room was cold. Then abruptly he reared up again, clutching the puff. This silk thing —— Ann must have spread it over him, tucked it in all around. The rug with which he had covered himself before he went to sleep lay now, curled on the floor, beside the couch.

"Say!" he said fervently, aloud.

He bounded up, throwing the puff aside. He reached for his dressing gown, shrugged it on, and started for the three stairs to the bedroom. He had almost reached them when he wheeled, and his rapid barefoot steps went off at a tangent toward the table.

His suitcase lay there, sprawled open. Visible in the suitcase was the evening dress he had bought for Ann, only partially hidden by a pile of shirts. He wondered briefly if she had noticed it.

His slippers came to light after some search, and he dropped them to the floor and stepped into them. He found a comb and raked it swiftly, twice on each side, through his hair. Then he started for the steps again, plunged down, and opened the bedroom door.

Ann was at her dressing table. On its plate-glass top her typewriter rested, among toilet articles and jars and bottles pushed far to the sides. She wore a scarlet velvet bathrobe with its sleeves rolled high above her bent busy white elbows. Her back was toward the door.

"Oh, hello," she said to the mirror, without turning round.

"Hello, Ann."

Their eyes held, via the glass. Toby thought, "Now. Tell her I'm sorry." But the words stuck. Ann's eyes were so unfathomable, masked.

"Working?" he asked idiotically.

She nodded.

"Today's column?"

"No," said Ann. "That's up. I did two yesterday." Her glance fell to the typewriter. She struck a key with her forefinger, then raised her eyes to Toby's reflected ones again. "I'm trying to get a lead on the interview with Norman Astaire."

"Oh, I see."

There was a pause.

"Well," Toby said tentatively, "I won't disturb you then."

He pretended to intend to leave. Ann turned in her chair, as he had hoped she would; but she did not turn with the quick restraining gesture for which he had hoped. She simply turned. There was another pause while Toby waited for her to say, "You're not. Don't go." He neglected to realize that she might be waiting too.

The pause grew overlong. "Well," said Toby again. He still had hold of the door knob, and he gave it a twist in the manner of a reluctant small boy. "See you later, then."

"There's some coffee on the stove," Ann remarked tonelessly. "And I fixed you some orange juice. It's in the ice box."

"Oh, all right. Thanks."

Still he did not quite go. "And thanks for putting that cover over me," he said. "That was awfully sweet of you, Ann."

Ann's eyes strayed away from him. Her voice, when she answered, sounded little and flat and very tired.

"I didn't want you to be cold," she said.

They looked at each other, and all his love for her seemed to catch Toby by the throat and shake him. He heard himself make a husky inarticulate sound, he felt himself start forward and saw Ann start. Then he was crushing her fiercely close, saying little broken things; hoping very much that her face that was hidden against his shoulder would stay there a minute, lest she see his eyes and think him a baby.

"I guess I was jealous," he admitted sheepishly somewhat later. "I guess that's the answer. Masculine egotism getting up on its ear, because you're going to make more money than I can."

Ann interrupted him. "Silly! Not more than you can. More than you do right now, maybe, but ——"

She hesitated. "Toby," she said very earnestly then, "listen. Do you think for one minute that, no matter how hard I try, I can ever achieve the success in this racket you can achieve, if you try?"

"Of course I do!"

"You're mad," said Ann. "I never can. I've got a little something, but I haven't got what you've got, and I never had it and I never will."

She was clever—Ann. Or perhaps she was sincere and fully believed what she said. Toby denied it sincerely. Nevertheless, he felt soothed, he felt somehow better. In a little while he was telling her the plot for the short

story: "Joe Blake told it on the train coming home. Actual fact. This girl in New Orleans, a cabaret dancer ——"

He devoted five minutes to enthusiastic narrative.

"Grand," Ann applauded. "Oh, honey, that's a marvelous plot!"

"I'm going to begin it, 'She was born bad,'" Toby declared complacently at the end. "Just those four words."

"Grand!" Ann said again. And then unexpectedly: "When?" she asked

Toby glanced up sharply.

"What do you mean—when?"

"When are you going to begin it?"

"Oh," said Toby, "why—tomorrow." And then, because the word mocked him, his jaw tightened, and he said, "Tomorrow morning! You see if I don't!"

Their days went smoothly after that for some little time. There were no more quarrels and no more difficulties. The apartment was finished, the Series was ended, life became normal at last—as normal as life in a newspaper family can be. It seemed entirely usual to them, who knew no other, and to whom the average domestic régime would have been unnatural and strange.

For example: Bedtime to the young McLeans was two A.M. or later; days began at noon and reached their zenith after dark. Breakfast was eaten at lunchtime, dinner at dinnertime, and supper at midnight; and typewriters chattered loud when the world was still.

Ann as a general rule spent her afternoons chasing copy—seeing new pictures, interviewing stars. Toby usually remained at the apartment. At six P.M. or thereabouts—the Star was a morning paper—he went to the office. Ann, in the meantime, either at her office or at home, composed her movie column for the morrow.

Toby also during this season had a column to do, in addition to his regular assignments. He was ghost-writing for Barry Brent, a last year's famous halfback, whose expert football comment—SIZING 'EM UP, BY BARRY BRENT—was a popular and exploited daily feature of the Star all through the autumn. He and Brent, now a bond salesman, met once or twice a week. Theoretically the meetings were for the purpose of planning the columns; actually they were not very businesslike. They took place at Brent's favorite speak-easy, where he could almost always be found around five in the afternoon. Toby, smoking incessantly to take his mind off the fact that a long Tom Collins could be had by lifting a finger, would inquire if Brent had anything special he wanted to say in his story tomorrow.

Brent would think deeply. "Well, let's see. What did I say yesterday? I have it home, but I haven't had time to read it yet."

"Well, you said to watch Flash Johnson ——"

"Watch who?"

"Johnson, of Penn."

"Oh, yeah," Brent would agree vaguely. "Sure. Well, and what else? . . . Hey, Jack! Again on the dry Martini."

Football was of course the most important thing in life, and would be until after Thanksgiving. Every Friday morning Toby McLean predicted in print the outcomes of the morrow's games. Every Monday he discussed Saturday's upsets. He covered a game every Saturday, and Ann, who loved football, always accompanied him. On Saturday nights they celebrated, either in the college towns or in New York, if the distance was not too great for returning.

On Sundays they held open house, and many people came—journalists, athletes, picture people.

They were very happy, Ann and Toby. Their happiness was made of little things. Breakfasts on a painted tray between their twin beds, with the autumn sunshine spilling through the windows. Midnight talks by firelight in the shadowy studio, where they sat side by side and close together on a rug, their backs against the divan's edge, their feet stretched toward the fire, and thought aloud in lazy voices.

Raids on the ice box just before retiring. Little intimate jokes they had, secret significances; nick-names and code words, privy only to them. Cheerful small scuffles for possession of a paper or a chicken drumstick or the bathroom mirror. Duets on their typewriters, and the interval thereafter, when they read aloud what they had written, to be praised.

Ann was doing remarkably well on the magazine articles, and Toby, eager to atone for misdemeanors in that connection, was helping her as much as he could. When the first one was completed he insisted upon copying it, and devoted one whole evening to this stenographic labor of love, producing at the end a flawless manuscript with two carbons that Ann said was too beautiful for words. They drove to the post office with it at twenty minutes of three in the morning, and reverently watched it vanish into the slit marked air mail

Toby squeezed Ann's hand "There you go, baby," he said softly. "You're off now."

He was working himself. He had begun the story of the cabaret girl in New Orleans—not that next morning, but within a week of it. By the end of October it was half written, and he had rewritten that half three times. He was discouraged and disgusted; and only Ann's encouragement and the silent ceaseless nudge of her example kept him going.

He had also begun an interview with a woman golf star, designed for magazine use, and an article about professional hockey. A page and a half of the golf article and four or five pages of hockey were completed, and he read these

Continued on Page 42

"Ann!" This Was Eunice Hay's Voice; Cool, Mocking. "Don't be Mean"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1929

The Power Trust

EVERY time a merger, acquisition or regrouping of ownership occurs in the swiftly expanding light-and-power industry the cry is raised that the Power Trust is once more strengthening its hold upon the people. This is a serious and important question, which needs to be looked at clearly and impartially. The power industry has been developing so rapidly and on such an enormous scale that all discussion concerning it is enveloped in a mist of confusion and doubt. There has been so much action that cool thought and analysis have lagged far behind.

On one point there is substantial agreement—namely, that in a single community there is no economy in having more than one company supplying light and power. Once this principle is established there seems no reason why it should not apply to, say, a county, to a whole state or even to a distinct industrial or geographical region. Thus the word "trust," or "monopoly," is largely a misnomer, or at least a superfluity, because the natural monopolistic character of the industry is conceded from the start. But the monopoly is far from a complete one, at that. Any consumer can build his own plant, provided he does not sell current to others, and defy the power company. In fact, any number of large industries do generate their own current. If they do not possess water power they are at liberty to use coal, oil or gas.

The power end of the electric-light-and-power industry is becoming relatively far more important than the lighting end. In the future the electrification of railroads will loom large, and if the power companies do not offer attractive rates the railroads will manufacture their own juice. Formerly the so-called utility industry included street railways, domestic water-supply companies and gas lighting and heating as well as electric units, but now the tendency is for each of these different lines to go its own way. If there is monopoly, it is less to the extent of this tendency.

Nor is there any such thing as complete centralization or concentration of ownership in the electric-light-and-power field. We are warned that it is coming, but the facts are that at least half a dozen independent and warring groups are fighting one another or at least seeking strategic locations, often in one another's territory. There are a number of highly individualistic personalities in the industry, around which have grown up huge holding companies or groups of companies, each group, in a number of cases, with scores or hundreds of operating units in many different parts of the country. Moreover, the methods, objectives and ideas of the different groups are not the same.

So, to speak of the electric-light-and-power industry as a trust or monopoly is inaccurate and misleading. It is too vast, too varied, too split up, too subject to rapid change, and with too many conflicting personalities and cross purposes to deserve any such careless appellation. But this does not mean that there are no problems of deep public concern at stake or that the industry is being conducted solely with an eye to the public welfare. The facts do not bear out any such thought. In the first place, the industry has grown so fast that it presents a perfect wilderness of corporate and financial tangles. Companies are piled on companies. The whole corporate and financial structure, speaking in general, is so complicated that the investor is literally challenged to find out the facts about his investment.

Whether this situation makes for higher rates to the consumer is a much-debated and rather technical question. The leaders of the industry deny it emphatically, but the burden of proof is upon them. In any case, there is room for endless financial abuse, for the amassing of vast fortunes by insiders, and for the creation of much hostility if ever the investment structure should crack under the strain of a business recession. The industry has an urgent and impelling duty to simplify its financial structure.

Then, too, there is the question of whether rates are low enough. Probably there are even yet men in the industry who believe in getting as high rates as possible, but there is a new school of leadership which lays emphasis upon promotional or development rates. The new idea is to sell electricity as automobiles are sold—that is, really to sell it. Comparatively few consumers complain because rates are high, although many complain because they do not secure service fast enough or enough of it.

It seems to us futile to shout "trust" or "monopoly" every time a new alignment of ownership takes place in this industry. The economies from groupings will be many and obvious. Epithets merely beg the question and cloud the really momentous issues. The actual problems are two: First, can the leaders resist the temptation of easy money from the financial dust which enormous expansion has raised; and second, have they the vision to make their industry a true servant of the people? If they lack the wisdom to do both, then the words "Power Trust" will stick, and they will stick with ominous meaning.

Government by Propaganda

THERE is nothing which fills people with more uneasiness and disturbance than the suspicion that government is not being conducted out in the open, but is subject to secret influences. Even the man who prefers concealment in his own affairs resents it in government, and his instinct is sound. Matters of state concern us all; they are not for private or individual benefit, but for the whole public good. Cover them over with the mantle of secrecy and the welfare of all is in danger of being sacrificed. Thus, it is on the basis of these simple, though sound, considerations that propaganda and lobbying are so distasteful to the people at large.

Yet these activities in themselves cannot be prevented. They are inevitable because of the growing complexity of human affairs. Propaganda is a loosely defined word and means many things to many people. But to attempt to stop the efforts of group interests to set forth their case to the larger public is as hopeless as to resist the force of gravity.

Nor can the lobbyist be wiped out or his numbers be reduced. The lobby has become almost an assistant government and a new order of representation. Lobbying arises from the fact that vocational interests are now vastly more important than territorial ones. The fact that a man is a steel manufacturer or banker or farmer is more vital than whether he lives in the sixteenth or the seventeenth assembly district. Yet our whole system of government representation is still based on the old and largely outworn eighteenth-century pattern. The structure of representative government recognizes only the fact that men live in the same neighborhood, although their common interest in daily labor, in church affairs, in farming or in manufacture means far more to them.

Thus we have in Washington, and more or less in the state capitals, the open, powerful, but, in the scheme of government itself, unofficial representatives of farmers, labor unions, bankers, business men, women, drys, wets, war veterans, church members, and hundreds of other groups. In this way a vocational or economic representation of the individual is being grafted onto the geographical system. Now, all this has its abuses, and as part of the actual government it is extralegal and unconstitutional.

But it is one thing to admit the necessity of group representation, through lobbying and publicity, at the seats of government, and quite another to remain passive in the face of the unrestrained abuse of these practices. The problem of regulating lobbyists and propagandists is no simple one, but it seems to us that the essential point at issue is not so difficult to understand. The real question is whether those who urge or oppose legislation or governmental policies make clear their affiliations and pecuniary motives. The Government and the public have the right to know whether a lobbyist, propagandist or outside expert, so called, is being paid for his effort, and, if so, by whom.

Public attention has been centered of late upon the relation of propagandists to naval disarmament. The essential principles should be clear enough. We suppose that anyone has the right to present arguments against disarmament, even if he profits financially from large defensive or offensive measures, but he should do so openly.

But the principles of lobbying and propaganda, whether directed at government action or at the public opinion behind such action, apply to many situations and many problems besides that of naval disarmament. A few years ago a great industry became frightened at the efforts of several senators to investigate its activities. Government ownership was feared. The industry employed a number of able lawyers to prepare a brief to show the fallacy of the charges which one of the senators had brought. The brief was a brilliant presentation of the industry's case. It was full of information and logical statements of fact. Possibly it was one-sided, but for the student it was a veritable mine of well-considered data. Such a brief, with newspaper advertisements based upon it, was a legitimate and wholesome way of presenting the industry's story to the general public.

But, apparently, efforts did not stop there. Public speakers prepared lectures and writers prepared articles along similar lines and were paid by the industry or by certain elements in it, without the fact of their payment being generally understood. Here we have the nub of the whole matter. It is fair for any special-interest group to employ counsel or to advertise its case the world over, provided the world knows who is paying the distinguished attorneys and who is paying for the advertisements. But it is unfair and misleading for special-interest groups to present their case through media which they are paying, but which the public and government representatives do not know they are paying. It is said often enough that most great public questions, like naval disarmament or government ownership, are complicated and two-sided. Perhaps so. But there is nothing two-sided about playing one's game fairly and honestly.

Many laws for the registration of lobbyists have been suggested. We do not suppose such a law can do any great harm, but to expect any great good from it seems rather ingenuous. To regulate all lobbyists, propagandists, experts and observers would be a real job. To do it effectually, according to recent disclosures, it would be necessary to reach all the hangers-on of international conferences—which is manifestly absurd. We suspect that most of the reform will have to come from the other end. Special-interest groups have a right to be heard on all occasions. They should be heard in the public interest, but they are truly sinister forces against the public weal when they work in darkness and try to conceal their own motives.

WHAT OF MONOPOLY?

By Albert W. Atwood

FRANKLY, the word "monopoly" in the title is a bit tricky, for it is used in the hope of catching the reader's eye. What I am writing about is the larger implication of the merger or combination movement, with its striving toward unity and control in the economic scheme of things. This may or may not mean monopoly, strictly speaking. Monopoly, however, is a concrete word easily understood, and the idea conveyed by it ties in naturally with what is going on. Other words like "coördination" and "associationism" are too long and abstract; they suggest a bit from Alice in Wonderland:

"Ahem," said the Mouse, with an important air. "Are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all around."

Monopoly has never seemed so dry because we feared it, although we have been losing that dread for a number of years. Yet it is aroused again by the swift succession of bank mergers, power combinations, chain stores and holding companies, the sheer variety and extent of which puzzle and, indeed, fairly stagger the beholder. Surely the thought of monopoly, if not the word itself, must come into the mind of the average citizen as he reads of these developments.

One congressman rises to remark that the monopoly being created "could and would dominate and control all business; it could mold the politics of the country, and even the Federal Government would in time be subservient to the autocratic will of this supermonopoly." Another lawmaker, a senator, not to be outdone, states succinctly that in consequence of present combination tendencies "within a few years the very form of our Government will be changed."

All this is going pretty fast and far, but it serves as an excellent starting point. What have we, in fact, to fear from the combination or alleged monopolistic tendencies of the day? We have this to fear—that in the mad rush to merge, to pile enterprise upon enterprise, there will be grave financial abuses and failures. In a period of such rapid corporate transformation there are bound to be manipulation and exploitation. Mergers or trusts, so-called, may be natural, perhaps even inevitable, but they can come too fast and before society is prepared to cope with the situation.

But what of monopoly—the subject we are discussing? Financial abuses, or the possibility of such abuses, are serious enough, but they are less important than the combination tendency in economic life and public policy in relation thereto. In previous articles I discussed the merger movement and the history and setting of the trust problem. But I did not point out that monopoly has somehow had a way of evaporating, of ceasing to be an issue as time goes on. This is not to say that size and power in business never lead to oppression. They do, but, nevertheless, "monopoly" is an overworked word.

Anyone who studies, however casually, the famous trust era which ended about 1904 must be amazed at the high percentage of failure to retain control of the market despite the ruthless methods so often employed by less enlightened industrialists and promoters of those days. Even where monopoly was achieved by the act of combination, it was rarely kept intact. The history of these earlier trusts, generally speaking, is one of shrinkage and leakage. If they took advantage of their dominance or supremacy in the market and charged high prices, then competitors sprang up and grew more powerful as the years went by. If, on the other hand, they were moderate in the use of power and charged reasonable prices, they became harmless or "good" trusts and ceased to be objects of fear.

Effort after effort was made to form a dominating combination in the paper industry, and all proved fruitless. It is true that at one time the International Paper Company controlled 70 per cent or more of the production in its field, but this percentage fell to less than 25 per cent in 1921 or 1922, and the company now has numerous powerful and successful competitors. Still more significant is the fact that while today the International Paper Company is a rich and enormous corporation, it has reached that point quite largely by going into several other lines of business.

Prior to 1913 forty consolidations had had financial difficulties. Numbers quit business entirely, others lost their monopoly position altogether and continued haltingly, a few were reorganized, have become very successful,

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THE BIG NEWS

SECRET ENVOY

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

III

DIANE'S first feeling of alarm at the discovery that Justinian's telephone number had been taken by an unknown person wore off during the progress of luncheon. She told herself that in as much as it was a private number, no one could discover whom she'd called, even if curiosity had been the motive for its seizure. Moreover, she comforted herself by the thought that through no chicanery or dishonesty of any kind had she gained the information which she had imparted. It had been the result only of her skill in putting two and two together in the increasingly fascinating human equation.

All gossip which came to her alert ears now had added zest. A dozen things were suggested by the semipolitical group around the restaurant table which seemed to her of potential value. She began to see why banks and corporations kept observers in Washington. It was the source of endless rumor and speculation, but to one who could sort the wheat from the conversational chaff, one who, moreover, understood the individuals involved well enough to forecast their relations to future events, it became like an expert's game of bridge. After the first trick you knew where the important cards were held and how they would be played.

Mrs. Adriance, who sat one place from Diane, with Phil Lamond between, talked even more importantly than usual of her inside information. As the girl listened her customary irritation at the widow's manner gave way to secret amusement. How astonished the other would be if she knew that part of her audience was being paid to be attentive; paid to find out whether the older woman was only a harmless egotist or whether she was being used by some superior intelligence.

"No, I can't go to Lucy Elder's tea after all," she said when someone asked her plans for the afternoon. "I wanted to help her out. . . . Is there anything more tiresome than those days at home the wives of senators have to have? But a friend of mine called me up this morning and said he was simply desperate—that he'd been trying for days to see someone in the War Department and couldn't get an appointment. So I called up the man who's in charge of the particular division and asked him to tea this afternoon, so they can talk it over quietly in my house."

She smiled, as if to say that of course it was pleasant to be of service to one's friends, but when one held an unofficial position of her unique kind it was sometimes hard to decide just whom to serve.

At the conclusion of the party Phil said he'd take Diane wherever she was going. As she stepped into his car she changed her original intention of returning home and told him to drop her at a milliner's in the center of town. She had no intention of buying a hat, but the shop was next to Ginsbrouck's office.

As Mrs. Adriance's limousine passed them its owner was so engrossed in conversation with the man beside her that she did not return their greeting.

"I can't see who's with her," said Diane.

"Well, without looking, I'll bet anything it's Farrell, the member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was the most important guest; therefore it follows as the night the day that she's taking him home."

They looked again as the big car slowed down, and discovered that it was indeed Farrell.

"It must be strenuous to be a lion hunter."

"Strenuous and dangerous."

"Why dangerous?"

Diane felt like a child playing a guessing game who is told she's "getting warm."

"Because she's likely to go over her depth. I don't think she knows what she's doing half the time. Did you hear that story about her friend who wanted to see an important member of the War Department? The man she asked, if I'm not mistaken, has no idea whom he's going to meet when he gets there. He was flattered at being asked to tea with her. After all, she is an attractive woman and an important one. But by accepting her invitation he will be forced to meet and listen to whatever proposition her friend wants to put up to him. Moreover, if the food is good and the fire is warm, he will be in a much more sympathetic mood toward the proposition than if the man just went into his office some day when he was busy."

Diane stored this information away with the assiduity of a squirrel gathering nuts for the winter.

"But where does the danger come in?"

"In this particular case there may be none, except of a purely social kind. If her friends who have political influence begin to see that she's using them for her own ends, they may get tired of it and avoid going there. But the more serious probability is that some day someone will persuade her to tackle something really difficult. In fact, I suspect right now she's trying to find out from Farrell about the decision on the big railroad merger."

"Do you think she'll succeed?"

"Probably not. These men have learned the vital necessity for secrecy. On the other hand, it's hard for some men to resist talking things over with a charming woman. It wouldn't occur to them that she had any ax to grind. She's rich, she has a secure position, and they look upon her as the safest kind of a confidante."

"But you don't?"

"Not exactly," Phil Lamond replied. "I'm only hoping she'll try me out on something; then I may be able to find out who is the power behind the throne. For I'm perfectly sure someone pulls the strings."

"Someone who tells her she's a reincarnation of Madame Récamier."

He laughed. "There are more amateur Récamiers in Washington than there are congressmen."

Diane smiled to herself as she realized that she had begun to think of congressmen only in the singular.

She stayed in the milliner's shop just long enough to make sure Lamond was safely out of the way, then hurried next door. The front office was empty. She walked to the back and knocked on the door of Ginsbrouck's private room. She could hear his voice inside, apparently dictating letters.

"Come in!"

As she entered he took his feet off the desk and told his secretary to type what he had given her, in the other room.

"I've just been talking to Justinian on the phone," he said. "He told me you'd probably come in today. Among other things he said you might want to cash a check." He pushed over a check book.

She told herself that it was ridiculous to dislike the idea of accepting money for her services, but she filled out the figures and signed her name with a feeling of repulsion.

Ginsbrouck glanced at it. "Only five hundred! Your account's unlimited, you know. This won't last long down here."

It restored her self-respect a little to realize that she had drawn much less than her employers had evidently felt she needed. She declined to change the figure.

Ginsbrouck was inclined to be loquacious. Contrary to their first meeting, when she had tried to borrow money and he had drawn her out without committing himself, he now had a great deal to say.

"I can't tell you how lucky it was that you found out the truth about Elder's appointment. This real-estate chap's not much good anyway. I've told Justinian that before. Occasionally he gives us something worth while, but not often. You see, his system is this: He gives a good commission to certain employes in the various departments and they tip him off when someone new is coming to Washington. If possible they steer the newcomer straight to him, before the other agents have a chance, and he sells or rents a house to them right away. In this process he gets a good deal of information about the comings and goings of people in official life, and that's interesting to us, provided we know what it means."

"Oh, by the way," said Diane, "I heard something at luncheon that might be of interest." She told him the story of Mrs. Adriance and her anonymous friend who was to meet a War Department official that afternoon.

Ginsbrouck had picked up the telephone receiver before she had finished.

"Put a couple or three men on Mrs. Adriance's house from four on," he said into the mouthpiece. . . . "Yes. Everyone who goes in and goes out. I think there'll be only two admitted after four. Follow them when they leave. . . . Get their names, see? . . . Yep. I'll be here all evening. So long." He turned to Diane. "Well, that's started."

"It takes my breath away." And indeed her heart was beating hard. To be sure, Mrs. Adriance had brought it on herself, but nevertheless the idea appalled her.

"You've grasped the whole idea of this thing," he said. "It's not just the big things that bring the best results—besides, there's always a lot of competition in them—it's the little things you find out by chance that sometimes do the most good." (Continued on Page 26)

"I Didn't Know You Came to Such Frivolous Places"

Why every family needs this Tomato Soup!

Tomatoes are treasures of health . . . They are richly stored with the vital minerals . . . the wholesome invigoration . . . the tonic goodness we all require for good bodily condition. And the most attractive and the most convenient way to serve tomatoes is in Campbell's Tomato Soup.

The pure tomato juices . . . The luscious tomato "meat" . . . Strained to a smooth puree. Enriched with golden creamery butter. Seasoned to your taste's delight . . . A soup your family will be glad to have you serve again and again. 12 cents a can.

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of a different Campbell's Soup each day!

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

(Continued from Page 24)

As she rose to go he took a pile of bills out of the safe and handed them to her. He put her check made out to Cash into another compartment and swung the door shut.

The evening at the night club served its purpose. When Diane had arrayed herself in the new dancing frock of buttercup-yellow chiffon she confessed to Maggie that she felt as if she were dressed for a masquerade.

"Indeed you look just as you should," the maid declared. "It's high time you began to enjoy yourself and to go around with young people your own age. You don't look a day more than twenty."

The mirror confirmed this flattery. But as she pinned on the gardenias, which had been carefully preserved from the day before, she half sighed and half smiled. She wondered whether these were the flowers which Phil had given her, or if they were the duplicate bouquet sent by Jeremiah Cross. Then she wondered if the young congressman would ever send her any more. He had overheard her thanking Phil for the others in just the words she had used when thanking him. He knew, because of Mrs. Adriance's chatter, that her acquaintance with Justinian had gone beyond the mere formality she had let him assume from her silence on the train. No doubt he had concluded that she was too insincere to bother with.

Yet in spite of her logical reasoning and the philosophical determination not to be disturbed by it, she felt a thrill of pleasure when she saw him across the crowded room. He was sitting with his back to the dance floor, but she recognized his sandy hair, his straight shoulders and the rather uncompromising erectness of his position. The two other men of his party were also facing the wall. The two women were Lucy Elder and Mrs. Adriance.

The music started. It was an old-fashioned Viennese waltz which had lately become the vogue with the younger generation, to whom it was new. "Will you dance this?" One of the embryonic diplomats rose.

There were not many people on the floor, and although Diane pretended to be interested in her partner, she was watching the table at which Cross sat.

"You must have learned to do this in Europe," she said, knowing that the compliment would please him most in this form.

He smiled down at her. "And you must have learned in Arcadia."

They both realized that they were dancing extremely well together. Compared to them, the other couples were moving woodenly. As they whirled near the other side Lucy Elder raised her hand in greeting.

Diane called "Hello!" without stopping.

Cross turned around. Her face was away from him, but the consciousness that he was looking at her made her miss her step.

"Sorry," said her partner. "My fault."

"That's the thing," Diane answered, "that makes me an antifeminist. I'd give up the vote any time in exchange for a man's willingness to say it's his fault when I step on his foot."

They were completely in step again, but her pleasure had gone. Cross was again facing his party, and Diane finished the dance and refused the encore. She knew, even without the admiration of the three other men in their group, that she looked fully as young and carefree as the girls whom they were escorting, but she felt increasingly depressed. By what strange trick of fate was she consorting with debutantes and thoughtless youngsters, when her heart was filled with anxiety and her mind crowded with problems?

While she was dancing with Phil she kept her eyes resolutely away from the one person who really claimed her interest.

"I see that Madame Récamier has her usual court," he said. "Her friend from the Interstate Commerce Commission, the senator, and an unidentified man—probably the mysterious stranger she described at luncheon." Diane's pulse quickened as she thought of her entanglement in this affair. But at his next words she felt that it would never beat again. "And her devoted suitor, Jerry Cross."

After a pause she managed to say, "Oh, is he? I didn't know that."

"I believe so. They tell me she persuaded him to go into politics in the first place and has steered his course down here."

"Well, it—it would be very suitable, I suppose."

The noise of the drums made it impossible to hear his next remark. She wanted to ask him to repeat it but feared to show too much concern. When it was possible to understand his words, he was saying: "So she undoubtedly expects to lead him up and up. The White House or the embassy in London, at the very least."

"But he has no money."

"That's just it. She has—tons of it."

By this time they were nearing Mrs. Adriance's table, but Diane saw in a quick glance that Cross was not there.

She was totally unprepared to see him put his hand on Lamond's shoulder and claim her for the rest of the dance. At first she was too surprised to speak. Then, as she adjusted herself to his more dignified steps, she realized that it was true, and even while she was wondering, happily, why the men one was fondest of were never the best dancers, she began to talk:

"I didn't know you came to such frivolous places."

"I don't, usually. In fact, I protested when Nan Adriance suggested it, but I must have had a hunch you'd be here, gardenias and all."

His eyes were more blue than green as he looked down at her. She felt such tremendous relief that she laughed. She told him the story of the mixed identity of the two similar boxes.

"So you see I'm not really to blame," she ended.

"The ones you're wearing now are mine," he answered, with the same pseudo seriousness. "I've been watching you in the mirror and I identified them. I've never seen you before with anyone less important than the Secretary of State."

"Oh, I occasionally talk to congressmen, when I have a chance."

"Suppose I came in to tea on Tuesday; would I be able to fight my way through the waiting line?"

(Continued on Page 124)

Then, as She Met His Eyes, Her Heart Leaped. Surely in Them Was the Approval of Which She Had Dreamed, the Admiration, the ——

The swing of the PENDULUM

FROM meatless to sweetless diets and back again! Swinging through periods of over-emphasis on this kind of food or that kind of food, the pendulum comes to rest on the common-sense principle of a balanced diet.

We advocate a mixed and balanced diet, fresh vegetables and fruits, cereals and dairy products. All of these contribute valuable and necessary food substances. But for appetizing meals, it is common experience that these other foods must be centered around meat.

Meat with its protein is pre-eminently a body builder, a promoter of physical well-being. All meats contain vitamins. Some meats, such as liver, kidneys, and hearts, are particularly rich in vitamins.

Dr. James Rollin Slonaker of Leland Stanford Junior University confirms modern views on meat.

He says: "A study of the dietaries of the different races of the world convinces me that man has accomplished most on a mixed diet. Wherever we find advancement in civilization, great achievements in the arts and sciences, maximum mental and physical ability, thrift and success, we find that food from animal sources has been a prominent portion of the diet."

True, the swing of the pendulum is spectacular. Fads in food attract wide attention. But the greater the arc of the swing, the stronger become those forces which compel a return to common-sense balance.

Meat then remains a staple article of diet; praised by those of us who like a well-turned chop or juicy steak, recommended by scientists, who realize that the stability of normal meals is basic . . . in spite of pendulum swings to one new fad or another. Not only is meat good for you, but equally important, it is also good to eat.

The enjoyment of meat, diet experts now tell us, stimulates appetite, increases consumption of vegetables and other foods to balance the diet, and thus actually aids digestion.

If you are one of the great majority who eat for pleasure as well as for health, you will find Swift's food products particularly appetizing. Moreover, special care in their preparation preserves and develops body-building elements to the highest degree.

Among them are tender, juicy Swift's Premium Beef or Lamb; finely flavored Swift's Premium Ham; Swift's Premium Bacon, mild and crisp; Swift's Premium Chickens and Fowl, milk fed; creamery fresh Swift's Brookfield Butter; Swift's Brookfield Selected Eggs; Swift's Brookfield Cheese.

All of Swift & Company's resources are directed to the task of bringing meat and other foods to the retailer in the best condition. Rigid care preserves flavor and wholesomeness. Swift products find a prominent place on well-balanced menus.

Swift & Company

SWIFT'S

Swift's Premium Meats—Poultry

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Swift's Brookfield Butter Eggs—Cheese

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ON THE ROAD

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

He Wrinkled His Forehead as Though Making an Effort to Focus His Wandering Thoughts. "Why, Yes," He Said After a Moment. "That's the Message You Sent, Wasn't It?"

IX

IN MY new job I really merited the title of Foot Soldier of Business. Though Subway construction had been begun in New York, none was in operation. The Elevated lines provided north and south rapid transit and there were numbers of electric surface lines, but horse cars were in general use on the cross streets. Personally, however, I did more walking than riding. My territory was Manhattan Island, from the Battery to the Bronx. I had no instructions except to call on as many electrical dealers as possible and try to convince them they could make money by pushing electrical household appliances. During the time I worked as city salesman for the Blake-Ogilvie Company I averaged seven or eight miles a day on foot.

It was rather discouraging work. Hardly one in ten of the dealers I called on were in any sense merchants. They were mostly located on side streets where rents were low, doing a neighborhood trade. Repairs furnished the main revenue and only occasionally was there a man who seriously tried to sell household appliances. The average window display consisted of an electric fan or two, perhaps a couple of flatirons, a few bells and batteries, a sewing-machine motor and occasionally a portable stove—all well covered with dust. When a customer entered the shop the proprietor or one of his workmen would come out of the back room to act the part of salesman, his hands smeared with oil and grease.

Yet, discouraging as conditions were, these small dealers furnished the only agency through which the appliance industry could expand. Today the electrical-appliance business is so well established, so much a part of everyday life, that one finds it difficult to realize that twenty years ago it was hardly more than a venturesome experiment. People were slow to spend their money on devices that might or might not do the things claimed for them by the manufacturers. It was necessary to build up confidence; and the greasy-handed mechanic-storekeeper was the logical man to do this. People would buy from him because he was a mechanic. He understood the novel devices, could repair them if anything went wrong. He had time to talk about them with inquiring customers.

Practically every new industry that sells its products to the public through retail stores has to go through something of the same process. The big department stores or chain stores or mail-order houses cannot do much in the way of pioneering. They are organized for mass selling. In order to earn dividends, their selling must be as nearly automatic as possible. They can afford to take up a product only when such a demand for it has already been created that it sells quickly and with a minimum of personal effort. For retail big business this is a simple necessity. Any other course would undermine the very principles on which it is founded.

But someone has to do the pioneering if new products are to find acceptance. Heretofore it has been the little side-street storekeepers of the cities and the main-street storekeepers of the small towns who were the pioneers. Some people are predicting that the little storekeeper is doomed to extinction; that he is bound to be crowded out by the big organizations with their greater buying power and more modern methods. I do not claim to be able to pass judgment on so momentous a question, but I will venture one observation: If American industry is to make the same progress in the future as in the past, someone will have to do the pioneering. And who will do that if the little storekeeper is eliminated?

Duncan Ogilvie

The Blake-Ogilvie partners formed a remarkably efficient combination. Formerly they had worked together for a wholesale hardware concern, Walter Blake in the office, and Duncan Ogilvie as a salesman on the road. Mr. Blake was responsible for their starting up on their own account. He had induced the hardware concern to add an electrical-goods department that had proved quite successful; on the strength of this achievement he asked for a raise from forty dollars to fifty dollars a week, and when this was refused he quit, Mr. Ogilvie going with him. Between them they could muster only a couple of thousand dollars' capital with which to start their electrical jobbing business. In order to save money on office partitions and shelving, they bought lumber and did the carpenter work themselves. There was a typewriting machine in Mr. Blake's office that, I noticed, was always carried on the firm's inventory sheets at $5.10. One day I asked him why it was entered at this odd amount.

"Because that is what it cost us," he answered. "We needed a machine when we were getting ready to open up, and I saw one advertised for five dollars by a man in Harlem. The ten cents represents car fare that I spent going after it!"

Though Blake-Ogilvie had been in business less than four years when I went to work for them, they were already an important factor in the metropolitan district

(Continued on Page 31)

From the country's 25 leading industries come the bulk of America's manufactured products. In each of these industries efficient operation has become the cornerstone of leadership.

41 of the 50 largest companies* in the twenty-five leading American industries use Vacuum Oil Company lubricants for their exacting requirements

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The Vacuum Oil Company is concerned with the *results* of lubrication—not merely with making and selling oils. Results depend upon correctly selected quality oils properly applied—oils that precisely meet the needs of each machine under the conditions of operation peculiar to the individual plants.

We have brought to many firms improved operation and lowered costs through the precise prescription of oils and methods. Ask us what we can do for you.

★ The fifty largest companies are the two largest in each of the twenty-five leading industries, and were taken from the records of a prominent statistical organization

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

61 Broadway, New York. Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country.

The world's best buy in floor-coverings

GENUINE Congoleum Rugs give you more value for your money than any other low-priced floor-covering. They make your rooms more cheerful, for in pattern and color they equal the most costly rugs. And they make your housework easier, for their practical advantages save both time and effort.

Every Congoleum Rug is the creation of a world-famous artist. This year's patterns are especially rich and varied. Oriental masterpieces, flowery French motifs, trim tile effects, a quaint Early American "hooked rug" design and many others—patterns suitable for every room.

Bid "good-by" to back-breaking sweeping and beating. Congoleum Rugs will bring you golden hours of leisure. A moment or two with a damp mop over the smooth, waterproof surface and these rugs are spotlessly clean.

What's more, these sanitary floor-coverings lie perfectly flat without any fastening. And long life is built right into the pattern by the exclusive *Multicote Process*. Yet the prices are amazingly low . . . only a few dollars for a room-size rug.

The *Gold Seal*, pasted on the face of the rug, is a sure guide to the biggest value in labor-saving floor-coverings. It means that you are getting *genuine* Congoleum Rugs, made by the company that invented this type of floor-covering 17 years ago. Why take chances with inferior substitutes? Look for the big Gold Seal!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *Main Office* KEARNY, N. J. New York Boston Chicago Dallas Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro Toronto Montreal Ltd., Montreal

"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*

"MINUET" *Congoleum Rug 610*

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THIS IS A CONGOLEUM RUG
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE DIRT WITH WET CLOTH

Free Color Folder

Write us or mail coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for folder showing all *genuine* Congoleum Rugs in their full colors. (*Please print clearly.*)

Name _____

Address _____

Continued from Page 28

and traveled men throughout New England and as far west as Ohio. Their capital naturally was still limited, but their credit was good for practically any amount they needed Mr. Blake was level-headed, precise, a good financier Mr. Ogilvie, with his expansive ways and his Scotch humor, radiated good fellowship and made friends of people who would never have been attracted by the personality of his less exuberant partner.

My particular problem—that of finding New York electrical dealers who had a sense for merchandising—was a good deal like looking for needles in a haystack. It was out of the question to do any considerable volume of business. Sometimes I would go for several days without a single order. At such times I would keep up my spirits by recalling an incident that occurred on one occasion when I was traveling out of Maiden Lane for the Rennolds Company. It was in a town in Virginia. I had three customers in the town, and it happened that while I was in each of the three stores a salesman called to see if he could interest the merchant in a new burglarproof safe. Each time he received a negative answer. If he was disappointed he did not show it, for he would thank the merchant for whatever courtesy had been accorded him and go his way.

That evening at the hotel I chanced to sit at the same table with the safe salesman and got into conversation with him. He told me his name was Lamkin and that he represented a manufacturer in Cincinnati. He had made fifty calls that day in various stores and offices without interesting a single person. It seemed to me he had a hopeless sort of job, for he was on a cold territory with no definite prospects. At last I asked him if he didn't get discouraged sometimes. He was a phlegmatic, serious individual, and my question appeared to surprise him.

"Why, no, why should I?" he answered in his unimaginative voice. "My concern makes good safes and somewhere there are people who need them. Maybe I won't find a customer this week or next, but if I make calls enough I'm sure to find someone to do business with. I guess that's about all there is to it. I operate on the law of averages."

Lamkin and his law of averages were a considerable source of comfort to me during the first months that I tramped the streets and avenues of Manhattan for the Blake-Ogilvie Company

One day I was in the Washington Square district, now sometimes erroneously called Greenwich Village, when on one of the cross streets near Sixth Avenue I ran across an establishment that was not on my list of electrical dealers. It occupied the ground floor of an old brownstone mansion that had been remodeled for commercial purposes. The store was much above the average in appearance. There was a single large show window, upholstered in velvet and with a velvet curtain at the back, in which was on display a nice assortment of electrical devices, all bright and polished. The interior of the store was in keeping with the show window, the stock on the counters and shelves having the orderly appearance of a department store.

Walter Blake

The gold-lettered sign on the window front read Francis X. Keelan, Electrical Contractor and Merchandiser. Though I knew nothing of Mr. Keelan or his antecedents, it was evident he was the sort of dealer the Blake-Ogilvie Company should cultivate, for, besides his manifest flair for merchandising, he was located in a strategic section of the city. General business had not yet invaded the Washington Square neighborhood. The fine brick and brownstone houses were mainly occupied by wealthy families whose fortunes had been made in Wall Street or in shipping. Painters and sculptors had not begun to locate their studios in Washington Mews and McDougal Alley; these were the back entrances of the big residences, given over to stables where were housed the fine horses and carriages that lent color to Fifth Avenue and Broadway on fine afternoons. If Francis X. Keelan could popularize the use of electric appliances among the families of his prosperous neighborhood, it would be a long step toward getting such merchandise into the stocks of the big uptown department stores and specialty houses.

I went in to interview Mr Keelan. At the rear of the place was a doorway with a sign above, Workshop. No Admittance Please. Two fashionably dressed ladies came in directly after me and I stood aside to wait until their wants should have been attended. Mr. Keelan came out of the workshop, pulling off a pair of stained cotton gloves that he laid on a counter before approaching his customers. He was an extraordinarily tall, thin man who might have passed for any age between thirty and fifty, with a shock of coal-black hair and an earnest, rugged face that gave the appearance of having been subjected to the wind and sun of many climes. The ladies gave Mr. Keelan an order for a bell-hanging job at their Washington Square residence, which he promised to send one of his workmen to execute that same afternoon. Then, with a quite courtly dignity, he called their attention to his stock of electrical appliances. Before leaving they purchased a small electric fan and asked to have it delivered when the workman came to do his job of bell hanging.

Mr. Keelan was no less courteous to me when I introduced myself as representative of the Blake-Ogilvie Company. He said he knew of the firm but had never done business with us. He had been in business about six months and during that time had worked up quite a profitable clientele throughout the neighborhood.

I was quite fascinated by Mr. Keelan. He was one of those adventurous characters whom New York is constantly attracting from all corners of the world. He was born in New Mexico and had been successively a cowboy, a clerk in a country store, circulation manager for an Idaho newspaper, and prospector in Alaska before the Klondike gold strike. He enlisted for the Spanish War, attained a sergeancy and afterward went with his regiment

(Continued on Page 77)

Apparently He Was in an Extra-Merry Mood, for He Was Laughing and Waving His Arms About as He Talked to Mr. Keelan

Now
A TIDAL WAVE OF COLORFUL TONE
When "The Rhapsody In Blue" *surges through your Majestic*

Wailing clarinet—dynamic piano—syncopating saxophone—warm, radiant melody of brass—every instrument in its true tone color—lifelike in character—life size in volume. You can almost *see* the players. It's as if the greatest jazz and dance orchestras in the world were performing right there in your own living room—when you own a Majestic Radio.

Reach out where you will—for any program desired—local or hundreds of miles away. Majestic brings it to you instantly—clear, colorful, true and at full life size volume. Tune some hard-to-get station. Note how easily you pierce "impossible" interference—with Majestic's unequalled single-channel selectivity.

And whether near or far—at every point on the dial Majestic's powerful, COLORFUL TONE is always there—on every note, from topmost treble to deepest bass.

On a par with its magnificent performance is Majestic's cabinet beauty—of correct period design, in matched burl walnut and rare imported Australian lacewood, hand-rubbed to a rich and flawless satin finish.

Five minutes with a Majestic dealer—or a trial in your own home will convince you of the tremendous difference between Majestic and any other radio. The convenient Majestic Finance Plan makes the Majestic extremely easy to own and enjoy.

Majestic beauty as illustrated in this authentic early English period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker . . . Tune in Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Headliners of the stage and screen.

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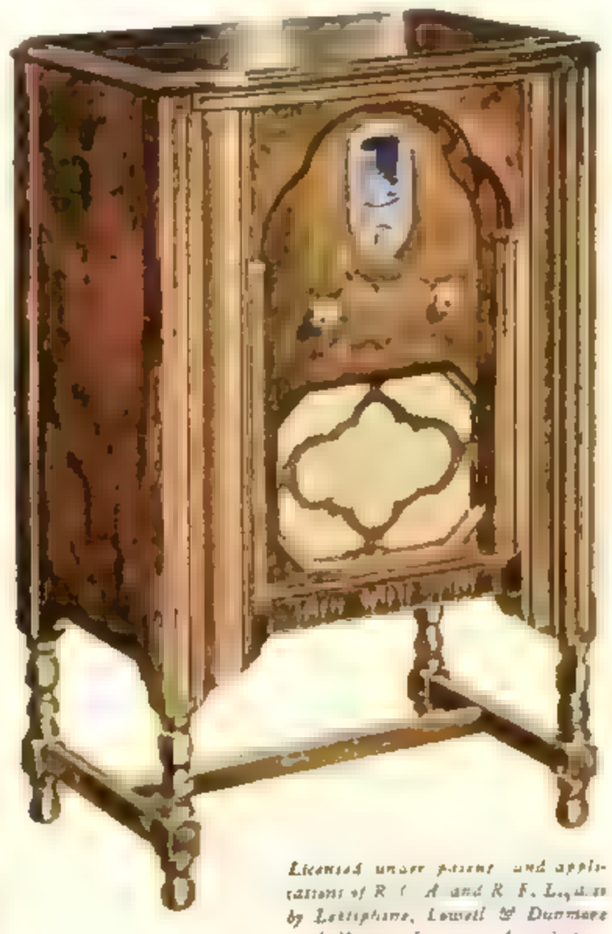

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

Majestic RADIO

CHORUS GIRL

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

MR. STUART FAULKNER, with a boiled potato, dry toast, sugarless tea, and a cottony custard some two hours old in his inner man, with his legs newly rubbed and reeking still of Doc Fauver's horse, mule and high-jump liniment, stood beside the standard with his two running mates and stared in amazement at Mr. Claude Lauderdonk, the gentleman from Brown.

It was one of those tense and extremely unpleasant moments in the history of a fine old college devoted to the education of gentlemen in the finer and gentler arts and sciences in a small but select manner. To be precise. The two-twenty high hurdles were sewn up, along with the hundred and the quarter mile. There was a second in the low hurdles, a second in the pole vault, and a second and third in the broad jump. Figure as you would, the meet hung most decidedly in the balance. With a javelin and a hammer first and at least a high-jump second, there was hope. This situation had been most thoroughly pointed out not ten minutes before in the locker rooms.

"Climb it if you can't jump it!" Chef Cook had begged. "Get me at least a second."

"Now is the time," Martin had pointed out, "for you three light horses to get dark and earn your carfare!"

And there they stood—Mr. Faulkner, a five-foot-four man; Mr. Upjohn, a five-foot-twoer; and Slag Nephews, first string, at a possible five-ten, but with a bruised heel carefully padded, but, nevertheless, bruised.

And there stood Mr. Claude Lauderdonk, the gentleman from Brown, polishing his horn-rimmed cheaters and smiling easily at his own running mates.

"Of course," said Mr. Lauderdonk, "I was under the impression that this was to be a high jump. If you want to start the bar at five-two, go ahead. In that case I shan't jump until it reaches six feet. My record is six-four and I expect to go to the Olympics after cleaning up the New England and the National Intercollegiates. But have it your own way."

Said the judge, "What's it to be?"

"Oh, start it at five-four if they say so," sighed the smaller of Mr. Lauderdonk's teammates.

"If you don't jump until it reaches six feet, Lauderdonk, you'll get one try only," said the judge.

"I always go over the first time."

So the bar went to five-four and Slag Nephews came down on his bad heel the first jump and knocked off the bar his next two attempts. The two Brown second-string men cleared it easily. Mr. Upjohn, being a five-foot-twoer, went out one, two, three, leaving Mr. Faulkner holding the bag with his known limit behind him.

At five-six, the two Brown men went over easily on their first try. Manfully Mr. Faulkner strove. Manfully he carried the bar with him three times out of three and remained seated on the farther edge of the pit while the two Brown men born, took second at five-ten and third at five-eight respectively. After which Mr. Lauderdonk requested that the bar be placed at six feet two inches, and sailed over it easily for first place. Next he placed it at six-four and cleared that. Then he dusted his hands and shrugged into his bath robe. Seven minutes exactly and the event was over.

"That," said a little blond voice behind Mr. Faulkner, "makes your side lose, doesn't it?"

He looked up. Behind him stood three delightful little ladies in delightfully absurd, little-child dresses that whispered gently in the breeze, but with quite grown-up little hats and shoes and stockings that whispered not of breezes or Springfield, Massachusetts, or of New England, but rather of boulevards and pavements, cabarets and restaurants, pâté de foie gras and absinth frappés. Sunshine and laughter came back to the soul of Mr. Faulkner as he stood up.

"And you have such pretty suits, too," said the little blond lady. "I think they are just too stunning with those red-and-black stripes on the step-ins. . . . Do you really go to Yale?" For a moment, Mr. Faulkner had been under the impression that something quite nice had strayed from the corral fences of Mt. Holyoke.

"No," he said solemnly, "people who go to Yale have a blue pennant sewn on their cheats with Y-A-L-E written on it."

"Oh," said the little girl.

"Do you live here?" asked Mr. Faulkner.

"Oh, my, no. We're just opening here Monday night. And I think it's really too bad you lost the game. I think that man with the glasses was horrid."

Mr. Upjohn and Mr. Nephews called in falsetto chorus from across the pit: "Papa, buy me one of those!"

The Misses Edythe de la Montayne, Marylyn Charteris, and Georgia Glad laughed easily.

"Are they your friends?"

"Are we not?" admitted Mr. Nephews and Mr. Upjohn, and came over at once. On their heels came Mr. Lauderdonk and his two mates.

"Nope," Said Mr. Faulkner. "Gold Diggers, All of Them. Superficial. Empty. Vapid. Say No More"

"Well jumped," said the gentleman from Brown, placing a patronizing hand on Mr. Faulkner's shoulder. "Hello! What have we here? As I live—girls—not? Well, well! Meet the family. Blue eyes, this is Claudie." He tapped his chest and placed an arm about the shoulders of each of his teammates. "On my right, John Jacob Astor. . . . Bow, John, to little Goldie Locks. And on my left, Joe Ginch. . . . Bow, Joe, to the little girl with the grown-up eyes. Well, well, well. 'Tis indeed a pleasure. Now, let me see. First we'll get dressed and then we'll buy you some lollypops, and after that, if you'll be very good, we'll go to the movies and hold hands."

Mr. Upjohn looked at Mr. Lauderdonk.

"Gracious," he said. "Did you get a gold star on your report card or do your profs follow you around to give you classes?"

"Neither," said Mr. Lauderdonk. "We brought the teacher an apple and he's so pleased he's going to let us stay here in Springfield over the week-end to rest up for the Intercollegiates. All by ourselves too. Won't that be slick?"

"I'll say it will. Look out your rich uncle doesn't die."

"Well," said Slag, "I guess that leaves us the three trees. Come on, Stu, say bye-bye. Their class wins." And he limped off with a hand on Mr. Upjohn's shoulder.

"Too bad you fellows have to go right back," said Mr. Lauderdonk pleasantly. "See you some other Christmas."

In the locker rooms, Mr. Faulkner sat down disconsolately on a rubbing bench.

"We might just as well wait here for it as anywhere else."

Mr. Upjohn and Mr. Nephews inched up beside him and unlaced their shoes.

Chef came in presently with Martin. They stood there side by side, the captain and the coach, sadly shaking their heads.

"Well," said Chef, "I guess victory crowned every man that time, and no mistake. We couldn't tie them now if they gave us ten points."

"I've seen track teams and track teams," said the coach sweetly, "but that was a long time ago. . . . Get dressed. The cars are outside. We go back to the hotel and start from there. Upjohn, you collect the poles and the hammers and the javelins, and put them in the last car

(Continued on Page 35)

He Sat in the Third Row Watching the Misses Charteris, Glad, De la Montayne et al. Kick Their Slim Toes in Rhythm

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

GENERAL MOTORS

NO other manufacturer of motor car bodies begins to enjoy the confidence of the public to the degree Fisher enjoys it. An independent investigation, reaching into every city, town and countryside of the United States, has established the fact that ninety-four and four-tenths per cent of all those who express a body preference prefer Body by Fisher as against all other bodies. ¶ Obviously, such enormous good will and almost universal appreciation is far more to Fisher than a source of justifiable pride. It is an obligation, a responsibility and an inspiration. It is perfectly plain that Fisher, as the repository of such confidence, would never be so unwise as to do anything even in the slightest measure to shake or mar that confidence. ¶ Fortunately, Fisher Body, through its own immense facilities and resources and those of General Motors, is able to build ever greater value and quality into every Body by Fisher. Furthermore, Fisher Body is always sure of its market, because its market is General Motors. It is not harassed and handicapped by the necessity of seeking new markets, of bargaining over new contracts, of being compelled to build *down* to a set price. Fisher, on the contrary, builds *up* to a set standard of high quality regardless of price; and in doing this helps to create a demand so great that low costs are incidentally attained.

CADILLAC · LASALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND · MARQUETTE

OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET

(Continued from Page 33)

with all the suitcases you can jam in. You three ride with the stuff. . . . Let Andy look at your heel, Slag."

Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Upjohn, dressed for the street, but far from being in their right minds, loaded the tonneau of the last car and, with Slag between them, sat waiting for the procession to move off. Not twenty feet from them, Mr. Lauderdonk and his two teammates stood talking to the three delightful little ladies.

"Look," said Mr. Lauderdonk. "You go back to the hotel and we'll pick you up in the lobby in about an hour."

Mr. Faulkner looked at Mr. Upjohn. Mr. Upjohn looked at Mr. Faulkner.

Mr. Faulkner said, "I may be a rotten high jumper, but this goes against my better nature."

"It's the principle of the thing," said Mr. Upjohn. "But what can you do about it?"

"If we could only stand that kangaroo up on this matter, I'd die happy. If we only had two hours ——"

"If this car would only drop its rear end," sighed Mr. Upjohn, "they'd leave us behind—and gladly—until it was fixed. Martin wouldn't care if we never got back to school."

Mr. Faulkner looked at Mr. Upjohn.

"Horace," he said, "are you with me?"

Mr. Upjohn looked at Mr. Faulkner. Mr. Faulkner looked at Mr. Nephews.

"I can't dance with this heel," said Slag, "but I can sure bandy small talk with any one or all three of those sweet headaches."

"Put it this way," said Mr. Faulkner, balancing a steel-tipped javelin on the side of the car: "Martin told you to load this aboard with the hammers and the poles. You loaded it aboard, but"—he let it slide gently over-side to the ground—"it fell out. Now I shall get out and load it aboard again." He climbed over the side of the car and picked up the javelin. For a moment he stood with it grasped firmly in his hands while he surveyed the immediate neighborhood. Then he dropped to one knee and jabbed the steel point of the shaft into and through the gasoline tank. Three times he jabbed it and climbed back into the car.

When the five cars were ready to move off, the Messrs. Faulkner, Upjohn and Nephews, who occupied the car that was bringing up the rear, were whistling, softly, a ditty about going to see their Susie, who met them at the door and told them that they need not come to see her any more.

"Lord," said the driver, "am I outa gas?" He climbed out and plumbed his tank. "Sure am, I guess." He yelled to the next car ahead, which was just moving off: "Hey, George, pass me a chain, will ya? Ya gotta tow me in; I'm dry!"

That took quite a few minutes, and when the two last cars drew up at the Bowser opposite the hotel, the three cars which were waiting for them were all ready to start for home.

"What's the matter?" Martin yelled.

"Outa gas, mister."

"Outa gas?" said the filling-station man. "I should sure say you are. Somebody's jammed a fender or something right through your tank."

"Hole in it?"

"Sure is—half a dozen."

"Can ya plug it?"

"No good." The man shook his head. "That's a welding job, I guess."

"How long'll that take?" asked the coach.

"Two—three hours."

Martin looked at the three high jumpers. "I'd crowd you in with us, but we're absolutely filled up."

"That's all right, coach," said Mr. Faulkner. "I guess we deserve being left, after what we did today."

"Well, it'll only be a couple of hours. Wait a minute." He yelled for the manager: "Holloway! I want six dollars!" Holloway came back to the last car.

"Dinner money for Nephews, Upjohn and Faulkner. Remember, no sweets or coffee, men, and get right to bed as soon as you get on campus. Good night. Better luck next time."

He climbed in and the four cars drove off.

Mr. Faulkner stood up and stretched.

"So I gave her the forty thousand dollars," he said, "and she went to Paris. But whatever they say about me, they can never say I took money from a toe dancer."

The three delightful little girls were standing in the lobby. They came forward almost abruptly.

"And on My Left, Joe Cinch. . . . Bow, Joe, to the Little Girl With the Grown-Up Eyes"

"Hello, dearie," said Miss de la Montayne. "Back again?"

"Just call me Stu." Mr. Faulkner raised his hand. "We're simple young men. No formalities, please."

"I'm so glad you could stay over," said Miss Charteris.

"We were just going to have dinner," said Miss Glad.

"Have it with us," said Mr. Nephews.

"That," said Mr. Upjohn, "was wrong, Slag."

"Wrong or not," hissed Mr. Faulkner, "look behind you!"

Through the revolving entrance doors, Mr. Lauderdonk and his two teammates were pushing their way. Mr. Nephews put a firm hand on Georgia's arm and practically shoved her into the dining room. Mr. Upjohn grabbed Miss Charteris by both elbows.

"Just a minute, folks!" Mr. Lauderdonk called. "Here comes Claudie."

"Some other Christmas," Mr. Faulkner called back, and, with his arm through Miss de la Montayne's, passed on into the dining room in the wake of his two friends. As the head waiter seated them, they bowed pleasantly to the three gentlemen from Brown who stood in the doorway, hands sunk deeply in topcoat pockets and brows furrowed in not too pleasant thought. It was a moment to cherish. The flush of it sat triumphantly on Mr. Faulkner's brow. After all, the high jump is not such an all-important event in the track meet of life.

Miss Glad had a menu before her. "Oo-h, caviar!" she said. "And in Springfield, Massachusetts. Who'd've thought it?"

"Where?" demanded the Misses Charteris and De la Montayne with sudden interest.

"There. Right under casaba."

"And squab," said Miss Charteris.

"And filet mignon and broccoli."

Mr. Upjohn reached a hand across and shook Mr. Faulkner's solemnly. "We're certainly lucky, aren't we?"

Mr. Faulkner looked in his hand under cover of the table edge. There was a five and two crumpled one-dollar bills—Mr. Upjohn's total. With the six and his own four, it made seventeen. Before him on his menu he saw the item of caviar alone listed at the sacrifice price of a mere two dollars and a half. Mr. Nephews caught his eye, looked at the ceiling in divine resignation, reached in his pocket and passed a crumpled olive of a five-dollar bill to Mr. Faulkner. Total twenty-two.

"And biscuit tortoni," said Miss Charteris.

"Artichokes," sighed Miss Glad.

Mr. Faulkner gave the order, checking rapidly as the rising tide enveloped him. At eighteen dollars, he cursed the Pilgrim Fathers silently and completely, and called upon heaven to witness the dire results of the Mayflower's safe passage to Plymouth Rock three hundred and nine years before. Eighteen dollars for three dinners in Springfield, Massachusetts! Aloud, he said, "You girls are certainly lucky not to be in training, I can tell you." Mr. Upjohn raised an eyebrow.

"A big steak—thick, rare and juicy," he said.

"Me, too," said Slag eagerly.

Mr. Faulkner looked at the menu closely. Porterhouse steaks stood at two dollars.

"Now, fellows, none of that," he said. "Remember you're in training. Just because the coach isn't here is no reason to jump the traces—even for one meal." Mr. Upjohn and Slag stared at him in amazement. Mr. Faulkner shook his head. "It's not playing the game."

"Say, what do you mean?" Slag gasped. "Say! What's the idea of kicking my shin? I don't get this at all!"

"Three baked potatoes," said Mr. Faulkner to the waiter, "and three glasses of milk, and make the potatoes big ones and bring some more bread."

"Oh, that's a shame," said Edythe. "Couldn't you just have a teeny piece of steak?"

"No, not a bit," said Mr. Faulkner firmly. "It might make us wild."

"It'd tame me considerably," offered Mr. Upjohn. "I'm pretty wild right now."

"College," murmured Mr. Nephews, "isn't doing me any good. I should have gone to work in the factory."

"Do you eat the skins too!"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Faulkner. "Builds muscle—potato skins." He reached for another piece of bread.

Miss Charteris looked at the wreck of her squab.

"If I wasn't afraid of getting fat, I'd have another."

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BLONDIN—PRINCE OF MANILA

By Vincent Starrett

WHEN the unknown Lindbergh winged his memorable way across the Atlantic into immortality, his solo flight was hailed as the most thrilling feat of our twentieth century. Overnight was born a hero for the masses. Better still, a hero with no taint of commercialism, no flavor of the charlatan. Yet it was a day, as it is still a day, of vulgar enough sensational achievement, when, for the most part, a citizenry was content to gather in a street below a tall building and watch a flagpole sitter munch his midday meal.

Unhappily, there are not always Lindberghs, and the public must have its heroes, however fleeting their tenure of office. Somebody to look up to. Hence, perhaps, the flagpole sitter, if the notion is not too facetious. When there are no flagpole sitters available there are tennis champions and Channel swimmers—somebody to occupy the headlines and sweeten the breakfast coffee. That in a majority of instances they serve no useful purpose is, after all, beside the point.

As between Lindbergh and the flagpole sitter there was, of course, a vast gulf that one likes to believe was appreciated by the populace. The suspicion persists, however, that it is recklessness and glamour that make the hero quite as much as high ideals or the conjectured benevolence of his performance. There was color in the flight of Lindbergh, and poetry, and a high daring that captured the imagination. There was also, be it said, a considerable novelty. That, too, has something to do with the case.

Well, it is a nervous day, a day of shock and large-point type faces and, as suggested, we are lucky in our Lindberghs. In lieu of them, often enough, we must accept something infinitely poorer.

In our grandfathers' day it was much the same. There were no Channel swimmers in those times, if recollection serves; but Mr. Poe's balloon hoax had captured the credulous fancy, avid for the newest sensation, and no doubt there were other matters of curious concern and interest. Indeed, what has been called the most thrilling feat of the nineteenth century is of record, and certainly it was an astonishing affair. The story is told in old newspaper files and in yellowing pamphlets now rare and difficult to find.

Jean François Gravelet was the hero, a name unknown to fame, but in his time he was universally acclaimed. Who, unless it be those aging men who were boys in 1859, recalls the exploits of the mighty Blondin, Monarch of the Cable?

Spanned by a Spider's Web

IT IS Niagara with which his name is most intimately associated, and it is probably true that on the day of Blondin's feat all roads led to the giant cataract. After a fashion, anyway. Certainly few persons able to read or possessed of hearing could have been unaware of the spectacle that was to go forward there. The newspapers were full of it. And no doubt those citizens of the world who were unable to attend were there in spirit and in anxiety. It was estimated, after the event, that some twenty-five thousand persons had managed to crowd the available space with their corporeal bodies.

They had come to see Blondin, the Prince of Manila, as he sometimes called himself, stroll across the boiling caldron of Niagara on a bridge of rope. Bridge, of course, is figurative. It was a single hempen cable that stretched from shore to shore. Its elevation above the water was one hundred and sixty feet at one side; at the other one hundred and seventy. The chasm bridged was eleven hundred feet—a dizzy span. At one end—the starting point—lay the United States of America; at the other—the finish—lay the Dominion of Canada. Between and beneath lay the seething river, and all around and about rose endlessly the clouds and pillars of damp vapor from the cataract.

It was, in short, a brilliant and perilous undertaking that Monsieur Blondin purposed, and one calculated to chill the blood even of Her Majesty's grenadiers, stationed that day upon the farther bank of the stream. Nothing like it had been attempted before within the memory of man. The fame of Monsieur Blondin, the French rope-walker, was considerable, but even the rich imagination of Monsieur Blondin had not previously risen to such heights. Upon a slender rope—almost as narrow as that pathway upon which Mohammed makes his followers cross to Paradise—Blondin proposed to journey from frontier to frontier, for the greater glory of France and the enhancement of his purse and prestige.

A tremendous spectacle indeed! And its dangers no less than its novelty may be assumed to have attracted its audience. Such normal and accustomed hazards as the uncertainty of fastenings and the inexperience of assistants were, in this instance, rendered tenfold more formidable by the circumstance that no human hand could extend the slightest aid in case of accident. A misstep would be followed by almost certain death for the performer.

An audience in every way fitting graced the scene. Canadian steamers arrived at frequent intervals with excursionists from Toronto and elsewhere, and the trains from Buffalo and other parts of America rolled in with eager and morbid curiosity seekers dripping from their

The Famous Blondin

steps. Canada's most famous figures were on hand to witness the anticipated catastrophe. The United States sent a motley of judges, clergymen, members of Congress, and social lights. Educators and generals jostled newspaper editors for position. Housetops, windows, scaffoldings erected for the purpose, and other eligible points of vantage were crowded with spectators. Neighboring bridges were densely packed. The inclosures on both sides of the river exhibited a maelstrom of moving, excited faces. It was an incredible scene, and it is certain that large sums of money were wagered on the coming event.

The arrangements had been made only after considerable difficulty. In the winter of 1858, Blondin had selected the spot at which he wished to cross. His idea was to stretch his rope from Goat Island over the top of Terrapin Tower to Table Rock on the Canadian shore. Permission was promptly denied him by the landowners on either side. In the end he was obliged to settle upon a site farther down the river, and the rope actually was stretched from a point nearly opposite the Clifton House to a spot on the other bank, called White's Pleasure Ground. In the spring of 1859 the final plans had been drawn.

This, according to one of the historians of the event, was the way the rope was hung: First, a smaller cable was conveyed across the river, a thicker one attached, and to this again was attached the cable proper—a three-inch rope of fine and tested hemp. This was in two sections of a thousand feet each, united by a long splice. On the summit of the Canadian cliff it was twined about three axletrees placed one behind another in holes drilled for them in the solid rock. It was made as taut as possible by a windlass worked by horses on the American shore, some two thousand feet distant. The rope hung high at either end, however, and was sagged about fifty feet in the center by its own weight.

To reduce the swaying of the slender bridge, it was necessary to put on guy lines, and a car was rigged—running under the rope—by means of which the ends of other cords were carried out and attached to the main cable at intervals of twenty feet. These were then made taut along the banks, and each guy was weighted with a heavy bag of salt to keep it from getting in the way of the performer's balancing pole. In the center of the rope was a space of forty feet without guys.

"And now the Niagara River was spanned as with a huge spider's web," wrote the late Jarvis Blume, once a Chicago justice of the peace. "Whenever the wind blew down the stream the whole fabric, guy lines and all, would vibrate or sway about fifty feet. A truly uninviting bridge indeed!"

High Above Niagara

THIS was the bridge which Blondin proposed to cross in the sight of God and man, and the moment was at length at hand. The little man who had literally dreamed his great adventure in a heavy sleep, after a public dinner in his honor some months before, now faced the reality of his dream.

He was no novice. He had walked many ropes before, in perilous places and at perilous heights. It was no artificial courage that Blondin possessed, born of mere skill and vanity. The son of one of Napoleon's own heroes, he had inherited many of his father's qualities. On the voyage to America he had sprung overboard to rescue a drowning man. As performers go, he is said to have been rather modest than otherwise. In spite of his reckless daring, he is known to have been not a little cautious where caution seemed to be required. He knew his ability to a hair's breadth, and was careful not to venture beyond it.

The Niagara adventure was to be his pièce de résistance, the crowning feat of his career. He was then about thirty-five years of age, slight, agile, but withal nobly whiskered and mustachioed as befitted the leading acrobat of his day. He had no nerves to speak of. His coördination was excellent. If he entertained qualms, he did not display them; and probably he had none.

His audience was waiting. Suddenly the air was torn with shouts and cheers. Blondin had appeared at the American end of the rope and was making his preparations. A small man, this hero in fleshings, hardly larger than a boy. His weight perhaps ten stone. Every eye was on him. Every lip debated his chances of success. Tall hats came off in automatic anxiety and were jammed back upon their owners' heads. Crinolines rustled. The shrill voices of children rose above the murmur that had succeeded the first outburst of enthusiasm. Again the cheers rang out, to be renewed at intervals until the moment of his first forward step upon the cable.

Blondin was inspecting some of the guys. Now he was talking with those about him. He was making ready to step off. He was picking up his balance pole—a fifty-pound burden—and placing his foot upon the rope. And now he was launched in space and had begun his journey toward the British province of Upper Canada. A breathless moment.

Without hesitation, the performer proceeded briskly, almost casually, to the center of the cable. There he seated himself with great composure and glanced complacently about him at the thronging shores. He did not look down, it was reported. That was something he had trained himself never to do. After a few seconds he rose upright, strolled forward again for some feet, and again stopped. This time he stretched himself at full length upon the rope, lying upon his back, his balance pole horizontally across

(Continued on Page 133)

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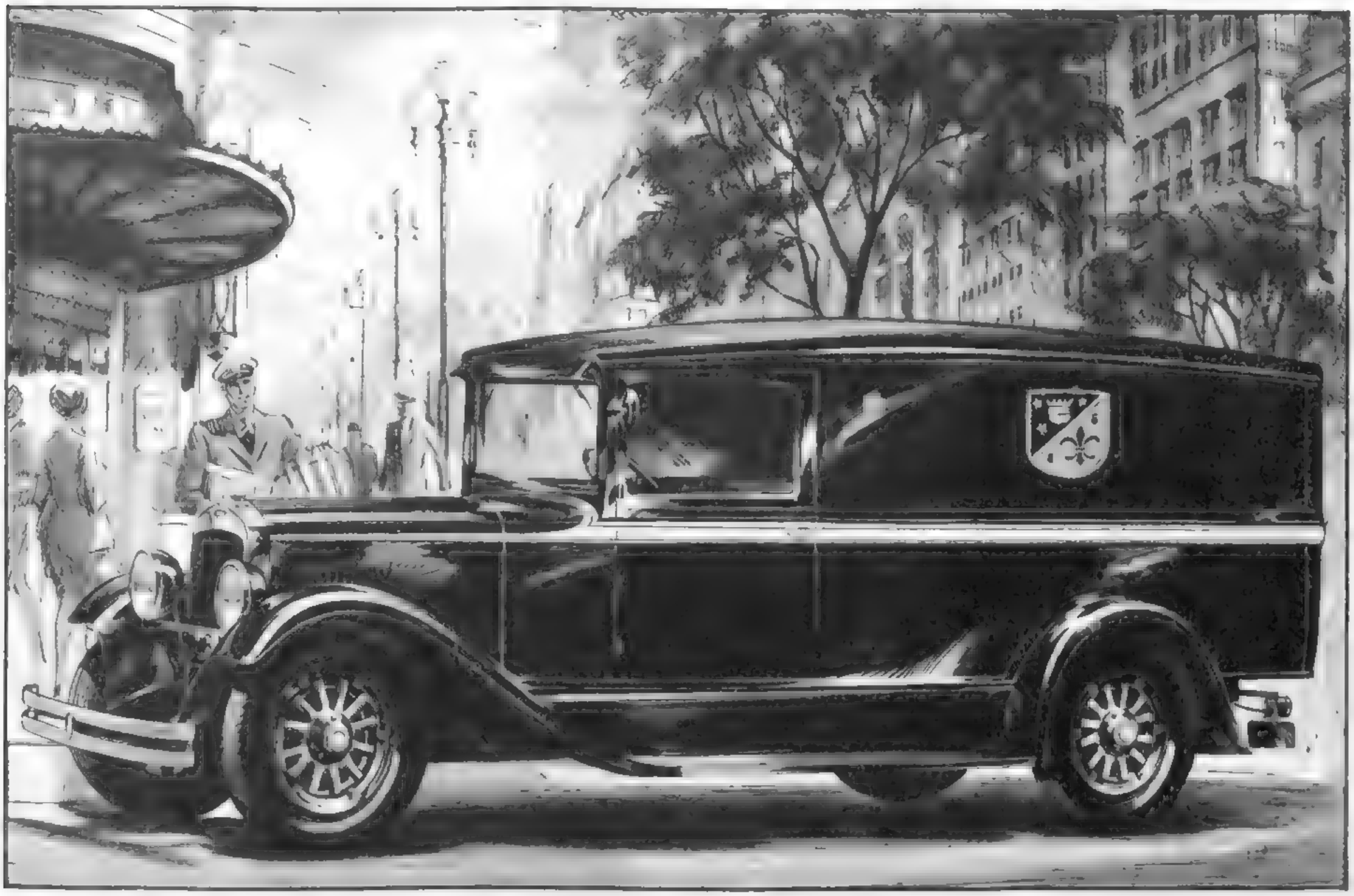

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DODGE TRUCKS

WHAT OF MONOPOLY?

(Continued from Page 23)

but cannot be called monopolies. There are those like the United States Steel and Standard Oil companies, which hold premier positions and are leaders in more senses than one, but share the field with fast growing and powerful competitors.

The four or five great packers were for years considered the most mighty of trusts. But two of them nearly went to the wall in the deflation of 1920, and the growth of new forms of retail distribution, such as the chain store, is completely altering the relative economic positions of the packers.

Speaking generally, the trusts and monopolies have been wonderful training schools for competitors, and their evils have been gradually sheared off for one reason or another. This is not surprising, because the evils attendant upon the early development of any kind of social organization tend to decrease as the organization finds its legitimate place in the general scheme of things.

A recent study by the National Industrial Conference Board bears out in detail the general impression that a majority of the earlier combinations and so-called trusts were not conspicuous successes as profit makers. It appears that throughout their whole history down to the war the mergers were unable to escape the prevalent drift when whole industries were subject to stagnation. Nor have they been able to avoid sharp decreases of profits in years of general business depression. When handicapped by unmanageable financial structures, they have been obliged to forfeit their leadership.

Finally, the most significant conclusion from the data surveyed shows that mergers offer no substitutes for the traditional requisites of success: Prudent investment, sagacious management and technical ingenuity. The combination movement has discovered no royal road to profits. It has not introduced a revolutionary principle of business organization so effective from its own structural characteristics that poorly located, improperly arranged plants and generally inefficient organizations can be merged into a single unit without weakness and eventual failure.

Problems of Coördination

In the popular mind the notable profit records of single large consolidations tend to be magnified. Such companies stand out as the striking examples of what consolidation can accomplish. What is commonly overlooked is the fact that concerns like these represent the exceptions rather than the rule.

Volumes have been written on the economies and advantages, as well as the disadvantages, of the large combination, the trust and the supertrust. Of this we may be sure—that all these forms have their inherent elements of weakness. Regardless of the mechanical or technological point of diminishing returns, there is certainly such a point as respects administration. Great size often brings too great an internal complexity of arrangement. There is unwieldiness, lethargy, stagnation. The mounting burden of cumbrous administrative machinery, control and supervision runs a close race with the economies effected. The giant is likely to perish in time of its own weight and bulk.

The problem of coördination within a great combination is tremendously difficult. There are conflicting interests and personalities to be reconciled. The chief executive, who is the only person responsible for the whole enterprise, must give all his time to external relations—to bankers, lawyers and the like—and is put to it to enlist the best services of the actual operating officials. These in turn no longer have the full authority they once had when the business was their own, and they assign the drudgery, the burdensome, tedious work to subordinates with still less authority. In other words, with increasing size there is increasing danger of buck-passing. Department heads and employes are more interested, perhaps, in how efficient they appear to be rather than in how efficient they really are. Expensive and complicated statistical controls must be set up at a central office to measure what, of necessity, often eludes measurement.

Thus the public always enjoys a substantial measure of protection against monopolistic tyranny, because of natural limits to the very forces which set combination in motion. But there are still other safeguards against the exercise of monopoly power. In a previous article I pointed out that in modern combination there is rarely even the pretense of monopoly. It is no longer the idea to buy up all the plants in a given line, the field of industry having become far too vast for that. Rather, the new idea is to round out a combination by handling many different kinds of products or services, leaving plenty of competition in each of them.

But this development has another angle or corollary. Competition may be just as real and active with fewer and larger competitors. They are called independents, but they themselves may be large, powerful and the result of mergers. Indeed, it might be said that such a situation only makes competition that much more effective. Yet portions of the antitrust laws are sometimes interpreted by officials and courts as if the very people who are trying to increase competition are the ones who are suppressing it.

Acute Mergeritis

Consider a few specific instances which prove that competition may be just as keen or keener with fewer but larger competitors. There are many combinations now in the automobile industry, and several enormous, commanding units as compared with many small weak ones some years ago. Yet nowhere is competition so keen or prices so reasonable to the consumer. Or look at banking, in regard to which there is considerable excitement because of the merger, branch, chain, group and holding-company tendencies. A number of large, strong banking groups may give more effective competitive service than many small ones.

Or consider the oil industry. Even if the Government had not broken up the old Standard Oil Company, no one believes that the former monopoly could have held its position against the combination of a flood of new oil and the coming into universal use of the internal-combustion engine. Vigorous new competitors were bound to spring up under such conditions.

It would seem as if the most groundless fear of a trust or monopoly is in the field of banking. A number of years ago the Pujo investigation of the so-called Money Trust created a great stir, but the whole thing shortly vanished into thin air, although the banks kept on growing bigger. For there is no patent on any kind or type of banking; any man or group of men with a little cash or credit can engage in it. Nor is there any tariff wall to shut out cash or credit; they can flow from one country to another according to supply and demand. Nor is credit limited like a few minerals; it can be created according to need.

If, because of bank mergers, concentration is carried to an undue extent in any city or section, new banks are sure to spring up. Indeed, they are being formed frequently in the very places where mergeritis is most acute. If banking on the gigantic scale proves very profitable, there is nothing to prevent competition.

If the customer does not like one style of bank, he will try another, and with other people will organize another, if necessary. But as regards many industries, the consumer is even more powerful. If he does not like the product or its price, he can go without it entirely. In other words, the law of substitution serves as a natural check upon considerable potential monopoly. There are, it is true, a few articles for which no substitutes exist, and patents or control of limited natural resources may give monopoly in these cases. At one time it was thought that the few companies which produced anthracite coal had a monopoly. But the public found that it could use soft coal where once hard coal reigned supreme, and then oil came into wide use for the same purpose. To some extent also gas and electricity began to replace anthracite, and what seemed like a natural monopoly has been reduced to a competitive basis.

Even the railroads, which appeared to have a natural monopoly twenty years ago, now find the most urgent competition in the automobile. Gas and electricity have largely supplanted kerosene, which once reigned alone. Glucose is used in place of sugar to some extent, silk in place of cotton and wool, and rayon in place of silk. In highway construction there is healthy rivalry between concrete and tar-covered surfaces. In building there are numerous substitutes—steel, concrete, brick and lumber. There are many kinds of lumber competing one with the other, and now even synthetic boards compete with the natural article.

Business men and economists alike agree that competition between industries is of increasing importance. The idea is that bathtub manufacturers should not so much emphasize the superiority of each individual make of tubs as to induce the public to buy more tubs instead of radios or fur coats or garden hose—in other words, to make the consumer bathtub conscious. We speak of this as the new competition, although it is more the emphasis than the thing itself which is new. But the point is that competition with another industry may be of more decisive importance as regards the success of a given enterprise than competition with another enterprise in the same line.

This does not necessarily mean that the old competition is a thing of the past. Lumber industries may feel the competition of substitutes, and therefore may get together to attack the consumer's dollar, but of course there is still competition among the lumber producers themselves. Yet it seems evident enough that the new competition must soften the danger of monopoly. Why in the world should anyone care a fig if there is a big combination or even a trust in a particular type of flooring material, if a dozen other industries are frantically at work to substitute their product in the same market?

Keeping Prices Down

The big combination once tried to curtail production and stifle competition. The idea is different today; it could not be otherwise with the advance of invention and research. Inevitably the purpose now is to extend production, service and competition. This is not idle language. Consider refrigeration; there are many ways of doing it, and ice no longer has a monopoly. The consumer is more interested in the building than he is in lumber or cement or brick. He wants good highways, and does not care which of several materials they are made of. He demands transportation, and there is the railroad, the trolley, the automobile and the airplane to supply it.

Not only is the danger of monopoly exaggerated but the consolidation movement has been of economic benefit to the community in definite respects. Despite the obvious disadvantages of great size, a careful statistical inquiry by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that in nine industries technical advances were more rapid among consolidations, while in four improvement was greater among independents, and in five cases the evidence is insufficient to indicate which type of organization has been most progressive.

Any close examination will show that the gains of combination have been shared to some extent with the public, although not so much as would be the case under a perfect or ideal system. But in the report already referred to, it appears, from the study of sixty manufacturing industries, that the general upward trend of prices has been much less pronounced in those branches in which consolidations have operated and been potent factors. In the larger consolidation group the advance has been only half that in lines which have not felt the amalgamation urge. In other words, the combination movement has tended to keep prices from rising.

Then, too, another effect has been to steady or stabilize the market. This is particularly true of seasonal and short-time fluctuations. Upon the larger cyclical movements little result was shown. But the figures do not go beyond 1925, and it is possible that some of the exceptional price stability since then has been partly due to the smoothing effect of big business.

Certainly one would expect that if the combination movement goes on it will make for a more evenly balanced, harmonious and smoothly functioning system of industry. We long ago went over from the primitive system of producing on order to one of production in anticipation of demand. The consumer expects to step into any store and find what he wants. Thus industry is full of risks, of disjointed connections, of excess production. As combination and integration proceed there can hardly fail to be coördination of capacities and wants.

A Risk We Must Take

We can see the possibilities on a small scale in any great combination. There is the specialization of product in different plants instead of wasteful duplication, the absorption of temporary variations of output in plants designated for the purpose rather than the disruption or shutting down of the whole chain, the support of the weak plant through infancy by the stronger units, and the more even dovetailing of raw materials and finished products. Thus, in a large integrated automobile combination, it is possible to prevent the making of engines in excess of bodies.

A newspaper humorist wisely remarks that the scheme of fattening the trusts in the public interest is not without its dangers, but that we must take the risk. Of course, there are dangers, but I do not see how we can go back to the economy of Robinson Crusoe. Those who can think of the combination and integration tendencies in no terms except those of possible abuse are very small-minded. They seem wholly oblivious of the dynamic quality of industrialism, and of the tremendous reality of its machine method and technological equipment. The industrial revolution is perforce sweeping us on to more closely knit relations and more conscious organized controls.

Let me suggest what I am driving at in a less abstract way. In the early days of the railroad each shipper had to provide his own car, the lines were divided up into tiny local ownerships, and the movement of goods was at the mercy of the bargaining of neighborhood and rival owners. The idea of transportation as through movement, as an industrial activity and an essential service, regardless of individual, proprietary and legal rights, had not developed at all. Today the situation is wholly different. We send shipments by freight or express anywhere and give no thought to anything but the quality of the service.

Or we get the same idea in extreme fashion from Henry Ford, when he discusses the use of electricity. He says that people talk about a power trust, but he only wishes there were one, "a central directing organization for the development and use of every power source in the country, tied into one national system for the service of the whole country—that is, welded into one operating

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—on the farm

"NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL"

Mass production on American farms assumes greater burdens yearly, as does that of our industrial plants. And like them, the modern farm must have freedom from waste time and power. Farm tractors, combines, cream separators, and other farm equipment must be smooth running—capable of continuous, trouble-free operation.

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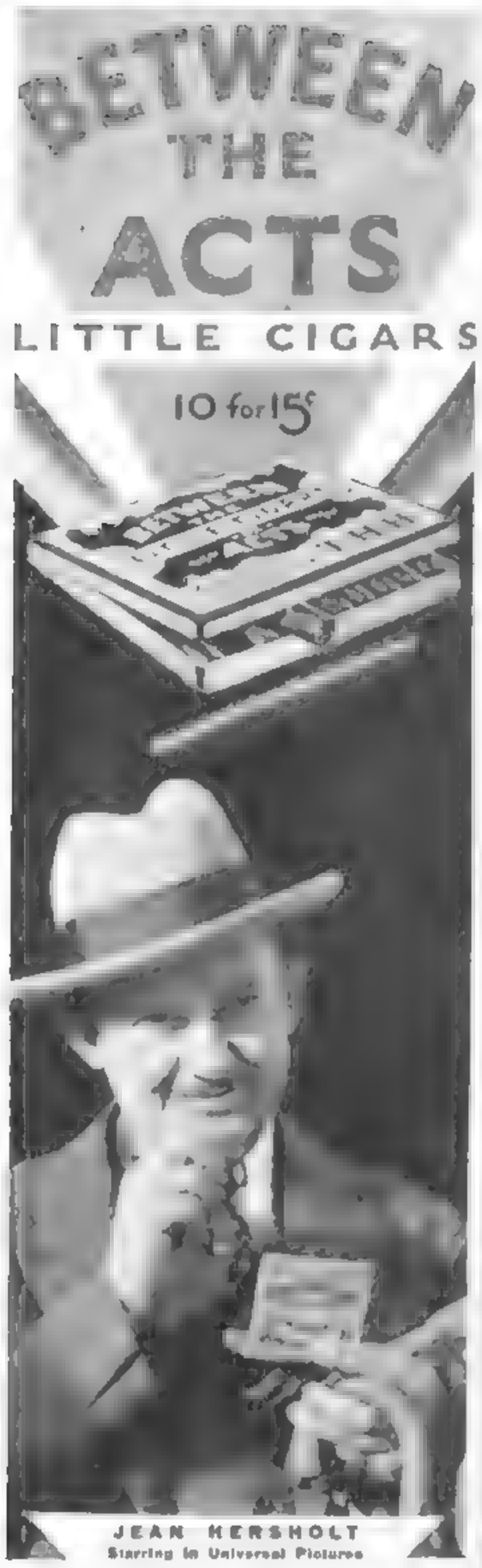

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Continued from Page 38

and business unit. It has got to come as the one necessary and economic method of power production. It will become a unit just as our postal system is."

Surely there is an inescapable technical unity of industry, and as a lawyer who strongly opposes the antitrust laws aptly remarks, "In such a world, if one were to get along at all, the principle of coordination had to be discovered and applied, whether there was a law forbidding it or not."

Those industries which have not been able to seize hold of the modern principle of unity are like lambs among the lions. Thus, the new Federal Farm Board places practically all its emphasis upon the necessity of cooperation. In one of the first speeches made after the organization of this board, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde said that "we cannot merge 6,000,000 farms into one gigantic producing corporation . . . but the farmer can develop his own cooperative agencies."

A Crazy Quilt of Laws

"Why is agriculture, as an industry, not keeping pace with other industries in general progress of the country?" asked Chairman Legge of the Farm Board in one of his first statements after appointment to that important position. "In my judgment, the answer can be briefly stated: Agriculture has operated as an individual enterprise competing with organized effort in other industries—individual action and planning as compared with collective thinking and acting."

All these points I have been making seem so obvious to so many people that they have become extremely impatient with the antitrust laws, which seem to them merely antiquated and obstructive attempts to thwart human energies. It is like trying to get a million people across the Atlantic by building a million boats. Professor Jenks says, "They are properly called antitrust laws since the very essence of them is hostility to any growth of combination which even suggests possible monopoly," and he goes on to tell what a costly and uninspiring business it is to try to defeat such growth. Certainly the pressure to combine finds outlets in new forms of alliance as fast as officialdom stamps out the older devices.

But should we go so far as to say that competition is dead and ready for burial? I think not. Coordination is a valuable supplement to competition. The two need to be balanced and blended more than in the past. Educational work, standards of practice and codes of ethics are cooperative activities which industries may carry on in aid of trade rather than in restraint of trade. Business can compete and still serve itself and the public in many cooperative ways.

But there yet remains the unanswered and very practical question of what shall public policy be toward the tendency to combination—to supercombination, if you will. There is a growing body of opinion which holds that the movement should be completely unshackled from present restrictions. Let the mergers grow as big as they wish and become trusts and monopolies if they can. In this way more goods will be produced with less friction than at present, and society will be served that much better.

The difficulty with this delightfully simple scheme is that we have very little experience to go by and do not know just what would happen if the lid were wholly removed. Who knows but that there might be worse exploitation under this system of absolute freedom to trustify than under any other? As a result, most of those who favor monopoly outright couple with it the suggestion that in place of the antitrust laws we substitute government control of prices, profits and, perhaps, even the amount and direction of capital investment.

But here we get into deep waters indeed. Political objections are weighty. It is true that we almost abolished competition during the war and accomplished great things under unified control. But immediately thereafter a sweeping reaction set in. In every country which retained a democratic form of government there was an irresistible demand for the unshackling of industry and a reduction of government interference. To reintroduce price and profit control would, to say the least, be a tremendously difficult experiment.

On the other hand, outright public ownership, socialism and nationalization are simply not practical or based upon the facts of human nature. Such all-at-once, wholesale schemes of socialization are merely theoretical and not realistic. But what are we going to do besides stumble along carelessly? It is a puzzle all around, but there are a few specific improvements which might well be made.

The present group of antitrust laws are something of a crazy quilt at best. They can be correlated into a more coherent body of policy. It is a bit premature also to argue over larger and broader questions of social and economic control or to throw out loose and portentous words like socialization until we have got rid of the present miserable patchwork of incorporation laws. The combination and trust movements proceed by means of corporations, which, in turn, come into existence only through the grant of sovereign power or privilege by the state. But we have no consistency or unity in the grant of this power, and the loopholes for chicanery and abuse are, naturally, many.

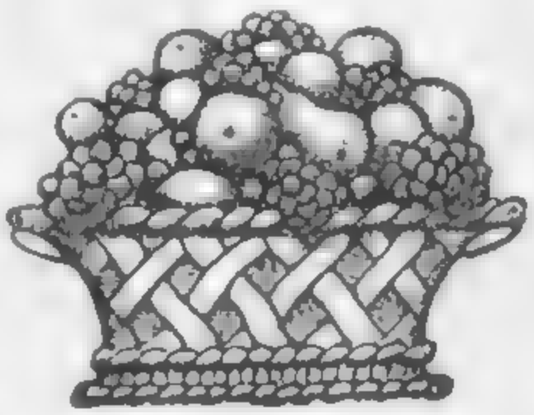
What, after all, is the common sense in a state, often with no financial or industrial interests to speak of, giving life to an immense holding company which invests in all manner of interstate enterprises? As it is, we have a few states which vie with one another in conferring the right to unlimited activities and capitalization upon corporations which do no business within their boundaries and give no account of themselves to their creators.

Tempering Law With Sense

We have the absurd spectacle of one governmental unit giving life to any monster that will pay the license fee, and another branch of the Government pursuing it relentlessly for years as a trust. Why not control the evil at its source, if it is an evil? The very manner in which corporations come into existence, the only way they can have being, shows that they are considered, in theory at least, the servants of the state—that is, of the people. Why talk about the trust or monopoly problem as long as we are such miserable hypocrites in the matter?

Worse, it seems to me, than the hypocrisy is the low plane on which corporations are created. The people, through the state governments, sell sovereign power with a shocking lack of dignity and purpose. As well put the Sistine Madonna or Venus de Milo on exhibition in a chicken yard instead of in an art gallery. Of course we cannot have any real policy toward the supercombination movement until there is some reasonable degree of unity and consistency in the creation of corporations.

One wholesome fact which stands out clearly is that public attention focuses more on the conduct of business than upon its mere type or form of organization. The old cries against trusts and monopolies do not excite people very much, because with the wide diffusion of stock ownership the people themselves own these corporations. But, fortunately, they are aroused by unfair and unethical practices. They fear size less than formerly and are inclined to give big business and small alike a chance, on the issues of economy, efficiency, honesty and fairness.



This is sound instinct on the public's part, for it is easier and more practical to raise the ethical standards of business than to regulate prices, profits and investments. Gradually the courts are shifting their interpretations even of the old rigid antitrust laws, and basing their judgments of business practices upon expedient and ethical grounds instead of relying solely upon the play of free competition. The legal doctrine of unfair competition is newer than other legal doctrines of the market, and a study of the more recent decisions of the Supreme Court shows that more weight is being given ethical considerations than in earlier days, when the strictly legalistic aspects were foremost.

Putting Their Own House in Order

The real basis of hope lies in evidence of ability of business to regulate itself and build up codes of practice and fair play. In the past few years some forty industries have adopted and put into effect codes of fair practice in connection with one of the government departments. Perhaps the first consideration of a trade association, in adopting a code of ethics, is not so much to protect the public as the members themselves against one another. But the very fact that codes are being drawn up shows that business has a new realization of its social as well as its private function.

The very size and widespread ownership of the great corporate combinations tend to lead them into the hands of managers who are quite frequently more interested in sagacious policies and technical advancement than in mere chicanery and cleverness. They are not so much bargainers as long-period administrators. Stockholders must receive conventionally adequate dividends, but, after that, general stability and reputation loom larger than immediate or maximum profits.

The very fact that such companies may be semimonopolies, and therefore subject to attack and criticism, forces the managers to consider the demands of labor and the consuming public. Such great corporate institutions challenge the best in men—their intelligence, character, recognition of the rights of others and moral responsibility. The great question of our time, it seems to me, is whether industry can gradually form itself into a series of real social institutions, of semi-autonomous groups that together gradually evolve a more smooth working scheme of things.

This may seem a little vague, but there is no question about the possibility as well as the desirability of the objective. Perhaps in time industry will develop a sort of economic general staff, and adopt more of the principles that city, regional and national planning tries to express. We are an active, experimental people, and new forms of organization, private, public and a combination of the two, are sure to appear.

The chain store is an example in the field of private affairs, showing how swiftly new forms may bring about revolutionary changes. The Federal Reserve is an example of a wholly new form. Private enterprise in banking remains intact, yet thousands of separate institutions are tied together into some sort of unity, like the interconnection of power lines, with the Government in this case a promotive rather than an obstructive force. The practice which Mr. Hoover started when he was Secretary of Commerce of calling conferences of many industries is suggestive of new possibilities.

It is idle to predict the nature of future economic organization. It will take no fixed form, because change is the law of life. But we may be fairly certain that policy at once sane and progressive will require further coöperation and coördination in industry. This in turn demands leadership of a creative order.

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THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical sciences, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Eighty perilous miles with a bushel of sea-salt

It was a wild and tortuous eighty-mile road that led from the sea through the White Mountains to Eleazer Colebrook's home in Coos County, New Hampshire, way back in the 1790's.

But whenever that sturdy pioneer went down to the sea, he always strapped a bushel of sea-salt on his back, and, in the face of grueling hardship, carried it home to his family.

Coos County settlers frequently suffered from enlargement of the thyroid gland, or goiter. And they had learned by experience that sea-salt prevented the development of goiter—just why, they didn't know. It was twenty years later before iodine, a chemical element comparatively abundant in unrefined salt, was discovered.

Why the thyroid gland enlarges

The thyroid gland produces and sends into the blood stream a secretion containing iodine. But if the diet is deficient in iodine the regular production of this secretion is threatened and the thyroid gland enlarges to increase its efficiency. This is *simple* goiter, the most common form of the disease.

But nearly all goiters, simple or otherwise, begin with a lack of iodine—that is, they are simple goiters first. And then any one of a number of varieties of thyroid disease may develop. One form, cretinism, retards the physical and mental development of children. Myxedema, which appears in adults, causes increased weight and slows up the mental and physical processes. Exophthalmic goiter, a very serious type, is accompanied by protrusion of the eyeballs, rapid heart action, and sleeplessness.

Another serious form is known to doctors as adenomatous goiter.

However much goiters appear to be alike, they are frequently different from one another in a medical sense. Treatment which is beneficial in simple goiter may do harm in other varieties of goiter.

It must be apparent that it takes professional experience and fine judgment to differentiate and properly treat the various forms of thyroid disease. The only safe step for any person who has goiter, or is interested in preventing goiter in himself or his children, is to consult a qualified physician.

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He knows EVERY CAR NEEDS SIMONIZ

"SIMONIZ your car"... that's the advice of millions who drive day in and day out in all kinds of weather, for season after season Simoniz keeps their cars looking new and beautiful. They know from experience that Simoniz protects the finish in Winter, as well as Summer, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

It pays to Simoniz your car. Not only does Simoniz add to the life of the finish, but makes it easy to keep clean and bright. All dust and dirt can be wiped off a Simonized finish without scratching — saving time and expense of frequent washing.

Anyone can Simoniz a car . . . it's fun. Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the lustre to the finish by removing all grime, discolorations and blemishes. Then, Simoniz provides lasting protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener — then your car will always look new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

Easily Applied With a Cloth

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 21)

over every day. Sometimes he found them good and added paragraphs to each. Sometimes he cut paragraphs out.

Their bills on the first of November were numerous and large, and, to Ann, alarming. The ones contracted during the first days of their marriage, in September, had a familiar look, and little reminders were added to one or two: "Your attention is respectfully called," and so on.

"I'm afraid we'll have to do something about them, Toby," Ann said.

"All right, honey. What'll we do?"

"We might pay them."

Toby looked interested. "Using what for money?" he inquired.

With the advent of cold weather their breakfasts were being served on a card table beside the studio fire. This conversation took place at one such breakfast. They were very indolent; they lounged at utter ease in the deep corners of the divan, against cushions. Toby had finished his coffee and set the cup and saucer aside, on the linen cloth that covered the green baize top of the card table. Now he fished cigarettes from the pocket of his dressing gown and lit one.

"Well," Ann said, "to begin with, there's that money they owe you for your expense account. It came to about two hundred and twenty, didn't it?"

"Oh, yeah. That."

"You haven't collected it yet, have you?"

"No. Or—well, yes, I collected it."

"Well, where is it?"

Toby hesitated; Ann wasn't going to like this, and he didn't know that he could blame her. "Why, as a matter of fact," he said guiltily, "I lent it to a fellow in the office."

"You didn't!"

"Oh, he's all right," Toby said quickly. "He'll pay it back. We'll have it by the end of this week, or next week at the very latest."

"Who—did you lend it to?"

"One of the rewrite men. O'Neill, his name is. I had to, Ann," he assured her with tremendous earnestness. "The poor guy's absolutely up against it. His wife's an invalid, and he's got more kids than the Old Woman in the Shoe ——"

"Did you lend him all of it?"

"All but the twenty. You see, the thing was," Toby explained, "he needed two hundred dollars to ——"

"But, darling, we needed it ourselves! The worst way!"

They argued for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time Toby, by dint of an impassioned recital, had succeeded in convincing Ann that O'Neill's case was indeed a pathetic one. "But," insisted Ann, "I still don't think that it was up to you ——"

Nothing could convince her of that.

"You're precious," she said finally, slowly. "You're a grand big-hearted ——"

"Sap," grinned Toby. "Say it."

"Person," said Ann, "and I adore you for it; but, Toby McLean, if you ever do anything like this again, when we're as hard up as we are right now, I—I'll leave you!"

She laughed a little at the preposterous threat, and Toby laughed too.

"Try," he said.

"And now," said Ann, "we return to my original question. What are we going to do about those?" and she indicated the sheaf of bills on the table.

"We're going to cremate them. Or I tell you what," Toby continued genially. "We'll rule the backs of them and use 'em for bridge scores."

Ann ignored him. "There's that fifteen hundred dollars in my savings account," she said, as she had said several times before. "Plus that first two hundred from Mr. Hackett ——"

Toby checked her. "Here! None of that."

"But, darling, just as a loan. You could pay me back."

"No. Unh-uh." Toby was shaking his head decidedly. "Don't think I don't appreciate your wanting to, honey, but that's out."

Ann's voice was a little wail of dismay and exasperation. "But what are you going to do? You can't just overlook these bills!"

"Who can't?"

"You can't, indefinitely."

"Well," said Toby equably, "I won't, indefinitely."

He lit his fourth matutinal cigarette, flicked the match to the fireplace and picked up the morning paper. With a hand over his shoulder he tugged the cushions into a more comfortable arrangement at his back; then settled into them. His practiced thumbs found the sports page at once, and he spread the paper wide and folded it there. As far as he was concerned, the subject of money was dismissed; at least, so he made it appear.

"I see where this fellow Toby McLean predicts a victory for Dartmouth," he remarked. "Which means, of course, that Yale will win by three touchdowns."

His voice trailed off. He was silent, reading; half critically, half proudly rereading his own story, as newspaper people do. He seemed absorbed in the printed lines; once he grunted irritably, detecting a typographical error that ruined a phrase; but in reality the thing uppermost and vital in his mind was the sheaf of bills he pretended to ignore. Because they worried Ann they worried him, who had always heretofore been magnificently careless in such matters. What if he couldn't pay them? If his salary continued to cover only everyday expenses, if no extra money came in from anywhere, if O'Neill didn't pay him back, and neither did others with older debts, and eventually he had to borrow Ann's savings after all? What would she think of him then as a protector and provider? And what would he think of himself?

"Damn it!" his mind fumed. Something certainly had to be done. "And," his mental voice concluded, "quick."

He glanced over at Ann. She was motionless, gazing into the fire. She wore the scarlet velvet robe, with its belt tied tight about her slim waist and its tailored collar flipped up, accidentally picturesque, behind her head. Her knees were crossed, and she swung a bare foot tipped with a mule of scarlet leather; its loose heel every now and then, when she arched her foot, came up and slapped the sole of her heel. She had pushed the left cuff of the robe up her arm almost to the shoulder and was holding it there with her right hand.

Toby reached out and gave the soft arm a quick, hard, reassuring pressure. "Um-m," he said. "My baby!" And then, sobering, stroking the arm with his forefinger, he said, "Believe in me, won't you, Ann? Everything's going to be all right."

Ann turned her head. "I do, Toby. Only ——"

"No onlys."

He kissed her to seal her lips, then drew away as the kitchen door opened and the amiable negress recently engaged to cook their breakfasts and clean for them peered in.

"Ah, Missouri," Toby greeted her. Her name delighted him, and he used it as often as possible. "And how are the fallen arches this morning?"

Missouri tittered happily, then looked mournful. "They ain't no better, Mist' McLean."

"All right, Missouri," Ann said; "you can take the things." She added: "What time is it?"

"It's most twelve, ma'am."

"It's never!"

Ann would have risen, but Toby pulled her back. "Now, now," he said. "No hurry. Bad for little girls." He looked supremely lazy, lounging there, and rather extraordinarily handsome. "Tell me all about it first," he commanded her. "Whither, and all that."

Ann told him. She must go to the office, because Williams had said he wanted to talk to her, and then she must get a manicure and a wave. She would be at the Biltmore at 1:15 for a luncheon to be given by the publicity department of Acme Films to the motion-picture writers; after the luncheon they would all be driven in cars to Curtiss Field, where some aeroplane scenes for a forthcoming Acme Film called Up and Away were to be taken. She ought, she thought, to be back by six o'clock.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know," Toby said idly. "Whittle, maybe."

But he knew very well indeed what he meant to do.

Ann departed to dress. Toby remained slouched low on the divan, scowling now, his chin digging his chest and his thumbs tucked under the cord of his dressing gown. About him Missouri hovered unheeded, clearing the card table, making elaborate detours around his feet.

Presently, a little fearfully, she spoke. "What you want me do with these here papers, Mist' McLean?"

Her brown hand with the pink palm held out the bills. Toby glanced up, still scowling. "Throw 'em away," he said; then countermanded the order: "Oh, give 'em here."

He took them. Their torn envelopes were among them, and on the back of one of the envelopes, with a pencil brought by Missouri, he set the figures down and found the total. Nine hundred and twenty-one dollars and sixty-three cents. And there were more bills in the second desk drawer.

When Ann reappeared a few minutes later, Toby was seated at the piano, picking out a plaintive, thin tune with one finger. He sat sideways on the bench, his left arm in his lap and his body hunched over it; he had somehow the air of a man who would do what he now was doing all the rest of the day.

"'By, dear," said Ann.

"So long, sugar."

He rose and sauntered across the big room to kiss her.

"Listen!" he said, hands on her shoulders. "You're to keep out of those planes. Hear?"

Ann nodded, dimpling at his sudden dead seriousness.

"Promise me," Toby said.

"I promise."

He let her go then.

A newspaperman works best in his shirt sleeves. Toby took a cold shower and dressed. Reëntering the studio a few minutes later, his hair wet and sleek, his soft collar, minus a tie, left unbuttoned at the neck, he was ready; ready and grimly resolute. He unhooked the receiver from the telephone. He assembled cigarettes, a lighter, a large ash tray. He removed Ann's typewriter from the writing desk and substituted his own portable. He pulled up the straightest, hardest chair.

Seated, he lit a cigarette, inhaled tremendously once, and put the cigarette on the edge of the tray. From the drawer at his knee he drew out the nine or ten double-spaced typewritten pages that constituted the first half of his story.

CABARET LADY
By Toby McLean

That much was satisfactory, anyway.

Tilting back precariously on the rear legs of his chair, he read the whole thing As he read, an excitement grew in him. It was better than he had thought it. It was all right! Long before he came to Page 10, he burned to stop reading and get on with writing. His mind was beyond the lines already completed, shaping new lines and phrases. The very sentence with which he would end the story came to him: "Then

(Continued on Page 44)

SEES DANGER IN PACE OF MODERN LIVING

Sluggish Intestines Kept Poison-free by Simple Food, Says "Wonder Surgeon"

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"To combat constipation and the series of related troubles—faulty nutrition, skin diseases, general debility, nervous irritability—we have at our disposal a highly effective remedy—yeast. It has a stimulating action in the digestive tract, and keeps the system free from a great deal of poison.

"When irradiated by ultra-violet rays, fresh yeast also contains large quantities of vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which aids the assimilation of bone- and tooth-hardening phosphorus and lime."

The laxative, purifying power of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, comes from the millions of *living* yeast plants every cake releases in your intestinal tract.

Gently, naturally these tiny active plants soften the clogging body wastes, stimulate sluggish colon muscles, check the spread of poisons. Your appetite and digestion quicken. Complexion troubles clear up. Colds and sore throats become less frequent, less severe.

And now the "sunshine" vitamin D created in the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast by "irradiation" brings you the added health protection of sunshine itself—its mysterious power to build firm muscles and sound bones and teeth.

Start today on this modern way to combat the damaging effects of modern living. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. For free booklet write Health Research Dept. D-99, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

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ON THE AIR—Fleischmann's Yeast Radio Hour! Thursday evenings—47 associated N. B. C. stations.

ASTOUNDING FEATS OF SURGERY early won for Dr. Alberto Catalina, 33-year old Spanish surgeon, the applause of the European medical profession. A specialist in digestive diseases, he has written many articles on the subject.

(*Left*) **"A BUSINESS CAREER** is interesting—also hard work!" writes Letty Corren of Brooklyn, New York. "After several years of it my health gave way. I started having continual indigestion and finally had to give up my job. I was persuaded to try Fleischmann's Yeast and in an amazingly short time I was healthy and happy again. But I did not go back to my job—I got married!"

(*Above*). **"WORK IN A PRINTING PLANT** is an all day grind," writes Fred Nonte of St. Louis, "but Fleischmann's Yeast keeps me in good shape. A year ago my face was broken out and my system below par. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my skin cleared and I am so healthy that many of my friends also started eating yeast."

* * *

(*Below*). **"MY YEARS OF AMATEUR RACING** ended abruptly when I entered a law office," writes Malcolm Clair of Hollywood, Calif. "I became constipated, 'logy.' My mother's results with yeast persuaded me. It benefited my constipation and gave me more pep."

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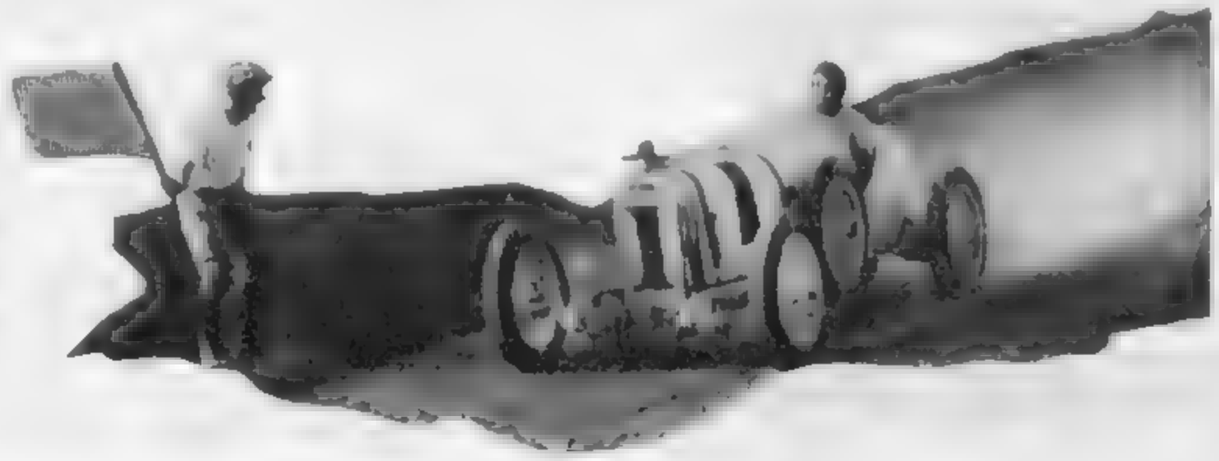
(*Above*). **BROAD AND WALL STREETS,** New York. Here, as in hundreds of cities and towns, men and women are daily driven to neglect one important health measure . . . To combat constipation and its ills thousands eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, containing vitamins B and D, is now on sale.



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Special Catalogue on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
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☐ Pocket Tool Guide

Mathias KLEIN & Sons
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(Continued from Page 42)

the spotlight, like a golden cage, closed down around her."

"Hey!" the author exulted.

The front legs of his chair thumped the floor. Page 10 ran into the typewriter. With fingers that almost shook, he manipulated the roller so that the next word he wrote would be parallel with the last word he had written. Eyes on that word, intent and shining, he seized his cigarette; attached it to his lower lip, to hang there. And began.

He worked for five straight hours.

Several times the disconnected telephone made small aggrieved noises in its throat. Toby did not hear. Once Missouri timidly asked if he didn't want her to fix him "a san'wich or somethin'" before she left for the day; he waved her away with a flip of his hand. He was stuck for an hour on Page 16 and the rug around his chair was strewed with crumpled balls of paper. When he finished that page finally, he knew that nothing would stop him. He would finish the story now in a little while.

The room grew blue with smoke; if he had entered it from outside he would have said "Whew!" and gone about flinging up windows. He did not stir. Before him, like a gate in his mind, his final sentence stood, and all the road that led to it was clear. He must approach it steadily, not changing his stride, not shifting his eyes. He had that sense, and had it so acutely that he was almost rigid with the tension, toward the last.

He reached the end; typed the final line; ripped the page from the machine and slapped it down on the top of the pile. For an instant he sat motionless, holding it under his palm. He could feel all the other pages, plump under his palm. Twenty-one typewritten pages. Cabaret Lady, by Toby McLean.

"And it's good!" he said.

He knew that. He swore softly, happily. He slumped against the back of the chair and heard himself laugh aloud. It was finished. And it was good.

Now let Ann come home!

Relaxation made him realize, without caring at all, how very spent he was. There were blades of pain between his shoulders, and his head ached. He stretched mightily, flexing his arms; then pushed back his chair and laboriously stood up. He had not noticed the fading light, but now it was quite gloomy in the room. Clutching the manuscript in one hand, he moved about, turning on lamps. Each pool of radiance was blurry and vague with smoke.

He opened windows. The chill November twilight seemed to slap him in the face, making him physically alive again. He was all at once aware of pangs of ravenous hunger, and he left the manuscript on the divan and betook himself to the kitchen. Emerging a moment later, bearing a glass of milk and a quarter of an apple pie, he seated himself close beside his story. Then for a time he ate and drank and read.

He read as though through Ann's eyes, thinking, as he had thought subconsciously all the time he worked, of her approval. This was for her. This thing he had wrought was an offering to lay at her feet, saying, "There." And it was more. It was a proof of something most important.

But when Ann came, he, strangely, did not tell her about the story. He looked at her and thought, "Not yet. I'll wait." He would wait until he sold it. Maybe it wasn't so good after all. Maybe it wouldn't sell. In that case, he would rather Ann remained in ignorance. Her pity would be insupportable.

"You've been working," Ann said when she saw the desk. Her eyes reverted to Toby's face hopefully. "On the fiction story?"

"I took a crack at it, yeah," Toby answered.

"Any luck?"

"None to speak of."

He had dropped a big magazine over the manuscript to hide it. As soon as Ann left the room he put it away.

It went to an editor two days later, carefully typed and corrected, in an envelope that contained a second stamped envelope, addressed to the author in care of the Star.

The party was entirely impromptu. It originated at eight o'clock on a Saturday evening, in the oyster bar of the Grand Central Terminal, where Ann and Toby, Shorty Ross, Chris Hanley and Harry Griffin had dinner upon their return from covering a football game at New Haven.

"I," Shorty said, "am at leisure for the evening. Will anyone do anything about it?"

He looked severely at Toby, who replied, "Doubtless."

Shorty looked at Ann. She laughed at him, and he emitted a groan. "Is hospitality dead?" he demanded. "Where is the latchstring of yesteryear? What's become of the mat with Welcome on it? I view with alarm ——"

"Shorty," said Ann, "do come to see us."

"Thanks, I will. Can you wait till I finish this coffee?"

"Everybody come," Ann said. "We'll round up some more people ——"

They sent Harry Griffin home to get little Jo, the gilt-haired photographic model to whom he was devoted, whom everyone liked; as usual, nothing was said about Mrs. Chris Hanley, whom no one liked, Chris, so the rumor went, included. Ann telephoned Eunice Hay, who said she was "utterly frazzled"—she had spent the afternoon by the door of a hospital autopsy room while doctors examined a headless torso found in the Hudson River, and, as she explained, "They took so long!"—but she promised to come anyway, and requested that a "devastating male" be dispatched to fetch her. Shorty, who had not heard the adjective, volunteered, and set forth amid cheers.

From the apartment somewhat later they made more telephone calls and located a few more kindred spirits. By midnight, they were eleven—four girls and seven men. The fourth girl was Norma Drake, a friend of Ann's, who had a perfume shop on Fiftieth Street; she came bringing her current fiancé, a genial shell-rimmed gentleman called Skeet. Nick Standish of Toby's paper dropped in fortuitously, and Bugs McDonald, a former newspaperman who was writing plays—his first one had already, as he put it, "played ten months in a producer's safe"—was reached after 11:30 and commanded to barge right over.

Toby mixed innumerable drinks. As bar tender, he wore tied high around his chest an apron of pink rubber trimmed with green. As entertainer, his alternate rôle, his costume remained unchanged. Perching on a table, one long leg over the other and his battered banjo hugged against the apron, he sang time-honored Blues inimitably:

"Feelin' tomorrow
Like fe-e-el today."

He had songs of his own, which some of the party had heard.

"Sing the one about the Fiji king," suggested Shorty at one A.M.

Toby, smiling, strumming chords, shook his head. "There are ladies," he said.

"Nonsense!" Norma Drake indignantly objected.

"I've forgotten it, anyway," said Toby. "Really I have."

"He has to be oiled to sing that one," someone remarked.

"Have a drink, won't you, Toby?"

"Yes, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed someone else. "Come down off that wagon!"

"You should have seen him in St. Louis," Harry Griffin said. "Just leading the life of a Trappist monk was all."

"Ann!" This was Eunice Hay's voice; cool, mocking. "Don't be mean. Let Toby break over, just this once."

Ann was seated on a cushion on the floor between Chris Hanley and Nick Standish, her shoulders slight beside theirs against the wall. She looked up quickly—so quickly that the amber earrings she wore gave little startled jumps on her cheeks.

"At least," Eunice continued, "let him have a couple of drinks. He's too pitiful this way. He's breaking my heart."

"'Let' him?" repeated Ann.

She sat forward. Her eyes were very wide open and dark, and aggrieved, like a child's. "Darn it," she said, "everybody blames me!"

Eunice smiled teasingly. "Well?"

"But I've nothing whatever to do with it! It was Toby's own idea, wasn't it, Toby?"

Toby was tightening a string on his banjo. "'A poor thing, but mine own,'" he quoted amiably.

He was angry inside, with all of them, with their eyes that knew him so well. But he would not let them see that he was angry. In the little lull he played two final chords and set the banjo down. He got to his feet leisurely. "Speaking of abstinence and its evils, who's ready for another short snort?"

The lull ended at once in a babble:

"Me!"

"Mrs. Ross' boy!"

"Ready? 'I am dying, Egypt, dying!'"

Toby took the orders and retired to the kitchen, leaving the connecting door open. He was still nettled. "Fools!" he grumbled to himself. "That Eunice! 'Let Toby break over'!"

As he measured and poured, he could hear them talking, six or seven at once:

"—— but they haven't found the head yet, nor the legs ——"

"—— finishing his story, and he raised the window to spit, and two thousand words blew out and gone forever ——"

"Yes, isn't he weird? He's like nothing on earth! I was married to him for two long years, but I still don't believe in that man."

"—— so the announcer calls out, 'Gregory now pitching,' and the crowd yells, 'Yeah? For how long?'"

"—— the boyological urge bothers her a lot ——"

Toby, in the kitchen, slammed the icebox door. "One thing," he thought grimly, "is sure: The McLeans are going to have a change of crowd, and it won't be long now."

He was standing by the toy sink, holding ice under the faucet, when Ann arrived at his side in a little rush.

"Toby."

His face softened. "Hello, beautiful."

Ann locked her hands over his arm and glanced backward toward the door to assure herself that no one could overhear. Her eyes, when they returned to him, were troubled; they loved him terribly.

"Toby," she said, "tell me. Do I—am I cramping your style?"

Toby merely looked at her.

"They think I am," said Ann.

"They do not!"

"But they do! Eunice ——"

"Eunice," said Toby, "was just being Eunice. Can the kitty change its meow?" He scowled. "There ought to be a law against that doll anyway. I've always thought so."

"She's one of my best friends."

"Yeah! Says she!"

"Well," said Ann, "anyway, it isn't only Eunice. It's all of them. Didn't you see the way they looked?" Her expression was tragic. "They think I'm one of those wives!"

Toby said, "Oh, who gives a hoo-rah what they think?" But the line between his brow belied the indifference of the words. He shut off the faucet and dried his hands on a dish towel. "Well, shall I have a drink, just to show 'em?" he asked.

Ann hesitated. "Do—do you want to?"

"You want me to, don't you?" He disliked the craven sound of this, and amended it hastily: "Sure. I'd like one. Why not?"

They were both a little ashamed of themselves; each avoided the other's eyes. Toby busied himself with cups and ice and a brown quart bottle. Ann fingered a corkscrew absently.

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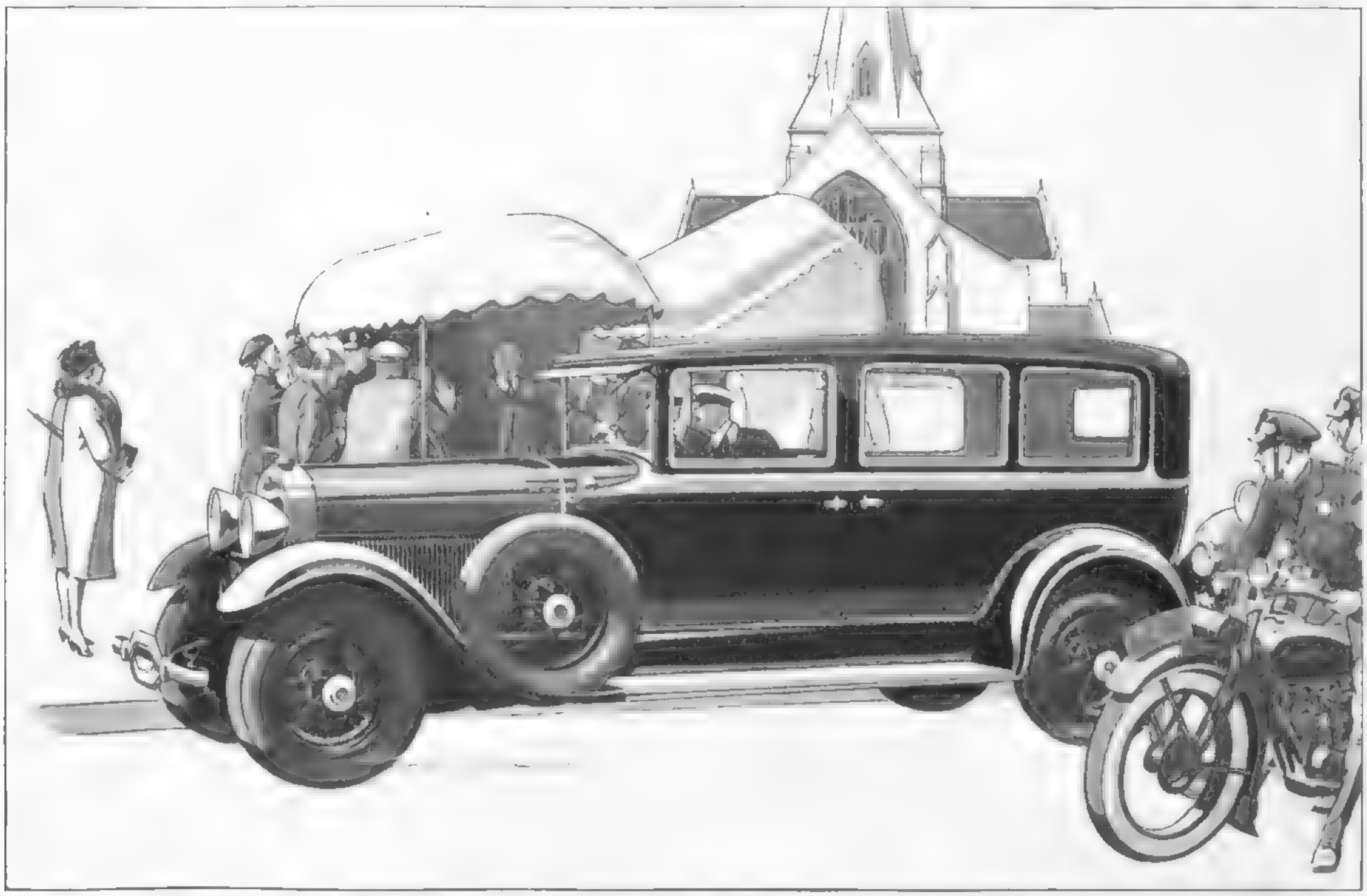
THE LINCOLN
HAS AN AUTHORITY AND DISTINCTION OF ITS OWN



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THE LINCOLN

(Continued from Page 44)

"Well," she said, "not—not just this minute anyway. Because they'd know I'd talked to you." Her tone said distinctly, "But later."

The brief silence that followed was filled by the voice of Little Jo, rising high above the medley of voices in the studio: "Listen, I've got an idea! Let's all roar up to Harlem!"

Ann put down the corkscrew. "I'd better go back in."

Still she lingered. "I suppose I'm an awful idiot, behaving like this," she said apologetically. "It doesn't seem very helpful of me, Toby."

By way of answer he pulled her to him and kissed her. "Sweet! Don't worry," he added, more matter-of-factly. "I'll only take one or two. How many have you had?"

"Two."

"Then I'll have two. Conspicuously. Fair enough?"

He had the first drink, very conspicuously, half an hour later, at a table in a Harlem cabaret. The party had migrated there in two groaning fifteen-and-five-cent taxis. They had descended rickety stairs in step with a ragtime beat from below, signed assorted names on membership cards at a desk at the bottom, and entered a fetid, noisy little room full of white, black and indeterminate people. Now they sat around a table made of three tables together and wished there was a window to open. In a minute they would become acclimated.

The walls of the room were covered with lithographic-looking paintings of proper youths and maidens that the grime and smoke had dimmed, so that their propriety—the bowing-curtaying type—seemed neither as inept nor as reproachful as it might have. Between the paintings mirrors reflected faces cheek to cheek, hard-glancing eyes and loose moist mouths; bare arms across cloth shoulders like tight slings. Over each thin mirror a single light bulb hung, in an inverted nest of red crêpe-paper petals. The band played in a sort of pit, down two steps. Black band. Jungle band.

"That's music!" Harry Griffin cried. "Come on there, small potatoes, dance with me."

"Wait," said Little Jo, to whom this invitation was addressed. "My nose knows I've got to have a drink first."

"Six ginger ales and six seltzers," Shorty said to the waiter. "And set-ups for everybody." He added, pointing to Toby: "Except him. Bring him *aqua pura*, for he is but a boy."

"Bring him milk," said someone else.

"Bring him barley water."

Toby was draping Ann's coat on the back of her chair. Over his shoulder he surveyed his tormentors, sighed, and pretended to succumb. "You win," he said. And to the waiter: "That glass you keep for cops, Sam. Know the one I mean? This high?"

"Yas-suh!" The waiter grinned dazzlingly.

"Bring it," said Toby.

With a jerk of his shoulder he reached across the table for cigarettes—a new package. He opened it neatly, keeping his eyes on it, hoping he looked more nonchalant than he felt.

"You don't mean to tell us," Shorty was demanding, "that the Great Drouth of '26 is over? That the rains are about to descend, and the floods ——"

"Gimme a light, somebody," Toby cut in.

Ann was complacent, serene, for all to see. "Here," she said. Her right thumb, with its glossy pointed shield, struck flame from a lighter, and she held it out to Toby's cigarette. Their heads for a minute were tilted together, their faces tinted with light. The little tableau, curiously intimate, had its effect: even Harries, on the point of remarking wickedly that she'd upped she hadn't talked anybody into anything, changed her mind.

"Dance with me," she said to Chris Hanley instead.

Then they were all dancing save the extra men, who sat about between the vacant chairs. Ann danced with Nick Standish, her cheek against his lapel; he was so much taller than she that the tie he wore might have been a little bow tied on her hair. Toby, sitting at the table, fingering the extra-large glass, followed her with his eyes. This was no place for her, this dim hot cave full of piebald people. He was suddenly angry, seeing an ebony elbow prod her shoulder. He would take her home in just a minute.

"Let's have that glass, Toby."

He pushed it over absent-mindedly; then drew it back. "I'll pour my own."

They watched him, eagle-eyed.

"Say, that's no drink!" said McDonald. "Be your profession."

"It's enough."

"Enough, my eye! It's all ice! What'd you want the big glass for anyway?"

Toby thought, "For something to say at that particular moment," but he did not tell them this. Idly he tilted the bottle again over the glass and let a little more of the tea-colored fluid splash in. "How's that?" he asked.

"Well," said Shorty, eying it, "it might exhilarate a baby gnat with a weak stomach; then again it might not. But have your way."

"Thanks," Toby said dryly.

He poured seltzer water into the glass and sat holding it on the table, not thinking of it. His detachment was not feigned. He had lost interest in this drink; the thing important now was to take Ann home, away from here. He wondered why he had let her come in the first place; decided he must have forgotten how noisome these Harlem places were. Or perhaps he had never known, till he saw her in one, delicate in the mad, barbaric gloom.

"Well," somebody said, "here's mud in your eye."

His hand brought his glass up automatically. Over its rim his gaze, still moody and preoccupied, held to the dance floor. Black, brown, yellow, white. Black and yellow. White and brown. Brown and black. Their heads joggled unevenly, no two in unison, like loose coals in a cart going over car tracks. The soles of their shoes did a sandy-sounding thing to the burnished floor. The music had them. The music was jerking their shoulders and hips, and flinging their heels. Umpa-um-mm, pa-um, umpa-um-mmm.

"Oh, my ba-by,
Say yes,
Or say may-be."

On the edge of the pit where the band played, two darkies with megaphones were singing the song, swaying as one to its rhythm. A waiter carrying a tray aloft on his palm was singing it. The human herd that churned in a pen too small for it, that threatened to stampede and crash the low white fence of tables, was singing.

"Oh, my ba-by."

"Hey, what a tune that is!" Toby said to no one in particular.

It had him now. Under the table the foot that kept time when he himself played was keeping time, the sole beating the floor. He looked at the band and abruptly chuckled aloud. How they loved it! The little pianist, the massive trombone player—all of them rocked as they played. Sweat shone on their faces, and their white teeth gleamed like the teeth of the piano—ivory in mahogany. The trombone player with the blown brown cheeks laughed with his eyes and through his trombone. The banjo player beat for accent on the banjo's face—"Tmp! Tmp!—as if it were a drum.

"Hot!" breathed Toby.

He shifted in his chair, unable to sit still, and his glance encountered his glass. With surprise he noted that the highball was all but gone. It had slipped down like so much water, leaving him no recollection of taste. He swallowed what was left and passed the glass across to Shorty, who had the bottle.

"You were right," he said, "it was a little weak."

Shorty grasped it in a businesslike way.

"There!" he said when he restored it. "Dip your bill into that!"

The music subsided slowly, as if the musicians were moving away; then, with an ear-splitting oath of the drum, it stopped altogether. The dancers disbanded, more lights were flashed on, and Toby was all at once sick of the place again.

He had half finished the new sharp drink when Ann arrived at the table.

"How does it taste?" she asked.

"O. K. Say, listen, Ann; let's check; what do you say?"

Ann was powdering her nose with a pad like a lost white polka dot. She lowered it slightly in surprise. "You mean go home?"

"Where else? Or," Toby amended, "wherever you say. Only let's get out of here."

"Why? Don't you like this place?"

"It's no place for you, that's the point."

"Pooh," said Ann. "Why, that's silly!" She had begun to laugh, but meeting Toby's eyes she sobered and her forehead puckered a little. "Darling, after all, I'm not a child," she reminded him.

"You are though. You're too ——"

"But I'm not!"

"Here, here," said Nick Standish from beyond Ann. "What's all this?"

Ann shrugged despairingly. "Toby thinks I don't know the Facts of Life, or something."

"Well? Do you?"

"I've been a newspaper woman for four years."

Over the top of her small defiant head, Nick and Toby exchanged a gentle paternal sort of smile.

"Precocious," murmured Nick.

"Amazing," agreed Toby.

"I hate you both," Ann retorted amicably.

Toby found that someone had replenished his glass, filled it up to the brim. He sampled its potent content; set it down.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you, old-timer," he said to Ann. "I'll let you stay for one more dance—which you'll dance with me."

"Yes."

"And then we'll go."

"We-ell," said Ann, "then we'll see."

She twinkled at him, snapped her powder compact shut and leaned forward to ask Little Jo, who sat three chairs away, to lend her some rouge.

"Harry has it!" shouted Little Jo. "Or somebody has! I put it in a passing pocket. Listen, everybody look in their pockets."

The room was full of such small shrill confusions, blended into one unremitting cacophony. To add to it, the band had struck up again. In the spotlight on the dance floor, a large bleached negress was moaning a song about Borneo-oh! supported by a chorus in orange-worsted wigs and brief skirts made of beads that swung and rattled. There were eight in the chorus. They had thin tan bodies, the torsos striped by beaded brassières, the bare flesh heavily powdered with mauve powder. Their legs were bare, and soiled green sandals incased the feet of all but one, who, oddly, wore black patent-leather pumps. More or less together, they executed a careless jointless dance, stamping their shoes and flapping their elbows like wings.

Nobody paid them any attention whatever.

Toby's giant glass was empty again. He refilled it with whisky and soda water, half and half, and shoveled in ice, meanwhile discussing next Saturday's game with Harry Griffin. "Why, listen, if that Harvard team was going to play Vassar, I'd bet on the dolls to hold 'em to a tie."

In the back of his mind he was telling himself that this drink made two and a half, not three and a half. "First one I had didn't mean anything. Just like water."

The Borneo-oh number ended, and the chorus still strutting, vanished single file through a curtained aperture. Incredibly soon they began to straggle forth again, one by one, dressed now in assorted flimsy dresses. One of them shouldered a tray tied with a greasy wide red ribbon and went about languidly piping, "See-gars? Seega-rettes?"

The music recommenced while Toby was mixing his fourth highball and explaining to Ann—who had not inquired—that it wasn't his fifth. "The first one didn't mean anything. You ask Shorty."

Ann looked thoughtful. "It's an awfully big glass," she remarked evenly, after a moment.

Toby did not hear. He had said, "There's the music"—and he was gulping the highball. He set the glass down and seized Ann's hand. "Let's go!"

He loved to dance with her. She was the perfect partner for him. Any other girl as short as she, would have been too short, would have dragged with her hand at his shoulder; but Ann, by dancing on the tips of her toes and holding her body straight, not bending back, was exactly tall enough. He could hunch slightly, thrust his head a trifle forward, fit his hand to her slim side at the waist, and do anything, any step—anything the saxophones suggested.

The present saxophones seemed to suggest quite rapid and intricate footwork, with numerous whirls. This was highly satisfactory until the floor filled up, after which it became a little wearing. Toby, however, persisted; his feet were fascinating his mind, by their extraordinary dexterity making him sublimely impervious to jolts and collisions. He thought he had never danced better in his life; he had never felt so like dancing; and he was astonished and injured to hear Ann presently, in a small winded voice, complain:

"For heaven's sake, Toby!"

He peered down at her. "What?"

"You're bumping me into everybody there is!"

Toby glared wildly about him. Out of the four nearest couples, six pairs of eyes glared quite as furiously back. "Who do you think you are?" a little man like a rooster wanted to know. "St. Vitus?" Near by, a yellow girl in a pink-flowered dress clung with one hand to her escort and with the other massaged a trampled instep.

"Well, the big polukas!" Toby growled. "Why don't they look where they're going?"

"They tried," said Ann almost inaudibly.

Toby peered down at her again. "Want to stop?" he demanded.

"Maybe we'd better."

This was the crowning indignity. "She thinks I'm tight!" he thought suddenly, outraged.

He stalked from the dance floor after her; pulled out her chair and seated her with precise, elaborate politeness. Her handkerchief fluttered to the floor, and he restored it with a small bow. The cavalier gesture pleased him. So she thought he was tight, did she? Well, how about that?

"Thank you," Ann said.

He was gracious. "Not at all. Don't mention it."

He seated himself. A waiter was lurking near, and to him Toby held up a peremptory forefinger. "Garçon!"

"Me, suh?"

"Here a moment!"

The waiter advanced to his side.

"May I order you a sandwich?" Toby queried formally of Ann.

"No, thanks."

"No, thanks," said Toby to the waiter, adding hurriedly: "Never mind, I mean. Don't bring one. That is, nothing. Never mind!" he bellowed.

"Tob-y!" remonstrated Ann.

Toby was glowering after the waiter's swiftly retreating back. "Of all the dumb imbeciles ever saw in my life!"

The incident had been regrettable, he felt, although he was not sure why. Something had gone a little wrong. As he consumed a gin and ginger ale—for a change—he mulled it over in his mind. The sandwich. The waiter. Ann hadn't wanted the sandwich and he had had to scold the waiter.

(Continued on Page 50)

See Next Week's
SATURDAY EVENING POST

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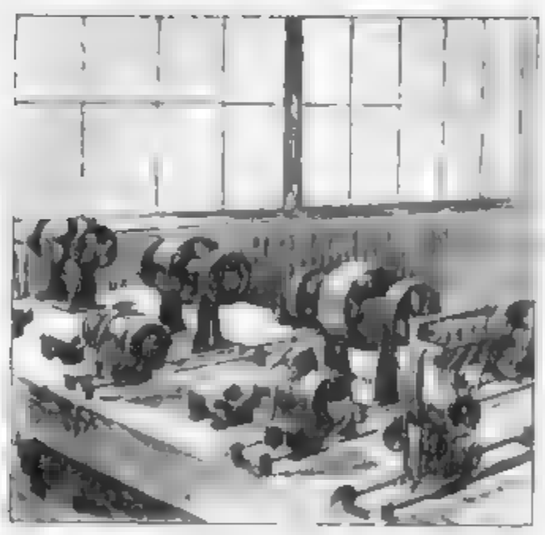

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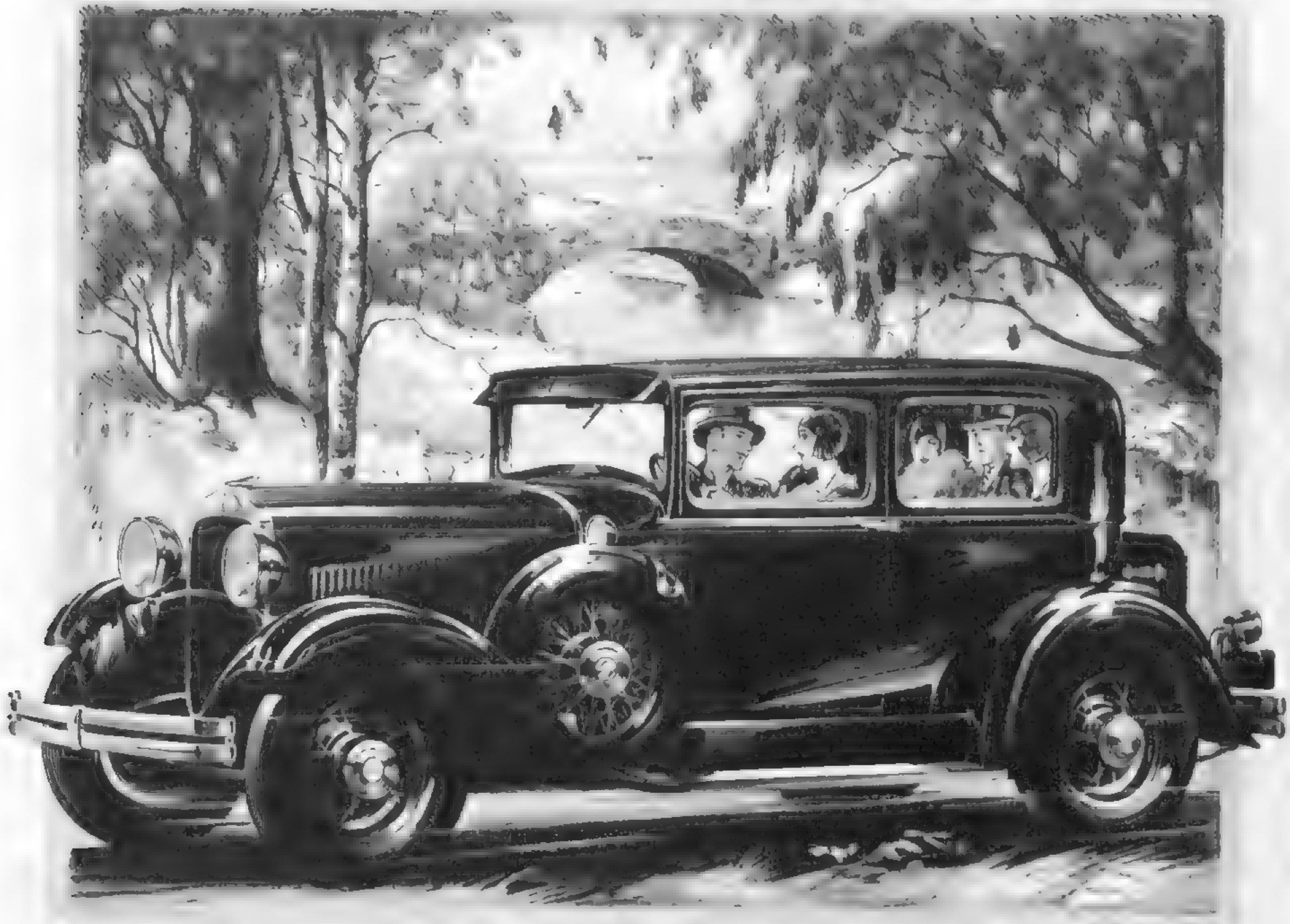

THE BROUGHAM

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(Continued from Page 46)

Nothing wrong with that, surely. All the waiter's fault. He came at length to the scintillating conclusion that you couldn't expect waiters to have any brains; if they had any brains they wouldn't be waiters.

He expounded this to Ann: "Point is, if they had any waiters—brains, I mean— "

Ann agreed with him. "Yes," she said. "Of course. Listen, Toby, honey: Let's go home now, shall we? Remember you said we would when we'd had our dance?"

Toby felt gratified that she agreed with him about waiters. He felt inspired to elaborate on the theme, and he did so. "Point is," he said, "that if a waiter had brains he'd be a headwaiter. Wouldn't he?"

"Yes. . . . Toby, listen a minute, dear."

"And if he had brains an' was a headwaiter an' had brains he'd own the place! Wouldn'e? An' ——"

There was a good deal more of it. It went on, in fact, intermittently, for two hours.

In retrospect both Toby and Ann were to date the beginning of trouble from this evening. But at the time they viewed it as a joke. Toby's little defection, which afterward they saw as the first faint shadow on their horizon, seemed a humorous slight accident, signifying nothing. Ann said it was all her fault anyhow, and Toby, though aloud he blamed himself for his failure to stop at two drinks, muttering irritably that he had had "no guts at all," was inclined to blame the heat of the night club, the hollow state of his stomach and the length of time that had elapsed since his ascent of the wagon, for this and all his subsequent transgressions of the night.

"Stuff hit me like that!" he told Ann, with an illustrative snap of his fingers.

This fact dismayed him. It bothered him more than did the ignoble recollection that he and Ann had, as he put it, "let that bunch of sideline coaches kid us off the base." Of late years he had prided himself on his acknowledged ability to drink much and carry it well; and the chronological account given him by Ann in the morning of his behavior between the hours of two and four A.M. was both a shock and a humiliation.

He kept interrupting. "Well, but, good Lord, how many did I have?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Let's see. I suppose you'd had about eight or nine by that time ——"

"And I was playing the banjo in the band?" Toby demanded incredulously. His tone seemed to say, "On only eight or nine drinks? It isn't done!" Nor had it been, in the olden days.

"In the band," said Ann, "and between times. You played for a couple of dances, and in between you did solo work. Don't you remember at all?"

"No."

"Well, you did. You made," Ann informed him, dimpling, "a tremendous hit. Local Lad Scores Triumph, in other words."

"Oh, good Lord!"

As a result of this episode, with Ann's approbation he determined upon a new rule for himself: he would have one drink—but only one—whenever he liked. Certainly one drink—and only one—did nobody any harm.

He had a few single highballs at intervals through the week that followed; one afternoon, during a speak-easy session with Barry Brent, he had two in an hour. "But," he observed when he reported this to Ann, "it was coming to me. The drinks that've passed under my nose, and on, in that speak-easy of Brent's would float the fleet."

Ann, without saying so, appeared to expect that this doubling of the ration would prove to have established a precedent. But apparently it had not; days went by and it was not repeated.

"One's my limit," Toby told people cheerfully. "Since the night I gave my concert up in Harlem."

In the meantime a college boy fell in love with Ann, in a college boy's abrupt, whole-hearted fashion; and Toby, that same evening, met Puff Randolph, aged sixteen. Or perhaps one should say that Puff met Toby.

It happened like this: They had gone down Saturday morning to Princeton—Ann and Toby, and Alice and Franklin Blair. The Blairs were Philadelphia people, distant cousins of Ann; a pleasant, unexciting young couple with a home of their own, a sedan, a radio, and, to quote them, "kiddies." They were en route back to these, after four or five days in New York—a wedding-anniversary spree, spent chiefly in telephone calls to the nurse—and they had been prevailed upon to return via the Princeton game by Ann, who was feeling contrite about them.

"We haven't done anything for them, Toby," she declared anxiously on Friday, "and they've been here almost a week."

"We took 'em to dinner, didn't we?"

"Only once."

"Is it possible?" Toby mused. "Could we have learned all we know about Jojo's adenoids in just one sitting?"

"No," said Ann. "But we did. And we've got to again. We've got to give them a whirl this evening, or take them to the game with us tomorrow, or something."

So they took them to the game.

Two birds were killed with one stone, really, for Ann had someone to sit with. Women are banned from most college press boxes—even women of the press hence the McLeans usually had to separate when they entered a stadium, and unless someone else had been brought along, Ann sat by herself. "Which," she said, "seems so sort of wistful at a football game, when you're a girl."

Usually they journeyed to games on a rollicking football special, and upon arrival, lunched in Toby's fraternity house, if there was a chapter, or in the gay, tumultuous crush of some convenient restaurant or hotel dining room if there was not. Today it was different. The Blairs had their car, and they drove down—rather painfully, for there were bags and suitcases, hat boxes, Toby's typewriter and a small wheelbarrow for Jojo, piled within. Franklin Blair was the sort of man who seats the wives together in the tonneau. He ordered Toby into the front, and all the way to Princeton regaled him with a monologue on business, interspersed with faintly hostile observations to the effect that "Of course, I suppose you writer fellows aren't interested in such things."

They lunched in the car, in a parking field quite near the stadium, out of delicatessen boxes thoughtfully brought from New York by the Blairs. Then Toby escorted the other three to their stadium gate and left them. The leave-taking was prolonged; he would not see Franklin and Alice again, as they were going to try to get out of town ahead of the crowd.

"We want to be home for Baby Alice's nine-o'clock bottle," the adult Alice smilingly confided. "She's so cute then, isn't she, daddy? All pink from sleep, like a little rose leaf."

Franklin said she was.

"I'd love to see her," Ann murmured conventionally. Her eyes were on Toby: "Do a good job, won't you, honey? Got plenty of cigarettes?"

"Whole pack."

"You're not going to write in the press box, are you? It'll be too dark."

Toby shook his head. "Western Union. Better meet me there, right after the game."

When he got there through the roaring twilight three hours later, she was waiting for him, sitting on a bench inside. She was not alone. There was no sign of the Blairs, but a pair of very large collegians, bareheaded, in huge fur coats, flanked her at right and left. One had curly red hair and a joyful pug nose. The other was blond. They extended sizable shoes at incredible length for people to trip over, and inclined their heads and one shoulder apiece toward Ann. The blond youth held a fur sleeve across the back of the bench, and both young men seemed to know Ann very well indeed and to think her quite the prettiest girl on earth. Toby had never seen either of them before.

Ann was pretty. She was marvelous-looking. There were times when Toby felt it like a blaze in his mind, and this was one of the times. She wore a little brown hat that fitted her head and jutted in points on her cheeks—the skullcap hat so very smart that season. Her hands on her hips pushed her fur coat back from a slim tan dress with a brown suède collar. She was laughing, her lashes lowered and her white teeth catching her lip. To be the man to whom she belonged was a proud thing; to approach as such, before these two enchanted college boys, was almost a conceited thing, a swaggering.

He tried to be as inoffensive as possible about it. His "Hello" was mild. He did not set his typewriter down, but kept it in his hand, to show them that he would be moving on in just a minute.

The two young men had risen as one. Their smiles had faded, and they were looking almost owlishly grave, standing at attention. Their eyes, direct, unembarrassed, were yet a trifle apprehensive, fixed on him. "It's all right," Toby wanted to say kindly. "There will be no bloodshed."

He suddenly felt utterly grown up and somewhat heavy.

"This is Bill Salisbury, Toby," Ann was saying from the bench. "A friend of Franklin's. My husband, Toby McLean."

Toby and the blond youth shook hands with the campus swoop. "How are you?" they asked simultaneously.

"And Mr.—oh, dear ——"

"Kohler," supplied the red-headed one. "Awfully glad to meet you, Mr. McLean. I read your stuff," he added respectfully. "Enjoy it a lot."

"Thanks," Toby said. "I'm glad of that."

"What did you think of the game?" Ann asked him. "Isn't it great Princeton won?"

"Now you're talking!" approved the blond young man.

Ann smiled demurely, her eyes on Toby's. They both knew that she had wanted Princeton to win simply because, that morning at breakfast, Toby had thought of a splendid lead for his story of the game, which he could not have used if they had lost.

"Yeah," Toby said merely, smiling back. "Suits me."

He must get along, he thought; his typewriter was heavy in his hand. Behind him the street door was opening constantly, letting cold air in and strings of people in and out. In the back of the room the telegraphers were busy to distraction, sending private messages about bets won and lost, about trains, about rendezvous for the evening. Within a few minutes the Number One pages marked Night Press Rate would begin coming up to them from the hot little basement downstairs where the sports writers toiled. Toby, out of the corner of his eye, glimpsed Shorty Ross, always the last man to get to work, hurrying toward the stairs with his battered portable.

A few more pleasantries, and he would follow. "So you know Franklin, do you?" he said to the blond young man.

It appeared that Franklin was an employe of the blond young man's father. He put this very delicately; but there it was. "I've met him several times," he added. "I see him when I go down there. He's one of the managers, I guess, or something."

"They got off all right, did they?" Toby inquired of Ann.

"Um-m. They left in the middle of the third quarter; right in the middle of that touchdown, incidentally. Then Bill and Red, who were sitting near us ——"

"Leaped," said the blond youth—"or should I say 'lept'?—into the breach."

"You should say 'hurled themselves,'" Red said. "We did. We hurled ourselves."

Bill eyed him coldly. "I lept," he stated. "You hurled, if you like. But my progress

(Continued on Page 52)

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"The doctor came to our house. He felt my pulse and looked at my tongue. He then listened patiently as I voiced my grouch against my household, the neighbors, their dog and children, and the weather. Next he began to ask questions. I answered them vehemently. 'I did not eat much meat. I ate raw fruits and vegetables. Yes, I did use caffein—always had and it had never hurt me.' Then the doctor said, 'Cut out caffein until I come again.'

"For the first ten days I drank Postum—then the doctor came again. I confessed that I was feeling better. My household had been more considerate, the dog not so noisy, and the weather was beginning to open up. He said he was glad I was feeling better, and would call again soon.

"He did not come for one month. *When I saw him turning in at the gate I was sure that he was mistaken. Then, as I opened the door I remembered and burst out laughing. 'Doctor,' I said, 'I have not had any caffein for a month, just Postum. You win!'"*

EVA STEELE,

Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn.

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was distinctly a lepping—of, I may add, the nimbler sort."

"Anyway," Ann terminated the solemn absurd discussion, "you got there and took good care of me."

"The best," Bill said to Toby. "Really."

"We were superb," said Red.

"I believe you," Toby grinned. He liked these jaunty madmen—especially Red, he told himself. Bill was handsomer, having gray eloquent eyes, a sculptured nose and the crisp light hair that never musses. Women would like Bill better, inevitably. Ann, Toby knew, liked him better. But men would like Red, that urchin grown six feet tall.

"What we want to know now," Red said, "is if, on the strength of past performances, we may go yet a little further in caretaking ——"

"And escort your incomparable frau to a tea dance," Bill finished smoothly. "While you're writing your article," he supplemented. "We'll bring her back in half an hour, or whenever you say."

"As is," Red promised additionally. "Who touches a hair of yon brown hat dies like a dog, march on, and all that."

"Do you mind, honey?" Ann asked.

"Sure!" said Toby heartily. "I mean, of course I don't mind. That'll be fine."

It was arranged that the trio should remain at the tea dance until Toby finished working and joined them; he was given explicit directions for finding the right clubhouse. Both young men thanked him profusely, and Ann kissed a finger tip and wiggled it at him.

"Don't be long," she said. "Will you?"

He watched them go. On the dusky, crowded sidewalk beyond the windows, Bill and Red took hold of Ann's arms. They began to stride, then almost to run; when last seen they really were running, and Ann's small feet were lifted off the ground.

A dozen football experts were working downstairs in a room full of foggy yellow light. They sat elbow to elbow at plain board tables set around the walls and in the center of the room. Toby, entering, saw them as so many oblivious backs, each back as familiar to him as the face of its owner. There was Grantland Rice, at work with his coat on; a neat dark back with a blue shirt collar. Next him, Bill McGeehan with iron-gray hair. That slim, exceedingly straight back whose ramrod spine supported a tall blond head was Westbrook Pegler's; the head that was narrow and brown belonged to Damon Runyon. With these men and others who were gathered in this room, Toby had written countless stories, witnessed innumerable athletic contests, traveled incalculable miles.

He spied an empty seat in a corner of the room, and was on his way to it when his associate, Bill Hastings, beckoned him.

"Look at Hank," said Hastings succinctly. "Give a look."

He referred to the third of the Star's triumvirate of gridiron correspondents. He sat at a table in an alcove, his typewriter open before him. He blinked at the keyboard; now and then, after long contemplation, he picked at a key.

"Fried," observed Toby, watching him critically. "How'd he get like that?"

"How does one?"

"When, I mean. I didn't see him around the press box."

"You're right you didn't," said Hastings. "He never got there."

There were stray sentences on the crooked yellow paper in Lehmann's machine, but none was intelligible. Toby, who had crossed to the alcove to find this out, laid a hand on Lehmann's back.

"Nice work, boy," he said gently. "You're doing fine."

He returned to Hastings. "Well. Who's elected?"

"Well," said Hastings, "who is?"

"I am, I guess," Toby agreed sadly. "He's covered me up plenty. So have you, for that matter."

Hastings did not deny it. "I'd do it," he said, pushing his hat farther back on his head. "Only thing is, I'm trying to get through and get home. My wife's having some people in."

"You take him along when you go, then," Toby said. "And I'll do the story. And watch him, will you? If he ever files what he's got there, it'll be just too bad."

He missed the tea dance altogether. His own story took him more than an hour, and Hank's took almost as long. It was 7:30 when, for the second time that evening, he typed the two long dashes with the little *o* between them that signify the end of a story for the press. The basement room was deserted by this time, save for Pegler and Shorty Ross. Toby lounged wearily to his feet, overturning his chair and letting it lie. He buttoned his vest, rereading the final page by Hank meanwhile; donned his coat and overcoat, and set his hat on at the careless, becoming angle he always affected—slightly over one brow, and a trifle back.

Hank, he decided, could have no complaints in the morning. This story was better than the one he had signed himself.

"Well, so long," he said to Shorty and Pegler. "I'll be seeing you."

"Stick around a minute," Shorty said, typing busily. "I'm about through here." He frowned at his copy and looked up, his forefingers suspended in V formation over the keys. "Say, what was the name of that substitute ——"

"Harrington," Pegler said instantly. "And 'covered himself with glory' is the next line."

Toby was moving away. "Got to go," he explained to Shorty. "I'm supposed to be at some sort of college-boy shindig."

He mounted the stairs and encountered Ann and Red and Bill at the top.

"Oh, here you are!" Ann cried. "We were just coming down."

She had obviously had a beautiful time; her eyes were shining, her cheeks brilliant with gayety and exercise, with swift undergraduate fox trots done by firelight. She had lost one shoe buckle, and the tips of the toes of both suède shoes bore dim tiny crescents of the corn meal that had made the dance floor slippery. Someone, probably Red, had thrust a bizarre bouquet of six or seven orange Princeton feathers into the buttonhole of her collar. She looked about seventeen years old, "and," thought Toby with fond paternal amusement, "very rah-rah."

"Hello," he said, beaming down at her. "How's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi?"

Ann made a little face at him, unseen by Red and Bill, who loitered several paces in the rear. "Toby," she said, "what the dickens happened to you? We waited and waited." Her eyes became solicitous, searching his face. "Did you get stuck, or what?"

"Well, yes," Toby said. "In a manner of speaking."

Ann exclaimed that it was a shame; he had missed the most gorgeous party. "You're all through now, though, aren't you?" she asked. "Come on then. There're some people waiting out front—Jimmy somebody and his girl. They've got a car, and they're going to drive us back."

The car was a giant's glossy coffin on wheels, with a Princeton banner blanketing its rear. Jimmy, who reclined under the steering wheel and dangled half a leg over the side, was a smallish baby-faced youth in a derby hat and the ubiquitous coonskins. His last name proved to be Hayes or Haynes. The car belonged to his father, who had driven to the game, but returned—somewhat to his own surprise—by the railroad.

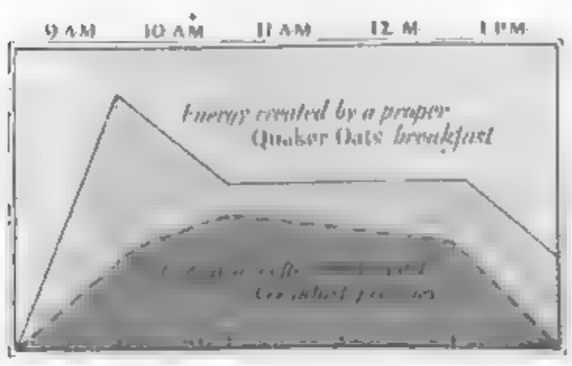
The girl beside Jimmy was introduced as Miss Randolph; everyone, Ann included, called her Puff. She wore a sleek sport coat of short-haired fur with an extreme, upstanding collar, in which the effect from the back of her tight felt hat was that of a cup inverted in a saucer. She was slender and fair, with dark, bored eyes and the sort of mouth that is made by ignoring the actual mouth entirely, and painting on a vivid

(Continued on Page 54)

How your energy curve responds

to the world's quickest hot breakfast

Tests show that Quick Quaker Oats gives not only greater but more sustained energy than ordinary breakfasts—and it is *ready to eat in 2½ to 5 minutes*—that's faster than toast.



This chart demonstrates the energy created by your food. Thus, the top lines show why you feel better, are more alert, mentally, after a normal breakfast including Quaker Oats. The bottom line shows the utter inadequacy of a light "coffee-and-toast" breakfast

Floyd Davis, the artist, takes time out to watch his wife, Gladys Rockwell, at work. The Davis breakfast table offers that stamina food which creative workers need: hot Quaker Oats

YOU live hard before the clock strikes twelve. Whether working or playing, doing housework or planning a business campaign, scientific data collected recently in universities, schools, offices and homes shows that 70% of the world's activity is spent by noon. That explains the need for a well-balanced hot breakfast every day. That indicates why doctors, dieticians, nurses, advise a Quaker Oats breakfast. And Quick Quaker is the busy housekeeper's answer. It cooks in 2½ minutes from the time the water boils.

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Served hot and savory, Quick Quaker has a creamy richness no other cereal known boasts.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling that have made the name Quaker a household word.

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THE COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

ALUMINUM PAINT
"IT LEAFS"

(Continued from Page 52)

petaled pout. Younger even than Ann looked—she could not have been more than sixteen—her lassitude, her bored eyes and thin, disdainful eyebrows, her way of murmuring "How amusing!" in a voice that was not amused, made her seem years older. Or rather, as Ann pointed out afterward, they made her seem "sixteen trying to seem years older."

Said Ann, "There never was anyone as old as Puff tries to seem."

They drove to New York. Ann sat in the back seat between Kohler and Salisbury, who lay so low on the ends of their spines that their heads were level with hers. They were still hatless; Red's hair was frantic with wind, but Bill's stayed close and neat, as it would always. A fur robe covered all three, its edge drawn up into their armpits. Sometimes they smoked, and the blown sparks made momentary tiny pyrotechnics in the night.

Jimmy and Puff and Toby rode in front. Puff, whose ennui her first long glance at Toby had miraculously dispelled, sat with one silken leg over the other, shapely and a-gleam in the light from the dashboard. The toe of her dangling foot just grazed Toby's ankle. She was still languid, by no means vivacious, but her dark eyes were not bored now. She sat ever so slightly nearer Toby than was necessary, and gave him a peerless profile, outlined against fur, to look at.

"Tell me about being a newspaperman," she said. "Is it fun at all?"

She had a murmurous little voice, and she talked in the shelter of her collar; Toby, in order to hear her, must incline his head toward hers. This lent a confidential, even a secret air, to the most trivial exchange of words; and Toby saw that it infuriated Jimmy. Indeed, the whole turn that events had taken infuriated Jimmy. He drove sulkily, saying almost nothing. Toby's attempts to include him in the conversation failed, and direct questions brought from him only the barest monosyllables.

"You crazy goof," Toby thought helplessly, longing to laugh. "I don't want your girl! Don't be like that."

The occupants of the back seat were singing as they rode, their voices flutelike, sweetly thin in the rushing wind. Songs of the summer just over, and tunes from the new fall shows. Then a whole medley of college songs: Old Nassau first, of course, and twice repeated; Lord Jeffery Amherst, When the Backs Go Tearing By and Bulldog, Bulldog. Then Old Nassau again, and the low, slow wail of the Princeton Jungle Song.

Presently they were singing things that had been popular three, four, five years ago. "Oh, listen!" one would cry. "Remember:

"Picture me
U'pon your knee "

And the others would come in lustily:

"Just tea for two
And two for tea ——"

Toby listened, smiling a little. He could remember Alexander's Ragtime Band; he could remember even the verses of Poor Butterfly and the other songs that had been new when young lieutenants wearing spurs were asked politely not to wear them on the dance floor. But the musical memories in the seat behind him went no further back, apparently, than Redhead Gal and It Had to be You; and they were vague as to the middle words of these.

"I am old," said Toby silently to the moon. "I am old and decrepit. I am the hoary grampa of this outfit."

He was not really depressed, however. To feel older than these youngsters was not necessarily to feel old at all. In a lofty yet sympathetic, perceptive way, he was entertained by the ride. By Bill in the back seat, trying to capture Ann's hand under the robe. By Jimmy, fuming at the wheel. By Puff. Particularly by Puff.

He knew that, for all her pretended listlessness, Puff's mind was fastened fiercely upon him. It was impossible not to know that she thought him very handsome, important, romantic and exciting; the fact that he was married quite evidently only added to his glamour in her eyes. As far as Puff was concerned, he and she were alone in the front seat; Jimmy, except as a chauffeur, had ceased to exist. This became more and more painfully obvious. But there seemed to be nothing Toby could do about it.

He said once, in a fatherly undertone to Puff, "The motorman is waxing a bit peevish, I'm afraid. Don't you think you ought to smile at him, or something?"

Her reply was so soft-spoken that he had to duck his head and ask her to repeat it. "I said," repeated Puff silkily, "he can go jump up and down. . . . May I have another cigarette, please?"

She smoked incessantly. Toby was kept busy lighting cigarettes for her. "You light me one," she would say when he offered the package. When, obediently, he reached for the dashboard lighter and bent his head, the cigarette between his lips, he was aware of her dark gaze upon him. When he handed her the cigarette her fingers took it slowly from his fingers, as if it clung. She had a way of saying "Thank you" with a sudden provocative sweep of long eyelashes; lifting them on the first slow syllable, letting them fall on the last.

"And all in all," Toby decided, "she needs a good spanking."

He said, "Listen, Puff; how old are you?"

"I'm twenty."

"Yeah. And," said Toby, "now that we have that settled, how old are you?"

"Don't you believe me?"

"Certainly not."

"We-ell. How old do you think I am, then?"

"Sixteen. Maybe."

Puff waived that. "It's a question of experience, isn't it?" she said. "Not how long one has lived, but how much."

Toby's mouth quivered slightly. "And you've lived a lot, have you?"

"Quite," said Puff calmly.

This was what they meant, Toby told himself, when they talked about the younger generation. This blasé child with the stage mouth and the astounding sex consciousness was what all the shooting was about. Immature as she was in her desire to seem mature, her sophistication was undeniable. "If there's anything she doesn't know," Toby thought, "I'm One-Eyed Connelly."

He speculated about her. Her life would have a rapid staccato rhythm; the tinkle of ice in glasses, the slam of heavy car doors, the midnight cry of saxophones, the pulse of cities would accent it. And she was sixteen. He was interested in her as a type, as a phenomenon. He wanted to find out what made her tick.

(Continued on Page 56)

Did you live in *half your house* last winter . . ?

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YOU spend money for coal, oil or gas. You burn this fuel in a heating plant. You generate heat easily, quickly, economically. Yet this heat is useful only when it reaches the radiators and spreads its warmth out through your rooms. Was all of your house warm last winter? Or were there parts that were uncomfortable?

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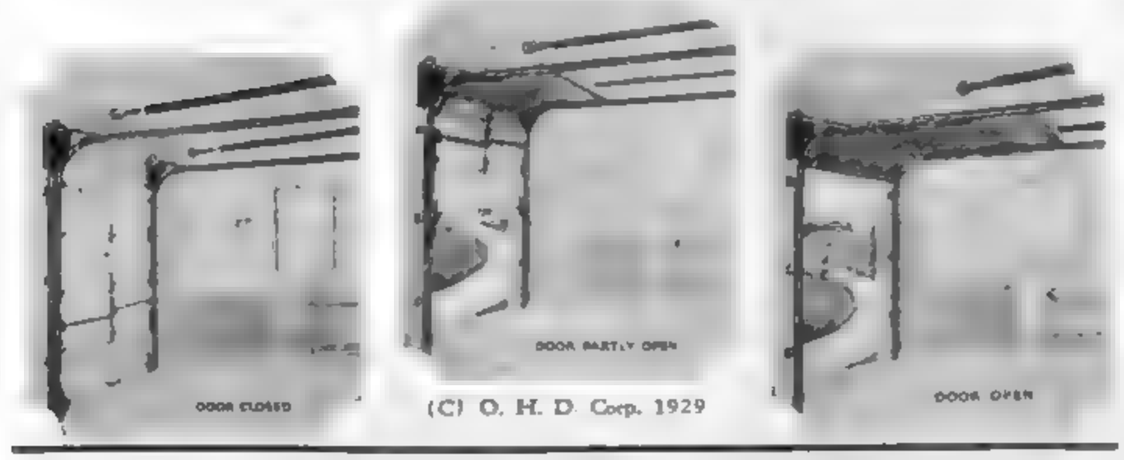

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(Continued from Page 54)

He said, "Tell me more about yourself." And, to start her off, "Where do you live, and all that?"

Puff lived in New York. She attended a fashionable school. "Only as a day pupil, though. I couldn't stay there all the time, of co'se; I'd go ga-ga." She spent her summers in Europe when she did not spend them on the Sound, and she preferred Europe to the States. "The men as a rule are so much more attractive; don't you think?"

She had been engaged twice, and once, last August, she had almost been married. "But there was some fuss or other about the license, and by the time that was fixed I'd changed my mind." She didn't believe in marriage, anyway; she would probably never marry now. She was, it gradually appeared, fed up with a number of things: School. Night clubs. College boys. The slang expression, "And how!" Musical comedies. The Paris Ritz bar.

"I'm talking an awful lot," she observed at last.

"Don't stop. I'm hanging on every word."

Puff's lashes did their quick little trick again, and Toby smiled faintly, indulgently. Puff had so many little tricks. "You ought to watch that infant work," he told Ann afterward. "It's a revelation." Idly now, as she went on talking, he noticed that her coat had parted at the hem and that the wind was curling the brief silk skirt of her dress: Puff seemed not to notice it at all.

With his thumb and forefinger Toby picked up the corner of the coat and dropped it lightly over six inches of silken knee and a ruffled garter buckled with marcasite.

"You're a big girl now, you know," he remarked gently. Adding, "Sorry. I interrupted. You were saying that your father and mother don't understand you?"

The passengers clamored to dine in Newark, but the chauffeur would not stop, though Puff, addressing him for almost the first time since they left Princeton, did her best to persuade him:

"Please, Jimmy, let's. The Robert Treat is really quite nice, and they dance there—and Mr. McLean's starved! We all had something to eat after the game, but he didn't."

"I'm all right," Toby said, amused. He had not mentioned hunger.

He was more amused when Puff's elbow immediately nudged him, urging him to conspire with her in what was only too patently a plot to postpone their parting his and hers. He was also somewhat annoyed. Little fool. . . . He said deliberately, "I had coffee and a hot dog while I was working. I'm not hungry at all, as a matter of fact."

"And," he thought, "my dear child, them're those."

He didn't know Puff.

On the ferryboat just starting to cross to New York, she suddenly said, "I want to go out on deck."

"Unh-uh," said Toby. "You stay here."

"No, I want to." She was sitting erect, turning toward him. "Move," she insisted, pushing his arm. "Let me get out. I'm being asphyxiated in this place."

"Let her out, Toby," Ann said anxiously from the back seat. "Puff, don't you feel well, honey?"

"Not very," she answered.

Toby opened the door beside him, climbed out and assisted Puff to alight. He looked over at Jimmy inquiringly. Jimmy was slouched under the wheel, one elbow lodged between spokes. He had not stirred, nor, plainly, did he mean to.

"Better go with her, hadn't you?" Toby said.

Jimmy's expression was disinterested, aloof. He mumbled something; Toby thought it was: "Oh, she's all right."

"Want me to go with you?" Ann was asking kindly. But Puff had already moved off. "You go, Toby," Ann directed, settling back.

Puff was making her way along the narrow path between the wall and the motionless cars, molding her coat about her figure as she went. She was not very tall, but she was taller than Toby would have expected if he had thought about it; he hadn't, consciously, but now he found that her height was a surprise. She should be petite; she had somehow the personality of little stature.

Following her, he noted that her long legs were perfectly shaped, that her walk was a lounging stroll, like a manikin's.

"She's no more sick," he abruptly thought, "than I am. Jimmy was right."

They gained the little corner deck, and Puff turned and confronted him. "There!" she said. "Isn't this much better?" She added, "May I have a cigarette?"

"You may not. You're supposed to be ill."

"But I'm not in the least, of course."

Toby eyed her sternly, trying not to smile; it was difficult; she was so self-possessed, so coolly outrageous. "What's the big idea?" he demanded. "Here we make a bee line for fresh air ——"

"You're not really angry," Puff said. It was a statement. She extended her hand, palm upward. "Cigarette, please."

Sighing, Toby produced one. "You're incorrigible," he told her good-humoredly. "I never saw such a brat."

"I usually get my own way," said Puff, "if that's what you mean."

She took the lighted cigarette and sauntered to the rail; leaned both arms on it, looking into the scudding gilt-black water. Toby leisurely followed and stood beside her. He looked at New York. The billion stars in the piece of sky-slipped-down-to-earth that was New York.

Puff murmured at his elbow.

"H'm?" Toby said.

He withdrew his gaze from the lights and fixed it on her. She was still looking at the water. "I just said, I wonder when I'll see you again?"

Toby made the conventional reply: "Soon, I hope."

She scrutinized him sideways. "Do you really?"

"Why, of course."

"You might call me up," Puff said after a moment. "It's in the phone book, under my father's name: T. Gregory Randolph."

"Oh, is he your father?" Toby asked.

He had never heard of T. Gregory Randolph, but he had to say something.

He, too, leaned his arms on the rail and hung over them, peering down. He was silent a moment, and Puff was silent.

"Will you?" she said then.

"Will I what?"

"Call me up?"

Her eyes were upon him again. Toby's eyes met them, and he smiled; a friendly smile, designed to take the sting out of his words. "Probably not, no," he said evenly.

Puff thought about that.

"You're so awfully married," she complained, after a time. "Aren't you?"

"It's not that so much," Toby said. "I'm so awfully in love, is the point."

"With your wife, you mean?"

"Naturally!"

"Well," said Puff, "lots of people aren't. With their wives, I mean."

"Lots of people aren't married to people like Ann," said Toby simply.

Puff was thoughtful again.

"How long have you been married?" she asked.

"Two months."

"Oh. Only two months, really?"

"Yes," Toby said rather defensively.

Puff looked at the water. "I would get a break like that," she remarked softly.

She let the cigarette fall from her fingers and watched it disappear. She straightened. "Well," she said, "nevertheless, I'll probably call you. I'll try not to, but I probably will. You can hang up on me if you want to." She looked at him squarely, and smiled a little. "I do those dumb things," she said, "when I'm crazy about somebody. And I'm crazy about you. You might as well know."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

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Prevention of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with *treatment* of the disease by means of antitoxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.

This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly coöperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-E.

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IPHIGENIA IN TUA NUA

(Continued from Page 13)

loved and lost than never to have loved at all. That is a cruel preachment. It isn't true that it is better. It is only true that it is more usual.

She looked back upon her lonelinesses of the past, and saw that they had been child's play. She looked forward, and shut her eyes tight against the pain of that looking.

But in the midst of that ostrichlike hiding against anticipated pain, she smiled. How childish he had been! After dinner, because of the darkness, she had showed him the way to the pier, lest he step in a hole or sprain his foot against coral. Arrived at the pier, he insisted upon accompanying her back to the house. A gentleman, he had said, could not let a lady go home alone!

It was at the very moment of her smiling upon this happy memory that a guitar sounded sudden muted chords in the night, and a voice that was at once gay and beseeching rose to her in song:

"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird song at morning and starshine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea."

In a twinkle she was at the window, and when the serenade had come to an end she said:

"Couldn't you sleep either?"

"No," he said. "Not with only one life to live."

"But we ought to try. Tomorrow will be a long day."

"It will not. With you for a comrade, time would always gallop. It might even run away."

"How did you know which window was mine?"

"A spirit in my feet brought me. Who knows how?"

"Do you know that it is after two o'clock?"

"I know that *tupapaus* are about and that it is not good to be alone. I'll be waiting for you on the veranda."

A woman's dressing in the South Seas is a very brief business. She pulls a dress over her head and slips her arms through the armholes. Then she either puts on a pair of shoes or she doesn't.

Iphigenia dressed and went out to him.

"You told me that your uncle expects to make a fortune out of this island. How?"

"Not out of the copra. That keeps us alive, but it will never do any more. There is shell in the lagoon that has never been touched."

"You mean pearl shell?"

"It is too deep to be reached by ordinary diving. If you go beyond a certain depth you come up paralyzed. It's just as if you had had a stroke of apoplexy."

"Pressure, I suppose."

"Perhaps. But more likely the sudden release from pressure. There has been no diving in this lagoon in anyone's memory. But Uncle Hector has worked out a scheme for getting the shell up—or a lot of it. It has to do with dynamite and currents. He has been working on it for years. At first he had only the theory. Last year he found a place in only five fathoms of water, a kind of cul-de-sac, all a mass of dead shells. He marked a basketful of them and dropped them overboard where the live shells are. In a very few days some of them had traveled nearly a mile back to the shallow place. Live shell is always tightly fastened to the coral. It takes a strong man to pry one loose. That's where the dynamite comes in."

"Can you count on there being pearls in them?"

"No. But the probabilities are good."

"And then you would be whisked off to Paris to be covered with diamonds and married to a duke!"

"I can surely count on that!"

"But, seriously, it sounds like a happy thought. It might work."

"We shall know before very long. Uncle Hector has gone now for the dynamite."

"I wonder what he would do if he came back to Nua and found that you had vanished?"

"Once when I wasn't very well I had hysterics about having to live any longer on this island. And all he said was: 'I am sure that it is all for the best.' If he found that I had vanished he would be greatly inconvenienced, but he would probably say the same thing. But if I vanished he would have no one to keep house for him when he was here or to keep things going when he was away."

"He could hire someone."

"He would never think of paying for what he can get for nothing."

"Will he be angry when he knows that you have had a guest?"

"The knowledge will be a weapon for him. When he sees me pulling a long mouth he will say: 'Cheer up, my girl. It isn't as if you hadn't had your fling.'"

Charles Hope became a little hot under his collar.

"It is outrageous," he said, "for a girl like you to be cooped up in a place like this. When I think of some of the girls that are running around loose in Bar Harbor and Newport, and how much money it takes to keep them alive, it makes me boil."

"I am glad that you think me a deserving character."

"Well, aren't you? Is there anybody like you? Anybody who wouldn't be a raving maniac after what you've been through?"

"As a matter of fact," she said, "if we are to be on the reef at dawn, we both look like a couple of idiots to be sitting up so late."

"Must we call it a night?"

"I think so."

"Will you be at the pier a little before dawn?"

"With a basket to put the snails in."

"I'll have coffee ready."

"Good night."

"Good night."

At the gate he began to strum his guitar. The strumming became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased.

"If only," she thought, "we had a chaperon, I think he would make love to me."

Upon that happy thought she fell asleep.

III

THERE was a steep beach of broken white coral to cross, a smooth-bottomed shallow to wade, and then a big step up and you were on the reef. It was perhaps fifty yards across and lay on the water like a dark ribbon. To the north and south, following the curve of the island, it disappeared from view. The going was smooth and easy. Here and there were pools, none of them deep, and it was only upon the ocean side that a misstep might have been disastrous. Here the drop to unknown depths was perpendicular at its best, and often superimpending. An athletic man, having slipped from the reef into the ocean, might have climbed back on the reef; but in so doing, the live sharp coral would have slashed him terribly, and every poisonous slash would have been in instant need of some powerful disinfectant such as pure alcohol or ethyl blue.

Iphigenia said that she had never seen the ocean so smooth. The swell was imperceivable, but every now and then the whole body of water seemed to rise, and then fall with a long-drawn sound of suction.

On some of these slow and stately risings of the entire ocean, the reef was overflowed. These overflowings were warm and delicious to their feet and ankles.

"What happens when there is a big surf?" (Continued on Page 80)

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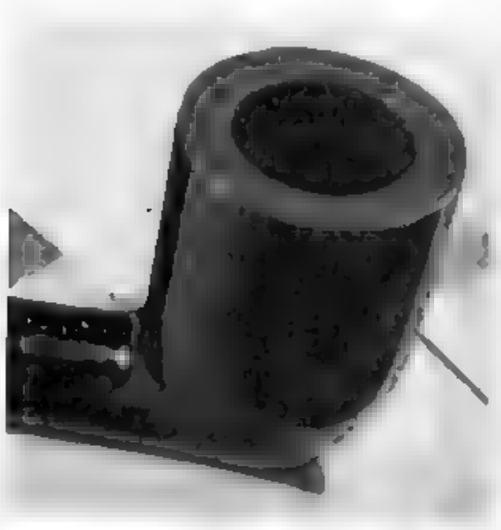

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Demuth Milano

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(Continued from Page 58)

At the bottom of the steep beach which they had descended, and at the top of it, was an irregular array of black coral bowlders. Some of them weighed many tons. Iphigenia pointed to them.

"When there is a really big surf," she said, "things like that are broken off the living reef and tossed to where you see them."

"What happens in a hurricane?"

"In the last hurricane the ocean passed clean over the island. That's why you see so few old coconut trees. Everything was destroyed. Fifty or sixty families used to live here. They owned the island. The village was on the opposite side of the pass from Nua. There's nothing left to show where it was. The ocean made a clean sweep of it."

"Many lives lost?"

"Many? All the lives in the village were lost—the men and women and children, the pigs and dogs and cats. After that storm nobody even owned the island. So the French Government took title and sold it to Uncle Hector, and we came here to live."

"To live—with a menace like that! Why, the place is nothing but a great death trap. I thought it was beautiful. But it's horrible—horrible"

"It's beautiful today."

"It isn't. It's too quiet. It's ominous"

"It's always like this before a blow."

"If I lived here I'd build a windproof, oceanproof tower out of cement."

"Uncle Hector is always going to do that very thing."

She laughed. But Charles Hope, standing and looking out over that smooth, ominous, violet ocean, felt very small and unsmiling.

"First blood!" cried Iphigenia. She darted to the outer edge of the reef and pried a fine sea snail loose from the coral.

"Let me see. Is that what we are looking for?"

The shell resembled that of the ordinary land snail, but it was much larger, thicker and heavily ribbed. The mouth was pearly and closed by a fat white porcelain button splashed with gold.

"They make an excellent chowder," said Iphigenia, and her sharp eyes discovered another and she pried it loose.

"What are the things embedded in the coral with the Prussian-blue mouths?"

"Another good chowder, but you need a steel chisel to get them out."

"It's a pity, because they are much easier to find than the snails, and there are lots more of them."

"Don't stick your finger into one of their mouths, because you'll only get part of it back."

"Fine, powerful fellows, aren't they? What's that spotted-snake thing in the pool?"

"A moray"

"Nasty-looking'"

"They have a nasty bite and they're not afraid."

"He looks as if he hated us."

Iphigenia found another snail. And another. Then young Mr. Hope found his first, and displayed it with great triumph.

When the sun rose their basket was half filled.

"We'll not find many more now," said Iphigenia. "As the sun rises they go over the edge of the reef into deep, cool water. We may as well turn back."

As the tide rose, the ocean overflowed the reef with greater frequency and with more depth and power. One wave came so strongly against their legs that Hope caught Iphigenia by the arm to steady her, and in so doing slipped and almost fell himself.

"I don't belong on shore," he said. "I belong in a boat. I understand boats, but this reef is Greek to me. . . . What a funny sky. It isn't baby blue, the way it ought to be. It's purple."

"Wind," said Iphigenia. "I told you. But it may not blow today or tomorrow"

That night Iphigenia was not serenaded, but an hour before sunrise Hope came under her window and waked her.

"I want you to come out and look at the weather," he said, "and tell me what is going to happen. The barometer has gone mad."

"I'll be with you in five minutes."

He waited, looking upward into an arrangement of clouds the like of which he had never seen before. The clouds, pressed together and varying very little in length or breadth, looked like great ocean liners, seen from below, smooth and shapely. The sun had not touched them with gold or rose. They were as white as the bellies of fish. There was visible among them no motion, no change of shape or position. It was as if the mighty fleet were at anchor in a breathless, tideless sea.

In less than five minutes she had joined him

"Have you ever seen the sky like that?"

"Never. But it was like that before the great hurricane."

"To the north, you can see from the pier, the horizon is black. And I don't mean dark. I mean black."

"What will you do about your boat?"

"Get her out where there is sea room as quickly as possible. Get the island between us and it."

"You had better run through the lagoon," she said coldly—"the reefs are all marked—and go out through the other pass. Then, if your boat can live through the blow that's on its way, you'll be all right."

"How long will it take you to pack your things'".

"Pack?"

"You don't think I'm going to leave you here—a girl alone to the mercy of a hurricane!"

"But ——"

"There's no time to argue. If you won't come willingly and quickly, I'll make you come by force. Write a line to your uncle perhaps the house won't be destroyed. Tell him that if we have time we'll be married by the missionary at the other side of the lagoon. Hurry!"

He went with her, and in ten minutes the letter had been written and Iphigenia's necessities made into four bundles and tied in red and white pareu cloths.

On the way to the pier he spoke twice and she spoke once.

"You don't love me, of course, Iphigenia," he said, "but I love you."

"I do love you," she said.

And he said: "Thank God for that!"

But he could not even pat her shoulder because of the four bundles which he had insisted on carrying. Arrived at the pier, he gave her orders.

"When you hear the engine turning over," he said, "cast off the stern line. Then cast off the bow line and come aboard with it."

He dove below to his engine.

It was cold and dead, and it took him some minutes to start it.

Waiting, Iphigenia looked into the pitch blackness that was like a huge wall along the northern horizon. Occasionally out of this blackness shot a jet of white. It was as if the wall were a fortress which was discharging occasional cannon.

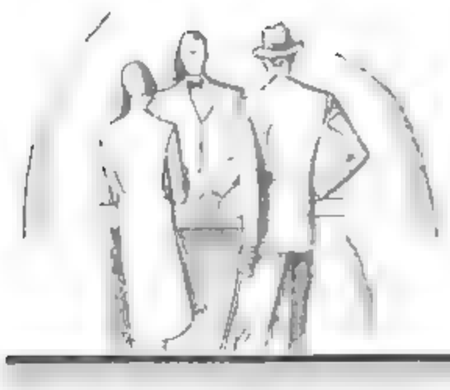
There was not as yet a breath of wind, but the sound of the surf, the everlasting dirge of coral atolls, was very strong and sinister.

The engine coughed, chugged, missed, almost died, spluttered, coughed again, and then began to purr contentedly. Iphigenia cast off the stern line, ran forward to the bow line, cast that off, and with the loose end in her hand, stepped quickly aboard the Storm.

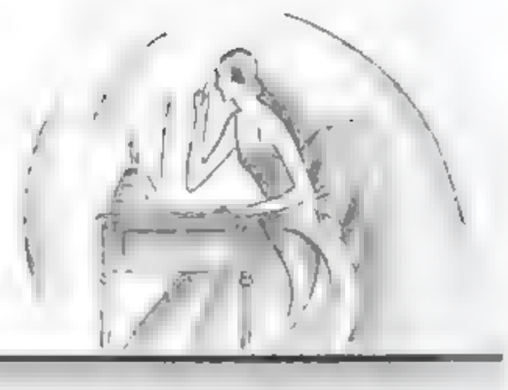
Her heart beat high. Even if it were not for very long, she was going to live. A god had come out of the sea in a little ship and had chosen her to be his love and his comrade. She coiled the bow line neatly, and the stern line. Hope was at the wheel. He gave her a quick, dark blue glance of approval.

The Storm was nibbling an eager way into the shallow waters of the lagoon.

(Continued on Page 62



Walgreen
DRUG STORES



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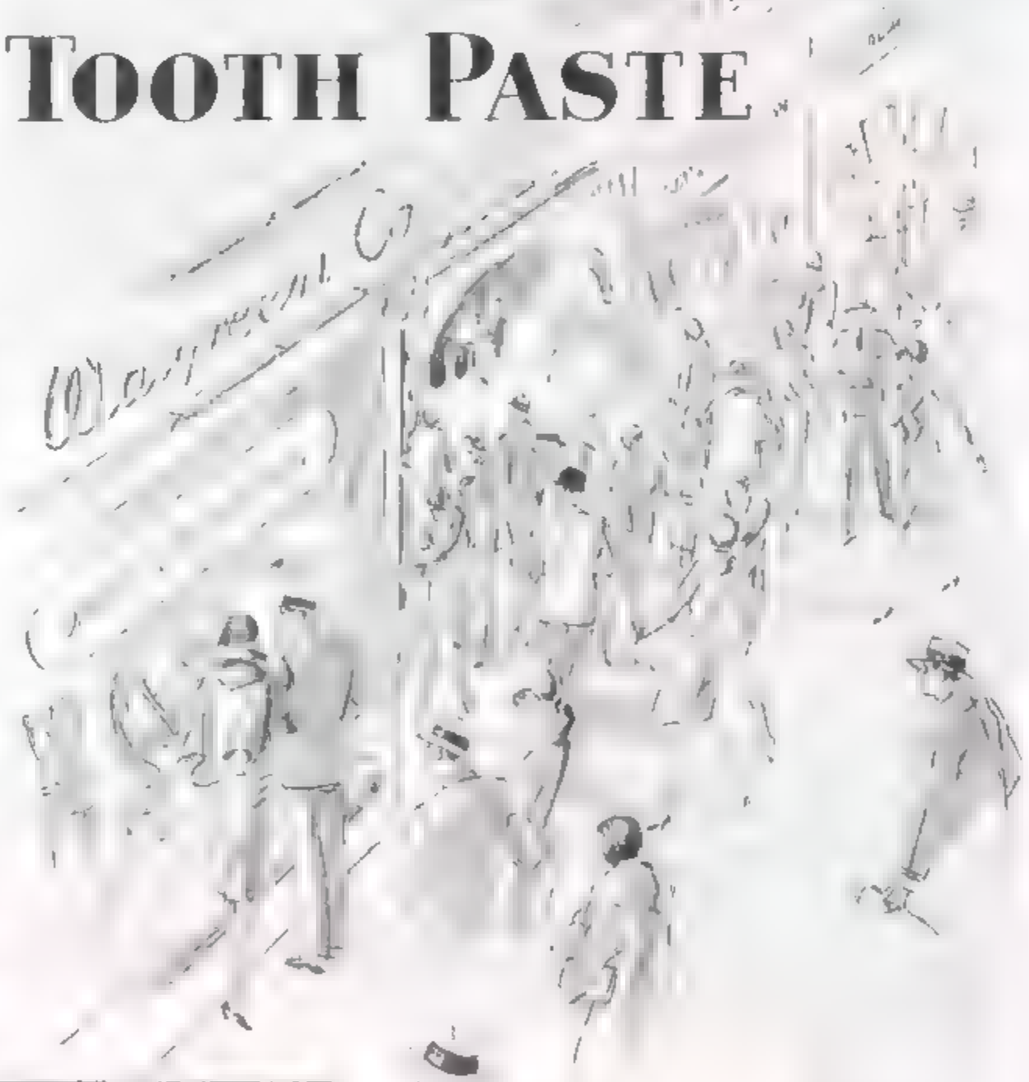

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Like Summer Sunshine in Winter

Balmy warmth of June in your home on the coldest days of winter! Every room, upstairs and down, cozy and comfortable! The cheer of firelight glow radiating its warm welcome to all!

This summer warmth and comfort in winter; this bright sentiment of the past; this practical home economy which actually reduces fuel expense ⅓ to ½; these are yours to enjoy in your home the day you install the patented ALLEN PARLOR FURNACE.

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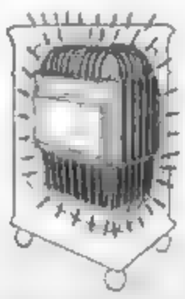

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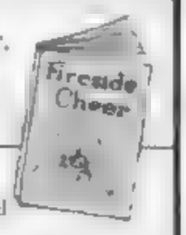

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(Continued from Page 60)

"If it's twelve miles to the other pass," he said, "we can do it in two hours. You'd better go forward and keep an eye out for coral. Maybe it isn't all marked."

He glanced over his shoulder. The black wall was much higher and the discharge of cannon more frequent.

"If we can make the pass before that cuts loose," he thought, "we'll be gambling with fate on even terms."

At the end of an hour the black wall astern had climbed almost to the zenith. The sun was nothing but a copper disk no more dazzling to the naked eye than the moon

"Will you take the wheel, Iphigenia?" he called. "I want to get our sea anchor on deck."

This resembled a small, heavy parachute. Thrown overboard, its drift to leeward would be slower than that of the Storm. The Storm therefore would ride with her nose to the sea and wind, giving way slowly before them and taking their buffets with diminished force, just as a boxer takes the shocking power out of his opponent's blows by drawing away from them. It is because of the sea anchor that small boats manned by a single adventurer have been able from time to time to circumnavigate the globe. All that is needed in addition is plenty of sea room. If there happen to be rocks in the way, or a lee shore, the unlucky little ship will, of course, perish.

When they reached the pass the day was like night, but the wind had not yet started to blow. The entire population of the removed village, with the exception of the missionary, was on the pier to meet them, and willing hands made the Storm fast.

"Where is the missionary?" Iphigenia asked.

"In the church, praying."

"Tell him to come quickly."

In a little while the missionary came. He was a lanky half-caste in European dress. He had the eyes of a zealot.

Iphigenia introduced Hope, and added: "Mr. Trowl talks English."

"We are going on a voyage," said Hope, "and we wish to be married."

"There is going to be a hurricane. You must come ashore until it's over."

"We'll be safer at sea," said Hope. "I know my boat."

Mr. Trowl conveyed this astonishing statement to the natives. They shook their heads, and, being fatalists, were not too frightened to laugh.

Mr. Trowl had another objection.

"The French laws about marriage" he began.

But Hope cut him off short: "If you do the best you can and we do the best we can, the marriage, considering the emergency, will stand."

Mr. Trowl shrugged his shoulders and stepped aboard the Storm. Rain was falling in black torrents as he pronounced them man and wife.

Hope went below and started his engine, the lines were cast off and the little Storm moved on through the pass toward the open sea.

"We are better off than they are," said Hope, and he looked back at the waving, diminishing figures on the pier, and waved to them. Then they were lost to view in a smother of rain, and the wind began to blow.

Hope shut off the engine, threw the sea anchor overboard, saw the Storm's answering bow turn slowly to face the wind, slid an arm around his wife's waist and for the first time kissed her.

"There's nothing to worry about," he said. "Speaking for myself, this is the first time in my life that I've ever been really happy. Let's get below before we are blown overboard."

For the next thirty-six hours they were neither able to go on deck, nor to cook, nor to sleep. But they were very happy and not afraid.

In thirty-six hours the hurricane had blown itself out and the motion of their ship became less violent.

"I'll go topside," said Hope, "and take an observation."

"What for?"

"Why, to find out where we are, Silly."

"Does it matter?"

"N-no."

"Do you care?"

"No. D-do you?"

"No."

He laughed aloud and kissed her, and went on deck to take his observation. His New England sense told him that if it didn't matter where they were at the moment, it would sometime.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

(Continued from Page 15)

"I know"—smiled Horn—"but I'm not asking for an electrician or a machinist or anything but some Tyrolese ass' head or some Westphalian dumb-bell that can pour oil into a lamp with directions printed on the can."

"That all you want?" asked the adjutant suspiciously. He tapped his teeth with a pencil. "Hm-m." He consulted a paper on the desk before him. "This falls very well then for all of us. I can give you a man after all. I'll give you a Belgian *Civilarbeiter*."

"A Belgian on the lock!" exclaimed Horn. "Why, the British would know more about the incoming and outgoing traffic than we did! No, never. All he's got to do is to memorize the numbers he sees on the bow of any U or destroyer, and they'll know what's in and what's at sea. The first time a cruiser comes down from Helgoland, John Bull will know it and lay for her on the way back!"

"You give the British too much credit," smiled the adjutant. "How can an ignorant man in Zeebrugge get technical information like that to the Admiralty in London?"

"I wish I knew," replied Horn, "but they do it! You let a Belgian anywhere near anything important and you read a description of it in the British papers the next week!"

"Well, the one I'm going to give you won't trouble you that way," said the adjutant, still smiling.

"Why not? He different from the rest of them? Think he's friendly? These Flemings are better liars than Turks!"

"He won't bother you," went on the adjutant, "because he can't see. He's blind."

"Well, then, what good is he?"

"He can pour oil into a lamp," replied the adjutant, "and that's all you said you wanted him for."

Two days later Starcke received his new assistant. Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn had told him that he was to have a helper, that he was a Belgian, but that he was blind.

"Blind!" cried Starcke. "God forbid! What good will he be then?"

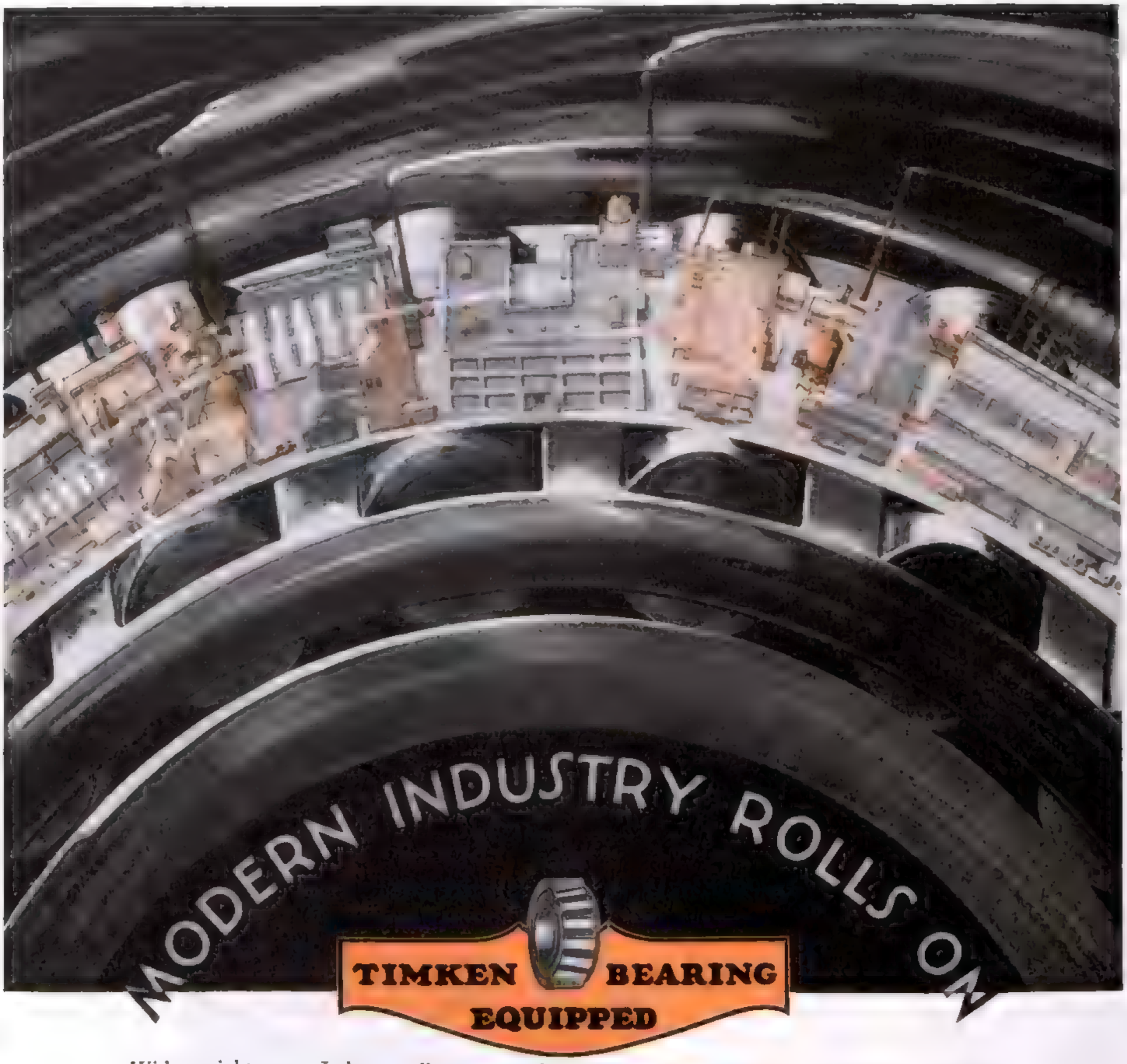
"He can fill the lamps. Also, he can hang them out. There are plenty of young brats around here that can lead him by the hand. Also, with a little patience, I think he can learn to clean them. He'll be kind of a broken crutch to lean on at the best, but we're hard put for men, and he had much better be doing something than sit in the stockade chewing his fingers all day long."

Early in the morning a little boy appeared leading a man along the road from the civilian workers' stockade. When they came opposite the lock they turned off the road toward the control house, and Starcke went forward to meet them.

The little boy, seeing Starcke, addressed him in German and extended an order he held in his hand.

"Are you German?" demanded Starcke in astonishment.

(Continued on Page 65)



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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York — San Francisco

(Continued from Page 62)

"No, sir," said the little boy, "we are both Belgians." He said it quickly, lest there be any mistake about it, and with a ring of defiance in his voice.

"You speak very good German," growled Starcke.

"We have heard so much of it for three years, sir," replied the boy.

"So! Well, it will do you no harm to learn German. You'll be German the rest of your life. . . . And you, you speak any German? What's your name?"

"Victor Dewaele," replied the boy's companion, turning his calm face with its shrunken eyes toward the petty officer.

"What's your occupation? Begging? Selling shoe laces?"

"I was a weaver at Verviers before the war."

"'Sir'!" snapped Starcke. "'I was a weaver, sir!' Say 'sir' when you speak to me. I am a petty officer of the Imperial German Navy, with twenty-nine years of service and the Iron Cross of the second class!"

"I was a weaver, sir!" replied the Belgian patiently.

"Good. Now, you, young skip-about, did they tell you you were to come back here right after evening roll call and lead this man around to hang out the lamps? They did?' Well, don't forget. I'll go with you the first two or three times to show you, and after that you'll have to do it yourself. Be off! And don't be late, or I'll box your ears! And, you, I see you've got your blankets. Come with me and I'll show you where to put them."

Behind the control house, halfway between it and the trench that led down to the shore battery, was a shack built of wood and dugout iron. On the door, in German, were painted the words, Lamp House. Inflammable Oils. Keep Fire Away. Built as it was, however, in the midst of the dunes, it would not endanger anything else if it went up in smoke through carelessness or from the explosion of a chance shell.

"Here," said Starcke, throwing open the door, "is your castle. Give me your hand. This is the bed. A good one too. It used to be mine, but I prefer a hammock, as a sailorman should. Here is a table. The lamps are here. Here, now, is the oil drum. You unship the bottom of the lamp, so. You hold it under this gadget, so. You turn on the oil, so, and when the reservoir is full you turn off the oil and put the reservoir back in the lamp. Now, can you do that?"

"I am to live here from now on, sir?" asked Dewaele.

"That's correct."

"It's not very comfortable. It stinks of oil."

"It's good enough for a Belgian," grunted Starcke. "Come, sit down and let me see if you can do anything here without spilling a gallon of oil for every lamp!"

There was a table there, and a rude chair, and drums of oil on trestles. Dewaele, after two or three cautious attempts, assisted by Starcke, lifted the oil reservoir out of the lamps, unscrewed the cap, held the reservoir under the drum, filled it and put it back in the lamp again. It took him, however, three hours and a half to fill the lamps the first day. That night, at sunset, the boy came for him, and again under the guidance of Starcke, they hung out the lamps. There were two huge beacons, one on either side of the canal entrance. One outside the control house, two inside, one in the guardhouse at the bridge, half a dozen small ones on the barrier on each side, two more on the switches of the side track that ran down to the fishing basin, more along both sides of the lock, and lastly, two on each lock gate.

Throughout the summer Victor Dewaele filled the lamps, and rarely a drop of oil was spilled. He cleaned them better than a man with eyes. All his life he had worked on a loom, his ear listening to the click and whir of the machine, his deft fingers darting here and there, feeling the pattern grow beneath them, ready to stop the machine instantly and to pick up and repair the first broken thread they felt. He listened now, with those doubly sensitive ears, to the gurgling of the oil in the lamp reservoir, he felt with those finger tips for smears of soot or grease on the glass. Every night at sunset he and the small boy set out the lamps, and every morning at daybreak they took them in again.

Winter in Belgium comes early and the bitter winds sweep in from the Channel, driving the sand from the dunes before them like shot. The marines that patrolled the shore and the sailors in the batteries wrapped themselves in mufflers and cursed the wind, the weather and the English, while they turned their purple noses seaward and searched the cheerless surface of the Channel for smoke smudge or distant dot that might be a hostile monitor.

Starcke, feeling after all a sense of indebtedness to the blind Belgian, suggested to Felz that they might let the lamplighter come into the control house to warm himself once in a while.

"What for?" growled Felz. "We'll get ourselves into a jam. Let him be cold. If his countrymen hadn't been so fresh he wouldn't have been taken away from wherever he was before."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," said Starcke, "but I don't want him to get sick. We'd have to take on the lamp job ourselves again."

So they brought Dewaele into the control house, where there was a stove and he could warm himself, but at the first screech of a siren from the bay or the first sign of a cape blowing along the causeway with an officer inside, he was bundled hastily out again. He could find his way, soon, entirely alone from the control-house door to the lamp room. Yet one afternoon disaster overcame them.

Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn, who never appeared unless there was a U coming in, suddenly threw open the door and there, directly in front of him, was Dewaele.

"What's this?" barked the officer. "Stand up, you! . . . What is he doing here, Starcke?"

"I'm knitting, sir," answered Dewaele, rising to his feet and turning his placid face toward the officer.

"Knitting! What's this Belgian doing here? Are you men mad? I never heard of such a thing in all my service!"

Starcke, standing stuffy at attention, made a slight sign to the officer, at the same time touching his eyes in a quick gesture.

"He's the lamplighter, lieutenant. We allow him to come in for warmth once a day. I meant to ask the lieutenant's permission the next time I saw him. He's knitting us stockings."

"Oh, he's the lamplighter! I never had a look at him. . . . Stockings! Where do you get the wool?"

"From the shore patrol, sir. They buy it off the Dutch."

"You, lamplighter there, you knit good stockings? . . . He knits good ones, does he?"

"Yes, lieutenant."

"Could you knit me a pair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't say '*Mein Herr*' to me; say '*Herr Oberleutnant.*' . . . Stockings! Soft! How long will it take you to make me a pair?"

"A few days, lieutenant."

"Listen, Starcke, buy me some wool or tell me where I can buy it. Woolen stockings are a luxury. . . . Listen, lamplighter, work hard on them. My feet are like ice all the time. Make me half a dozen pairs. . . . Here, Starcke, is money. Enough of that. Anything signaled yet, Starcke?"

"No, lieutenant."

"Did you ask that destroyer if she had any news?"

"Yes, lieutenant. She had none."

"Very good. Get going on those stockings, lamplighter. Good day!"

After that there was nothing said about the impropriety of having a Belgian in the control house. A week later, when the U-56, commanded by Oberleutnant Horn's brother-in-law came in, another dozen pair of stockings was ordered. So all winter Dewaele sat in the control house, once the lamps were filled, knitting busily, listening to Felz snoring in his hammock, to discussions of the war when both petty officers were awake, or hearing one or the other read aloud from the home-town paper. They no longer chased him out when a ship passed the lock. Dewaele would hear the shriek of the siren across the bay, then the faint orders from her deck, clearer as the ship came into the lock, the click of switches closing, the rumble of the lock gate going into its armored retreat, the grinding of the bridge swinging open, and the hails from the incoming U-boats:

"Ahoy! The UB-24 in yet?" Or "Fourteen thousand tons under water this cruise. Yo-ho for a two weeks' leave!" And for the outgoers always the same formula, in Starcke's heavy Pomeranian accent: Good luck, and God send you a forty-thousand-tonner the first day!"

Dewaele, with the sharpened senses of those who dwell in perpetual night, noticed now that Starcke bade farewell as the winter wore on to more boats than he welcomed and that more and more often someone would ask if the 10, or the 48, or the 16, or the UC-22 had come in yet. Starcke would reply, "No!"

Then, as the boat became longer and longer overdue, a perfect hail of questions about her would fall, everyone asking for news of her, then fewer and fewer, then horrid silence, until some day a destroyer or an incoming U would call something in lowered tones, and Dewaele, working at his stockings, would hear Felz, the sullen Dantziger, muttering aloud as he wrote in his private log, "*Wahrscheinlich durch Mine*"—"Probably by a mine." Probably! Or "Probably in the nets."

Dewaele shuddered. To be out there in the cold sea, in the darkness! He could appreciate that! Was he sorry for his country's enemies? Yes. They were men like himself—simple men like Felz and the fat Starcke that scraped his body against the door every time he went out—and Dewaele, in his darkness, could not understand why men like them should go out to drown others and be drowned in their turn.

The winter turned to spring, the snow disappeared, the windows could be opened in the control house for a little while each day, the sun shone brightly once more. They moved out, one warm day, and sat, all three, with their backs against the wall, sunning themselves. They blinked in the sun like animals that had come out of hibernation. They felt a sense of brotherhood, all three of them, in the sun's warmth. Felz and Starcke peaceably smoked long porcelain pipes with painted bowls. Starcke's was decorated, as a sailor's should be, with a picture of the Von der Thann, his old ship, but Felz had a woodland scene on his—a red sky, snow, and a stag pursued by wolves. Dewaele was sewing a new set of gilt buttons on Starcke's pea-jacket.

"Who-o-o-or!" growled a siren across the bay.

"Who's that," grumbled Felz, "when we're so comfortable here?"

"It's the S-120; she came in at daybreak," replied Starcke. He rose, yawned, and reaching through the window, rang the stand-by bell for the other gate. "Come, Felz; Horn will be down any minute now, and you'll get a growl if he finds you out here! He's getting crabby these days. His hand keeps him awake nights!"

"He won't be down," said Felz. "The 56 only went out day before yesterday."

"He's coming," said Dewaele quietly. "I hear his bicycle."

The other two looked in astonishment. Sure enough, Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn was coming, not from his quarters on the far side of the canal but from the direction of Blankenberghe, riding along the parapet of the trench that led down to the battery.

"You have good ears," remarked Starcke. Then Felz went in and Starcke took his station on the edge of the lock.

"I don't *need* a board!"

"Better have one, Kelly. You have to keep your feet dry this flu weather."

"Beggin' your pardon, Captain, but if anybody knows anything about keepin' feet dry, it's me. I've got to know! These soles are absolutely waterproof!"

"New shoes, eh?"

"No, Sir. I've worn these shoes, rain and shine, every day since last Christmas."

"Why, Kelly, I'd have sworn they were brand new. How do you do it?"

"Just like the Mayor does it. As soon as the original soles are worn out he takes his shoes to the nearest shoe repair shop and has them rebuilt with DRI-GUARD Waterproof Leather Soles. He says he has cut his family shoe bills in half, not to mention the saving in overshoes and doctor bills."

"Look here, Kelly, if they're tight enough to keep water out, they sure must cook your feet in hot weather!"

"Not a bit of it! Every step you take pulls in air around your feet . . . like breathing. And yet even after I've been standing in slush all day, my feet aren't even damp. These DRI-GUARD soles are wonderful. You ought to try 'em . . . just look for the DRI-GUARD sign in repair shops."

Take your old shoes, and those of your kiddies, to the nearest repair shop for rebuilding. Order Dri-Guard Waterproof Leather Soles with trade mark on every sole

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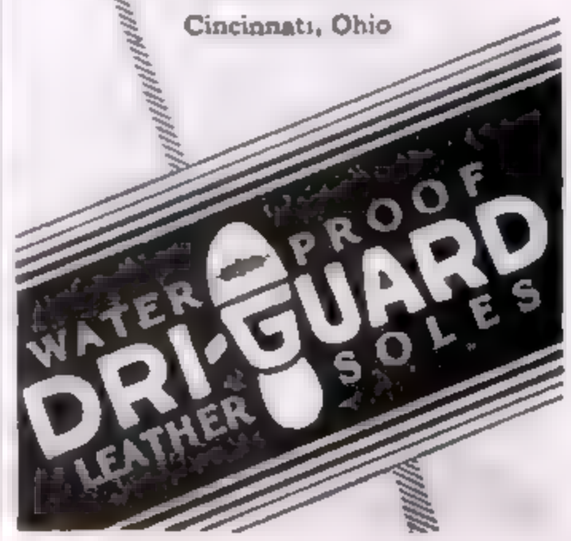

A

REVELATION

IN MARSHMALLOW FRESHNESS IN WHICH THE WHOLE NATION DELIGHTS!

CAMPFIRE BROWNIES. Blend ¼ cup butter and cup sugar. Add unbeaten egg and 2 oz. melted chocolate, ½ cup flour and punch salt. Fold in 8 Campfires cut in quarters and ½ cup chopped nutmeats. Spread in a shallow pan lined with waxed paper and bake in slow oven for 30 min. Cut in strips while warm

EACH luscious plump marshmallow from the marvelous Campfire Package is a revelation—*fragrant-fresh!* For the first time the whole nation is discovering the goodness of really fresh marshmallows.

Success is spreading as fast as these famous Campfire 1-lb. Family Packages can be made!

One person treats another. Good cooks are enthusiastic over the delectable dishes they concoct and whip together in no time at all. Piles of these remarkable Campfire Packages are kept on pantry shelves everywhere. Never before have there been marshmallows so cream-light, so *mouth-meltingly fresh!*

This new Campfire Package brings to you the taste of real marshmallow flavor. Marshmallows as fresh as though they were popped out of the kitchens and into your mouth! It is the new 1-lb. "Family Package." Because of a special process of wrapping, no air or moisture can get into the marshmallows. This new package is so absolutely dependable that *we guarantee the freshness of every marshmallow.*

Campfires have a pure-food base that blends with every other food. Keep a supply of the new 1-lb. packages on your pantry shelf. They will come in handy to complete many of your menus. Get Campfires from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. They cost no more than ordinary marshmallows.

Tuck this little package into your pocket, or into the corner of your market basket . . . it is the new, little Handy Package . . . five ounces of Campfires —10 cents. Freshness guaranteed.

The new Campfire recipe booklet is full of unusual, interesting recipes for new salads and desserts. Send us 10c for your copy. The Campfire Corporation, Cambridge, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Montreal, Canada.

"Good morning, Starcke, Felz. Good morning, lamplighter."

Horn dismounted and, leaning his bicycle against the control house, went out to the edge of the lock.

"No, Starcke"—as Starcke picked up the megaphone—"I'm not after news. The 56 has hardly put to sea. I was out on the road when the destroyer whistled and I just came down to see her through. It gives me something to do. I have no sleep and my hand bothers me."

The S-120, a squat, blunt destroyer with stumpy funnels, came cautiously into the canal, and then began to slide into the lock, surrounded by a sea of foam from her reversed propellers. The petty officer on her forecastle, where four men stood with heaving lines ready, waved a greeting to Starcke. An officer came running to the starboard end of her bridge.

"Ahoy the lock!" he shouted. "The U-56, *verstehen?* She was rammed in the Channel last night by the Ettrick Castle. Got it by radio from the British!"

"What's that?" shrieked Horn.

"*Ja*, the U-56. You birds are always asking for her. I thought I'd like to tell you."

"It's a lie!" shouted Horn. "You've made a mistake in the number!"

"Nothing like it. We spoke the 41. She got one S O S from the 56 by underwater signals. Then silence. No answer. The 41 went down there and found half the Channel fleet over where the 56 had gone down. You landlubbers think about that for a while!"

The destroyer surged on through the open bridge and on toward the upper end of the lock.

"Good enough, Felz," said Starcke hastily. "Close the bridge."

Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn swung about, his face distorted by fury.

"Close the bridge!" he repeated. "Did you hear that man say that the U-56 was down? That my sister was a widow? Is that all you can say—'Close the bridge!' What do you mean by it, you swine?"

"I but perform my duty, *Herr Oberleutnant-zur-See*," replied Starcke humbly.

"You!" foamed Horn, swinging on Dewaele. "What are you doing here? You're one of them! Rejoicing! Gloating! These are your friends, you, that have drowned my brother! That pleases you, doesn't it? Great stuff, hah!" He snatched Starcke's pea-jacket from the Belgian's hands and threw it on the ground. "To your kennel, dog!" he shrieked, and shoved the blind man toward the lamp house. Then, as Dewaele turned, the officer struck him so that he fell upon the stone flagging. Some realization of what he had done must have come to Horn then, for without a word he leaped on his bicycle and pedaled madly away.

"If that destroyer officer had had the brains of a bollard," said Starcke, "he would have known why we were always asking about the U-56! Fool! Didn't he know Horn's brother-in-law was its commander? Come, Felz, give us a hand and we'll carry this Belgian to bed. I think he's hurt."

The officer had struck Dewaele with his uninjured hand—that is to say, his left—which, after all, is the hand a prize fighter does his hitting with. He had fallen heavily on the stone flagging. He was, moreover, weakened from a continuous diet of carrot soup and alum made from black bread and potato peelings. He lay in his bunk all the afternoon, his head aching, his senses reeling.

Why had the officer struck him? He had not brought the bad news. He had had nothing to do with it. The war had gone by Dewaele as the tide went in and out of the lock. He heard it, he knew it was there, but it had never touched him. Now the war had touched him and he was a part of it. He had been half killed for the act of some English he had never seen. Why? Because he was a Belgian.

At sunset he went out with the boy to hang the lamps. He staggered in his walk. He felt fever shaking him. The boy, noticing the dry heat of Dewaele's hand, asked him if he were not ill, to which Dewaele replied, "No."

He ate no supper, and, on his hard bed, tossed and rolled, and tried to still the throbbing of his temples. He slept, but only at intervals. The pounding in his head grew worse It was intolerable. He dreamed. No. He was awake. That pounding was not in his head, but somewhere outside.

Gunfire! Where? An air raid? No. Guns that spoke and guns that replied with a heavier, deeper note. At sea? No, near at hand. But where could guns speak and others reply, and near?

The guns were hysterical now—a steady rumbling like the rushing of a waterfall, but answered by a dull, savage, bulldog sort of growl, an echoing boom, as though the water fell into deep rock-surrounded pools. And in between, as though a door were open and shut, came the snarl of machine guns. A landing!

Dewaele had heard the Germans discuss it, its possibilities, its chances of success, the methods taken to make the coast inviolable. Had the British come to try their luck?

He leaped out of bed and, opening the door, listened. Rain beat on his face. He located the noise now, that had become one horrid roar of sound, as though all hell's anvils resounded. It was across the bay to the south, where the great mole stretched its long arm seaward. The battery on the shore not fifty yards from the lamp house suddenly went into action. The lamplighter felt fear. He was helpless before the storm. He went into the lamp house again and stood trembling.

"*Laternenanzünder!* Ho, lamplighter! Dewaele!"

Who was that? Someone calling. Starcke's voice.

"Here!" replied Dewaele weakly. "What is it?"

There was no reply. Starcke had not heard. But another few seconds and he was at the door of the lamp house.

"Dewaele!" he shouted. "Come! The British are landing on the mole! There is a ship coming into the lock that does not answer our signals. The signaling lamp is broken, the wires are down! Felz has gone for help. Come, you must help me!"

He seized Dewaele's hand and hurried him along the path to the control house.

"See the rockets!" cried Starcke. "A man would think the mole were afire! The flares! There is light enough when they are on, but how the devil can a man read blinker signals in such a glare! Listen! I am going to signal from the end of the wall with the hand lamp. Can you hear me shout?

"No, but I will blow the horn twice. Then you will push this little button. That rings a bell at the lock gates and they stand by. We must give them warning, otherwise the ship will have to wait in the canal before she can get into the lock, and with the tide she's liable to run into the bridge or the canal walls! Understand? That's simple, isn't it? There! Stand right there! That's the button under your finger.

"Hah! What's this? I can only see her mastheads through the smoke! Damn the flares; the place is fifty times as dark when they go out! She's firing from that forward mast! We're shooting back at her from the lamp-house battery! Hah, that was a hit! See the sparks fly! Hah! Hit her again! An enemy! Sock it to her, the British sow! Pound it into her, boys! Give it to 'em! Wow! Flame from her funnels. She's beginning to roll on her side! Wham! That was a direct one! She's rolling over! What's this? She's signaling! Surrendering? No, I can't read it. Q-X-4. What does that mean? Q-X-4! I wish Felz were back; he knows some of those British signals.

"Listen to the racket on the mole. Hey! Another ship! A third! See their funnels? How they're being hit! They're coming in! They must be German. They are German! See, they fire at the other! It fires

(Continued on Page 68)

RIDE A BIKE

A Pair of Good Pals

We've been pals ever since my romper days. It was love at first sight when daddy brought home the Scooter Bike on which I learned to ride—what a thrill when the big one took its place!

You'll always see us together out-of-doors, flying away to classes, off to the country roads, or down to the shore to swim. Riding's such glorious fun! —and daddy says he knows "growing up in the saddle" has had a lot to do with my looking so fine and feeling so fit.

I think most mothers and daddies will agree with mine that riding a bike in the open air is the healthiest possible sport for young folks.

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back! Stand by, lamplighter! Confound this place, I can't see "

He tore open the steel door and Dewaele heard him catch up a hand lamp. There was a blast against the control house as of hail against a window, but more deadly, more vicious, so that the steel shutters rang again.

"Dewaele! Help!"

Dewaele went out, his hand against the wall until he found the place from where the voice had come. There, after a little search, he found Starcke, prone on the stone flagging.

"Are you hurt, Starcke?"

"The British—can't find canal—ruin gates—tell Felz ——" He coughed. "Mobile Defense Group—swine off mole!"

Dewaele tried to raise him from the stones, but the wounded man was too heavy. Suddenly Dewaele felt the other's hand go to salute.

"At your orders, sir!" said the German clearly, then the falling hand brushed Dewaele's wrist. Someone had come for Starcke.

Dewaele laid the other gently down upon the stones. What did he hear? The savage bellowing of near-by guns. The British were out there and could not find the canal! Wandering in the bay, as he himself wandered through life. What they meant to do in the canal he did not know, but if they wanted to come in, he would see to it.

He went into the house, and his weaver's hand, trained to flit about the swiftly forming cloth, fluttered over the control board. There was a switch there that lighted the beacons at the canal mouth. It must be small, for he had heard it closed many a time in the winter, and it made little noise. Ah! There it was! Or was it the one beside it? No, the left-hand one. And what was this huge one? It operated the motor that ran the great gate into its underground receptacle. He hurried to the door and listened. He heard the swift lap of water on the canal wall, the rattle of chains, shouts, cheers. The ship was coming into the canal. He heard something else the rattling thunder of an electric train crossing the railway line down the road. At this time of night an electric train! Why, no! Ah, yes! It was the Mobile Defense Group from Heyst that was going to sweep the British swine from the mole.

Dewaele went into the control house and felt beneath his hand the controller that opened the bridge. He could not see, but his trebly sensitive ears had heard that controller worked all winter and knew better how to do it than if he had seen it operated.

There! The switch was closed. Now the sparks hissed softly from under the controller blades. The geared wheels of the bridge rumbled as it swung open. No! But wait! There was something else he must do! There was a rod overhead that lowered the barrier! He had not lowered the barrier!

From without there was a thunderous explosion that rocked the house. It rolled and reverberated like thunder. Then it subsided, and the frenzied clamor of the guns went on once more. But Dewaele, crouching in the doorway, had heard another crash, simultaneous with the explosion a crash of steel, of iron, and tin and breaking glass, and of trucks crashing into stone walls, a tremendous, horrible fall from heights above into water. Then, on his left hand, men cheering and singing, and on the right hand, silence.

It was an hour later before anyone came to the control house, long after the firing and the explosions had died away, and no sound broke the night except the sullen, revengeful growling of the great Batterie Bismarck, shelling an unoffending sea. Suddenly Oberleutnant-zur-See Horn, Felz, other officers and other men surged in, a frantic group.

"Starcke dead!" cried Horn. "Nobody here but the Belgian! Did he do it?"

"No, machine gun," said someone. "He must have died instantly"

"You, lamplighter! What are you doing here? Run in, of course, to take refuge from your friends, the British! Speak up!"

"Starcke went for him as I went away, lieutenant," spoke up Felz. "He had to have someone help him with the stand-by bells."

"Speak up, lamplighter!" barked Horn. "What are you doing here?"

"Lieutenant, Starcke called to me that a ship was coming in to the lock, that he would signal it, and if it replied properly, that he would blow on his horn and I would then ring the stand-by bell."

"And then?"

"I do not know, sir. He said nothing more."

"But didn't you realize that he had been killed, that the beacons were on and that the British came into the canal? Starcke opened the bridge and left up the barrier, and three-quarters of the Mobile Defense Group went into the lock! There were three cyclist battalions and nine-tenths of the superior officers on the far side of the canal, and no way to get over except swim or go clear to Dudzeele!

"Do you know that the British have sunk three ships right smack in the canal so that a herring couldn't get in or out? All because of bungling here at this control house! You ass, didn't you realize that Starcke had made a mistake?"

Dewaele turned his patient face toward the speaker so that the light from a high-held lantern gleamed on his shrunken eyes.

"How would I know, *Herr Oberleutnant?*" he asked softly.

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—Avoid Unnecessary Repair Bills

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The summer grade lubricant now in your gears is "heavy" lubricant, especially made for use in hot summer driving, it will not withstand low winter temperatures. When the first cold snap comes along, summer lubricant hardens. Then your gear-shift "sticks." Shifting gears on frosty mornings becomes an ordeal.

And sticking gears are more than a nuisance. They're a warning of big repair bills on the way! They mean the lubricant in your gear boxes has become hard from the cold. Summer gear lubricant hardens in winter and this causes serious results. When your gears turn they cut a "channel" through this hard lubricant and whirl away mile after mile without any lubrication at all.

To avoid trouble and expense, go at once to the nearest Alemite-ing Station. Tell them you want the gears in your car thoroughly cleaned out and ALEMITE WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT put in.

Special Winter Gear Service

A special Alemite Gear Flusher sucks out all the old, hardened grease in differential and transmission. Sucks out the chips of steel, grit and dirt that can seriously injure your car's gears. Then flushes gear cases clean with kerosene.

Then—fresh ALEMITE WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT is forced in. A special WINTER lubricant that actually FLOWS at zero temperatures and retains its lubricating qualities at far below zero. Thus your gears shift with summer ease, even in coldest weather—and you are *assured* of efficient lubrication.

But be sure you go to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. (Note sign below.) You are sure at these stations of genuine Alemite Lubricants and efficient Alemite mechanics. To protect your interests and our own, we have developed special Alemite Lubricants for both gears and chassis bearings. And the special service called "Alemite-ing."

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All dealers who give you genuine Alemite-ing service display the sign shown below. They use genuine Alemite Lubricants. The sign shown here is their franchise and your protection.

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What to Ask For

1. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

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ZONE OF FRAGRANCE

Continued from Page 19

"It's such a tea room," she said faintly.

"Whatever?" He stared.

"It's a sign telling to such tourists how they can eat off the Smucker farm." Her lips barely moved.

"How they can eat off the ——" He stared on. "How they can eat —— Listen here oncet!" Astonishment came into his glance. "I don't give nobody the dare to nail signs onto my property. I don't give nobody the dare to adwertise such tea rooms on my land. Two of them it gives! This here one, and one nailed onto an orchard tree down the road a ways. I.——"

"Och," Phœbe's voice was more faint, "some mistake he has made—Johnny Graff. No rights I give him to nail signs onto your land."

"Take it off then," said her neighbor gruffly. "Listen here ——" Curiosity overcame him. "Who's running such a tea room, or whatever, then?"

"Me." Phœbe's head was down.

"You!" He put the sign down. He thrust his hands into his pockets and surveyed her. "You oncet!" Laughter welled up in him slowly; it broke and spilled out upon the summer morning. "You!" One paroxysm followed another until he was choking, gasping, wiping his eyes. "You oncet!" He rocked helplessly.

"Anyhow," Phœbe said miserably. She walked around him and up the road. Tears came into her eyes and she dashed them away. "Laugh," she advised him sorrowfully. "Laugh oncet, with the luck and the health you have always by you, with the richest farm in the county heired off to you. A farm where creeps and creeps always." She winked the tears away. She topped the slope. She set to hurrying again.

An automobile had stopped under Johnny Graff's swinging sign. People were alighting from it. Phœbe stumbled in her excitement.

"Yes." She answered their query about breakfast breathlessly. "Ham we got. Such eggs and potatoes. Strawberries we got, and cream. Fifteen minutes it would take maybe." Her hands fluttered, her skirts fluttered. She seated the strangers at one of the green tables and whipped the yellow runner from it.

The first patrons of the Copper Kettle dipped into bowls of strawberries covered with thick, clotted cream. They sniffed the fragrance of frying ham and listened to the early morning music of eggs being broken into ham fat. Their chatter died down. They forgot eventually to talk at all as their hypnotized hands conveyed morsels of pink, tender, gold-incrusted ham to their mouths, as their forks plunged experimentally through the golden crusts of mounds of crisp fried potatoes to release clouds of flavor-freighted steam, as they watched butter melt in yellow pools on snowy halves of hot beaten biscuit. When they leaned back in their benches finally, a man in the party whistled softly three times. "How much?" He looked respectfully up into the flushed face of their young waitress.

"Fifty cents each it makes fur the breakfast." Phœbe's heart turned completely over in the interval between her speech and his movement toward his pocket.

"And a dollar"—the money was placed on the table with a flourish—"for the best cook in Pennsylvania."

"Three dollars and fifty cents, even!" Phœbe murmured. She looked from the crisp bills and shining disk on her hand to the party clambering back into the car. Pale roses bloomed in her cheeks. Deep roses bloomed. Flags flew there. "Uncle Jake!" She started into motion suddenly. "Uncle Jake!"

"Laugh, Ephraim Bensamacher!" She sent it exultantly over the fields to him. "Laugh oncet! . . . Uncle Jake!" She burst triumphantly into the barn.

Tourists came and went, not in crowds but in a thin straggling line which Uncle Jake watched with lessening contempt and with increasing wonderment as the days went by.

"Folks where would lay down three dollars to feed only four people fur one meal now." He stopped to ponder it sometimes in the fields. "A man where would pay out a dollar and a half fur him and his missus fur supper only!" he'd exclaim to Phœbe.

"And a quarter in addition some pushes under the saucer," she'd put in triumphantly.

At the end of the first week Uncle Jake went down to the bank with the contents of his tin box. At the end of the second week he went again. From time to time during the third week he looked at Phœbe's glowing face and opened his mouth to speak, but each time he closed it again. The fatigue which had painted shadows under her eyes when evening came now was not enough to dim that glowing. Was she not working now too? Was she not helping to hold back those creeping Bensamacher fields?

Tourists came and went. They sat up with surprise when those delicious odors that came in from the out kitchen penetrated their consciousness. They sat rapt, almost devotional, over delicacies the recipes for which had come down in the Beidler family for generations. Bills passed from their hands into Phœbe's apron pocket, thence to the tin box, and thence to the bank.

But Uncle Jake did not, after all, have to speak. "Not enough it will be." Phœbe came to him one morning, the glow gone from her cheeks, the shine from her eyes. "Not enough we will have to pay off that—Bensamacher." She read confirmation of her fear in Uncle Jake's eyes.

"That it might give miracles by tea rooms I thought," he said.

"Nine weeks we got only." Her eyes came up heavily, they fastened themselves upon the Bensamacher lands.

"A hunert weeks it would take." He got up. He walked away from her unhappiness.

"But what we have we can give over to him!" she cried, following him. "Till another year we could ask him to wait!"

"A Bensamacher don't wait when land is under his nose fur to smell." Uncle Jake shook his head. "Don't anyhow higgle up your head so over it." He attempted awkwardly to comfort her.

Phœbe's shoulder stiffened under his hand. Uncle Jake followed her eyes and saw Ephraim Bensamacher coming up the path. Ephraim was a study in red and blue. His ears, his temples and his neck down into the V of his shirt were red; the shirt itself and the overalls were blue.

"An early wisit you are making on us," Uncle Jake suggested with feeble jocosity.

"Fur dinner I come," Ephraim announced. "You set meals out here, ain't?"

"Phœbe sets them out." Uncle Jake cleared his throat uncertainly.

"Fur seventy-five cents," Phœbe said clearly.

"Och, I got the money fur to pay." His eye took in the swinging sign, the whitewashed stones that edged the path, the trim white boxes of flowers. He followed Phœbe into the dining room, and here his eyes were busy again, studying the arrangement of tables, the shining copper kettle, the pewter plates.

Phœbe stood motionless in the out kitchen. "Nothing I will carry in to him," she choked. "Nothing I will set down before him. To spy he comes only!"

"Anyhow you better meal him." Uncle Jake sighed.

She moved at length. She carried steaming dishes in and set them down.

"Seventy-five cents you charge off fur each meal?" her guest inquired interestedly.

"Yes."

"How many mealers do you serve off in a day then?"

She flushed. "I have never kept no count of them," she said stonily. "Do you take your coffee with or after still?"

Ephraim didn't answer. He had picked up a fork and was prodding at a brown, garnished mass on his plate. "Spetzel!" he breathed unbelievingly.

"Do you take your coffee ——"

"Spetzel with sauerkraut!" He prodded again.

"Anyhow," she agreed acidly. "Do you ——"

"Spetzel with sauerkraut with pork!" His voice was jubilant.

"Cold it'll turn on you," she said. Her eyes wavered then and fell away. The blood pounded in her cheeks and she fled into the kitchen. "To spy on us he comes over," she thought scornfully. "To see how much money we make."

His rapping on the green-painted table recalled her to the dining room. "Does it cost some extra for another helping?" he inquired, wiping his mouth.

"Extra it costs." She looked carefully at a point at the side of and above his head. "Fifty cents."

He hesitated. He sighed. "Lift some more up fur me," he said. He cleaned his dishes a second time and made a movement to rise.

"It gives dessert," Phœbe said, looking still at that point above his head.

He sniffed. He turned a section of flaky crust back with his fork. "Schnitz pie!" It burst from him excitedly. "You ain't said how it was schnitz pie yet!" Eyes closed, he let his teeth sink into the first bite. "With—with green currants!" he discovered blissfully.

Never had a quarter of schnitz pie disappeared so quickly. Ephraim paid his bill and got up to go, but at the doorway he turned and came back.

"Sauerkraut you cook up with spetzel always?" he asked respectfully.

"With dumplings sometimes," she said coldly. "Do you take such time off from your fields always to eat, Mr. Bensamacher?" Hatred was hurting her throat again now.

"My mother, too, before she was took off." He stared off across the fields and seemed reminiscently to be savoring something on his tongue. "Sometimes with spetzel and sometimes with dumplings."

"It makes interesting to hear," she murmured scathingly.

Three days passed, and again the thin line of tourists was augmented by a blue-shirted figure. The figure was young, its shoulders were broad, its thatch of tow-colored hair was untidy, and there was a sun flush under the smooth tan of its cheek.

"Good morning, Mr. Bensamacher," Phœbe said into the air at a place where he was not.

"Good morning, Miss Smucker." Ephraim sidled his bulk between a green bench and a green table; his blue eyes were sheepish. "I happened to be passing the road up," he mumbled, "and it come to my stummick it was mealtime a'ready." He looked at her averted chin. "Ham it smells like," he ventured.

She didn't answer.

"Ham baked up in a jacket of such flour and water, maybe?" he suggested hopefully.

"Maybe." Her lips were set.

"With hot-egg buttons mom used to serve it up always." His eyes, tormented with anticipation, rested upon her.

"With hot-egg buttons and sweet potato klopf," she rejoined sharply. "How anyhow else?"

"With sweet potato klopf!" he groaned blissfully. "Could you lift mine in a hurry up?"

Ham, baked in a jacket! Tender, pink, juicy, savory ham! Egg buttons browned in hot lard and dusted with powdered sugar! Sweet potato klopf! Baked onions

(*Continued on Page 72*)

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

The magnificently carved and gilded barges in which Georgian royalty traversed the Thames, represented the height of 18th century luxury

THE new series Packard cars now on display again impress the permanence and stability of the famous Packard design.

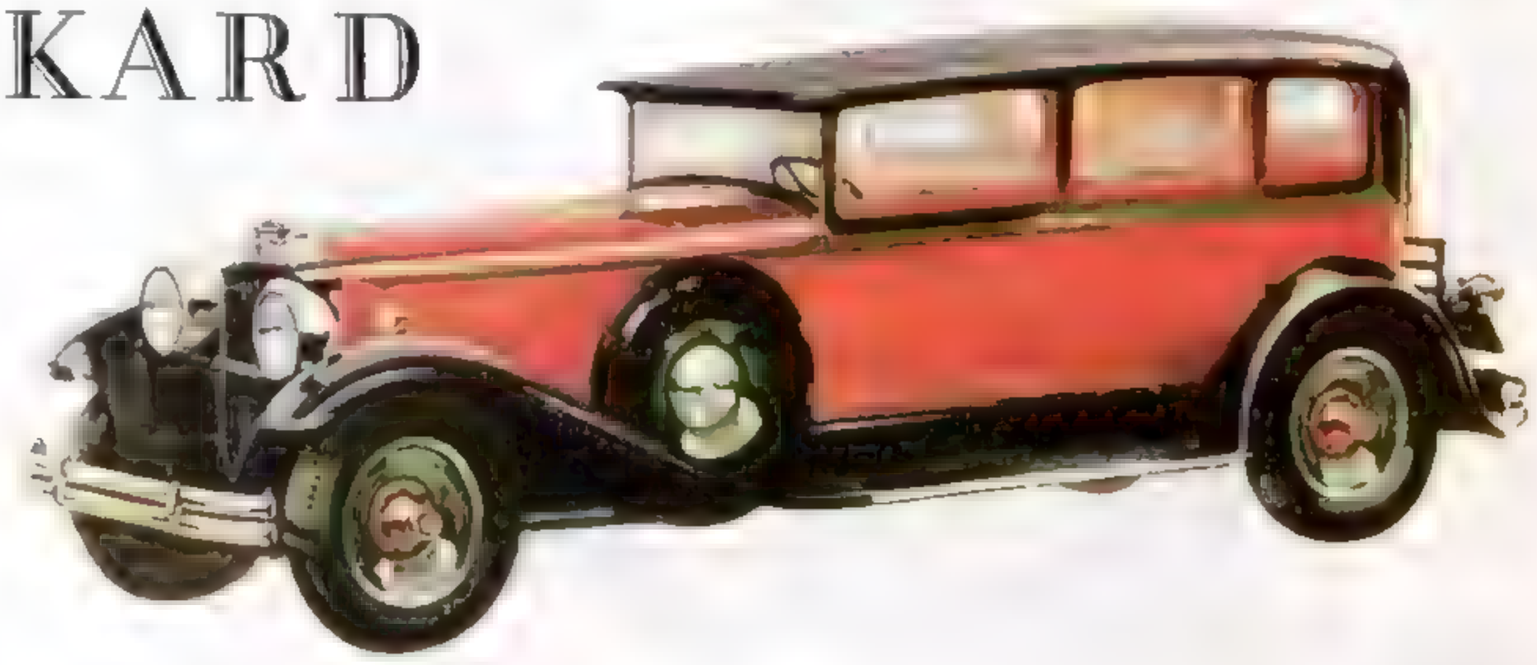
Refined and beautified as they are, these new cars remain unmistakably Packard. No way has yet been found to improve the fundamental grace of the distinctive and characteristic Packard lines.

And this freshly emphasized stability of appearance continues to impress a motor car buying public tired of investing, every other year, in a car which will be out of date and outmoded a year later.

The permanent style and beauty of the Packard Eight means more even than the satisfaction of owning a car acclaimed as the most beautiful in the world. It has its certain reflection upon the owner's pocketbook. For the finest of materials and workmanship are discounted if beauty and style do not long persist.

The Packard owner enjoys keeping his car far longer than is usual—for the Packard continues to provide luxurious transportation—and to look the part.

PACKARD



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

"WAVERLY USERS ARE DISCERNING BUYERS"

Thoroughbreds *all,* *but only one blue ribbon*

Even among motor oils there are thoroughbreds—but there is always one just enough better than the rest to win the blue ribbon.

The keen judge of values recognizes in Waverly All-Pennsylvania those extra points of excellence that stamp it at once as a motor oil of the highest quality.

Coming from the finest crude oil in all the world, Waverly is refined to perfection. Nothing further could be done to make it better. Waverly as it is today is the result of 49 years of refining experience.

The Waverly Guarantee

Drive in to any licensed Waverly Dealer. Have your crank-case drained and filled with Waverly All-Pennsylvania Motor Oil. If you do not find it the most economical and satisfactory lubricant you have ever used, the dealer is authorized to refund your money. The price of Waverly east of the Rockies is 35 cents a quart.

Ask any Waverly dealer for the Waverly Log—a handy little vest-pocket book in which you can keep an account of your expenses. Or write directly to

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Buy only from Licensed Waverly Dealers

Waverly "ALL PENNSYLVANIA" MOTOR OIL

(Continued from Page 70)

with cream gravy! Pepper cabbage! Schmierkase! Ephraim hunched down. He picked up his fork.

"Some quince honey fur the egg buttons it gives." There was nothing honeylike in Phœbe's tones as she set a cruet down with a short smart bump.

"Quince honey even!" He groaned again.

Phœbe stood in the shelter of the deep doorway and watched him. "To count on us he comes," she thought bitterly. "To figure up such mealers and such profits. That the farm will slip out from under his fingers he has afraid maybe. Och, he don't need to have afraid!" Her eyes dwelt on the tow thatch of his hair, on the line of his strong neck. She watched, and the bitterness faded gradually out of her. In its place there came wave after wave of a warm, sweet satisfaction. This treacherous new feeling washed over her; it held her limbs powerless to move, her brain powerless to think. "So heartylike he eats!" Words emerged from it at length. "Such health he has on him! Such youth!" She had cooked food for him and he found it good. She had ——

"Och!" She recovered herself with a start, and her hands flew to her cheeks. That she should stand here and look thus upon Ephraim Bensamacher, that she should think off such thoughts about him. "Och!" In the security of the kitchen she took a dipperful of cold spring water and dashed it upon her stinging cheeks. "It kreistles me to look at him even." She shuddered. "It kreistles me to think of him." She set his Scripture cake, his preserved peaches and coffee down before him with three distinct and separate thumps.

"Listen here oncet ——" Ephraim had cleaned up the last crumb of his Scripture cake; red had taken his ears and temples in a flood. "Listen here ——" He shifted from one foot to another. "Gives it some reduction by the Copper Kettle fur a steady mealer'"

Phœbe clasped her hands and unclasped them. "No reduction it gives," she said, looking again at that space to the right where he was not.

"Anyhow"—he stumbled—"anyhow fur breakfast and dinner and supper I will be in each day." He dropped his hat, picked it up again, and plunged through the door.

"He can set and set till he starves even!" Phœbe sought Uncle Jake on the verge of tears. "What fur anyhow does he come over spying on us? Till the fall even couldn't he stay on his own land?"

"A inn is open up always to such representatives of the public as come into it," Uncle Jake pointed out with tired reasonableness. "It makes nothing anyhow either here nor there." He sighed. Nothing made much anyhow for Uncle Jake these days. His faded eyes rested, as they so often rested, on far horizons, and for a long time he said nothing. "Next month I will maybe look up such a farm where we could be tenants at," he said at length. His eyes came back then to his own fields and raked them sadly. "Next month, at the least." He nodded his head slowly.

Tourists came and went. Birds of passage they were, here at dinnertime, gone at suppertime. One patron of the Copper Kettle, however, remained constant. Not a breakfast, not a dinner, not a supper did Ephraim Bensamacher miss as the late weeks of July passed into the early weeks of August, as the corn and the wheat sprang higher and higher on his fertile lands, as the fruits swelled and grew luscious in his orchards. As a rule he ate silently, but now and then an exclamation burst from him. "Frikadel!" His eye would light up. "The beef heart pickled!" He'd rub his hands. "My mother, too, served it up so. Ach, mince pie—and with the sweet cider in it, maybe?"

The Copper Kettle had a silent waitress now. The pink had faded from her cheeks, the blue had deepened in her eyes, her chin had lost some of its upcurving challenge. She no longer set things down with a thump in front of the steady mealer, but slipped them into place soundlessly, her troubled eyes scarce noting whether it was Ephraim she served or whether it was an occasional tourist.

"Fur me it ain't so bad to be pushed out," she thought. "I got health by me. I got youth. But for Uncle Jake ——"

"Such peaches and cream we got today or such elder pie," she'd murmur.

"Such dried elder pie, maybe?" would come Ephraim's enthusiastic question.

"Such schnitz and knepp we got today or the pressed-beef loaf ——"

"Ach, schnitz and knepp!"

An odd tourist or two from a less hearty-eating section might have thought the Copper Kettle meals a little heavy for August consumption, but not Ephraim Bensamacher.

Uncle Jake drifted into the out kitchen one August evening. "Ephraim goes into town maybe after his dinner tonight," he reported. "In his car he has drove over and is sitting so dressed up you would hardly know him even."

It was true. Ephraim's collar that evening was high and white. He wore not only a coat but also a vest. His shoes had taken on a high polish at one end of him and his hair was slicked smooth at the other. He didn't, however, drive on into town, but ate swiftly and silently, climbed back into his car and drove home. The heat might have accounted for the fact that his face was red and that he had to run his fingers repeatedly under his collar. He wasn't accustomed to such tight clothes or to so many of them. Five nights he endured them, however, and his face was a shade or two more red each night. On the sixth occasion the conflagration reached its height as he placed a hand over Phœbe's on the table.

"What makes you always anyhow so unfriendly like with me?" he choked and the raspberry seeping through the pie crust was no more crimson than his ears. Phœbe looked up, startled.

"Could a Smucker then be friends with a Bensamacher?" she asked tiredly.

"Why anyhow not?" Ephraim forgot to eat his pie. He ran his finger again under the high white collar. "Could you not at the least go for an automobile ride along?" he blurted.

"Too much I got to do." She spoke hurriedly now, and nervously. "It comes late customers sometimes, and I got to redd up the place." She twisted her apron.

"Later I could come over," he persisted. "Say—say anyhow yes."

"Too tired I am." Her voice was faint. "Too much I got to do." She twisted more frantically.

"Cool it makes to ride on such a night. Cushions"—he choked, swallowed—"cushions I could put in."

She didn't answer.

"It would rest you up maybe," he said desperately. "Could"—the possibility of defeat brought him to the strangulation point—"could I not come back?"

"If—if you wanted to." Her apron was now twisted into a knot. Patiently, in the kitchen, she smoothed it.

"That pink makes anyhow a becoming color," Ephraim gulped as she got into the car.

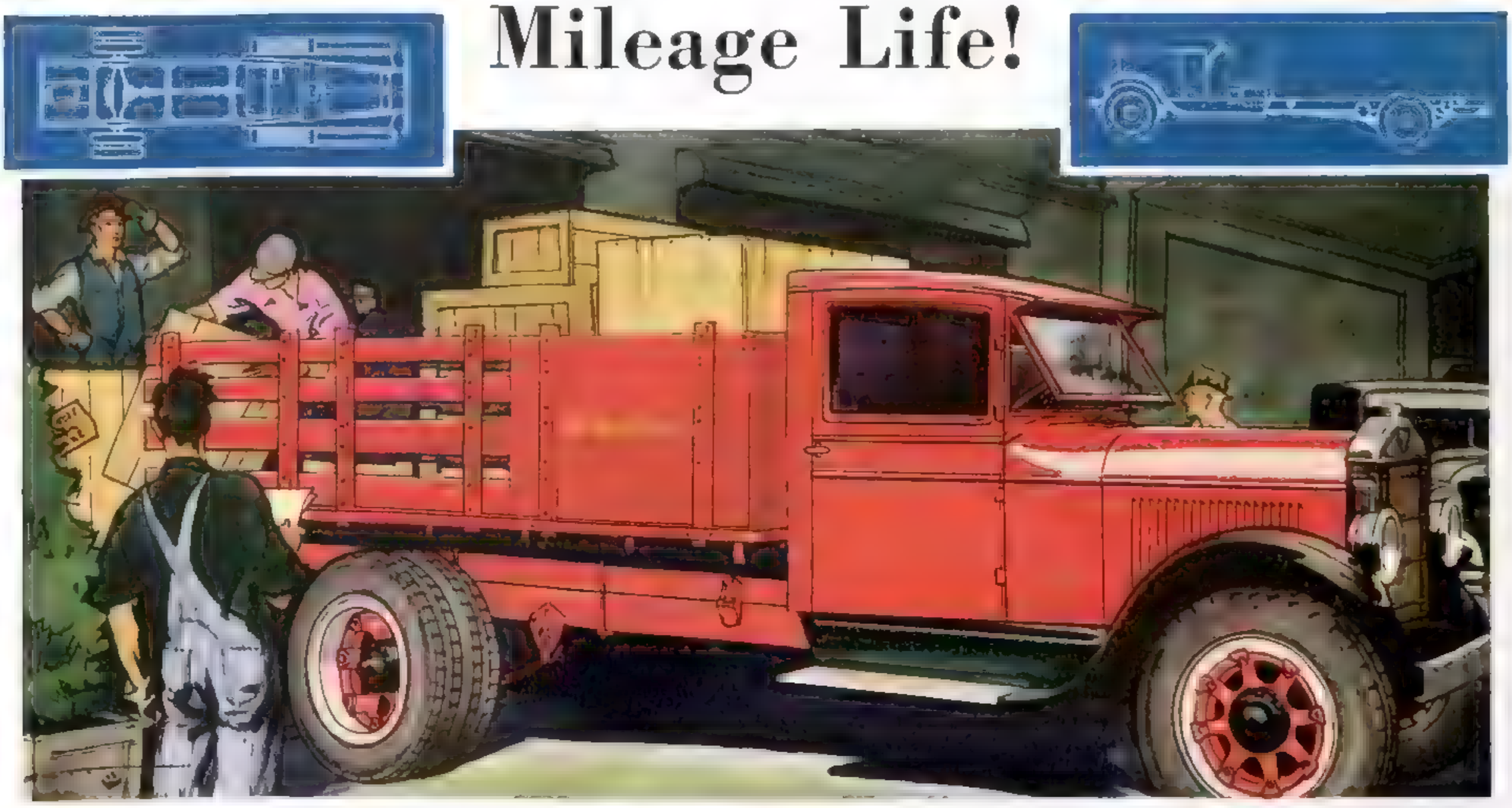
He looked no more at her after that, but kept his eyes straight ahead. They followed the highway down past Bennersville, and Phœbe's cheeks were alternately cooled by the night breeze and flushed by the thought that she was riding with Ephraim Bensamacher. They passed through zones of fragrance, and by degrees that treacherous warm feeling of satisfaction settled over her again.

"It makes me not unhappy to ride by him along," she discovered, surprised. "It makes"—she drew her breath in sharply—"it makes me some happy even!" With a sudden shock of dismayed loyalty she lifted her chin. "It makes better that we should turn home now," she faltered.

(Continued on Page 74)

Now!

1½ to 3 Ton Transportation With Practically Unlimited Mileage Life!



3-Ton Heavy Duty Speed Wagon in the Service of Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham, Alabama

Speed Wagons Powered by the New Reo Gold Crown Engine Are Built To Beat Reo's Present Outstanding Record for Continuous, Long-lived Service—with Passenger Car Speed and Economy in Heavy Hauling

ENGINEERS and transportation experts now confidently predict an utterly new conception of long life in commercial transportation—a new era of continuous, uninterrupted service in trucks, such as men have never known before.

They say, based on actual service to date, that the new Speed Wagons powered by the new Reo Gold Crown Engine will outlast and outperform any other similar truck built today! They will beat Reo's own heretofore unbroken record!

Every engineering and manufacturing advancement known today—many of them developed exclusively by Reo—has been built into these Speed Wagons to provide practically unlimited mileage life.

Equally important to modern industry is the ability of these new Reo Speed Wagons to meet the "Time Element" in hauling—to cover a wider radius in shorter time than ever before. And every business man knows that "the quicker the run, the greater the profit."

Reo Gold Crown Engine

These new Reo Speed Wagons are powered by the Reo Gold Crown Engine to meet the requirements of today's rapidly changing traffic conditions—an engine that accelerates and holds the pace in traffic set by the newest passenger cars. *Chrome nickel alloy cylinder block*—the longest wearing cylinder material known today. *New type low expansion, longest lasting aluminum alloy pistons* that retain full compression and offer almost unbelievably longer life. 6 cylinders. 7-bearing crankshaft. Full pressure lubrication.

Many other engineering features throughout the chassis as well, have been added that result not only in amazing power, flexibility and economy, but have *markedly defeated friction and vibration*, the two greatest foes of economy and long life. 4-wheel, 2-shoe, internal expanding hydraulic brakes. Myers built-in magazine chassis lubrication. Air cushioned seats. And full equipment.

Nine wheelbase sizes—from 134 to 179 inches—in tonnage capacities of 1½, 2 and 3 tons. All competitively priced—from $1,295 to $2,200—to reduce your investment in long life hauling equipment.

A Long Life Record Probably Unequaled in the History of Commercial Transportation

—On July 1, 1928, there were 96,481 Reo Speed Wagons registered in the United States.

—This was 4,756 more than had been sold in the United States during the entire 6½ years from January 1, 1922, to July 1, 1928.

—93.2% of all the Reo Speed Wagons sold in the United States during the previous 7½ years was still in registered use July 1, 1928.

—80.3% of all the Reo Speed Wagons sold in the United States during the previous 8½ years was still in registered use on July 1, 1928.

—50.8% of all Reo trucks sold since 1913 was still registered on July 1, 1928.

Reo Speed Wagons for General Utility Tonner Service

The same remarkable flexibility, speed, economy of operation, long life and value that distinguish the new Speed Wagons for the heavy duty field are also built into the General Utility Speed Wagons for 1-ton service. Models ranging to 138-inch wheelbase. Chassis priced to $1,075.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

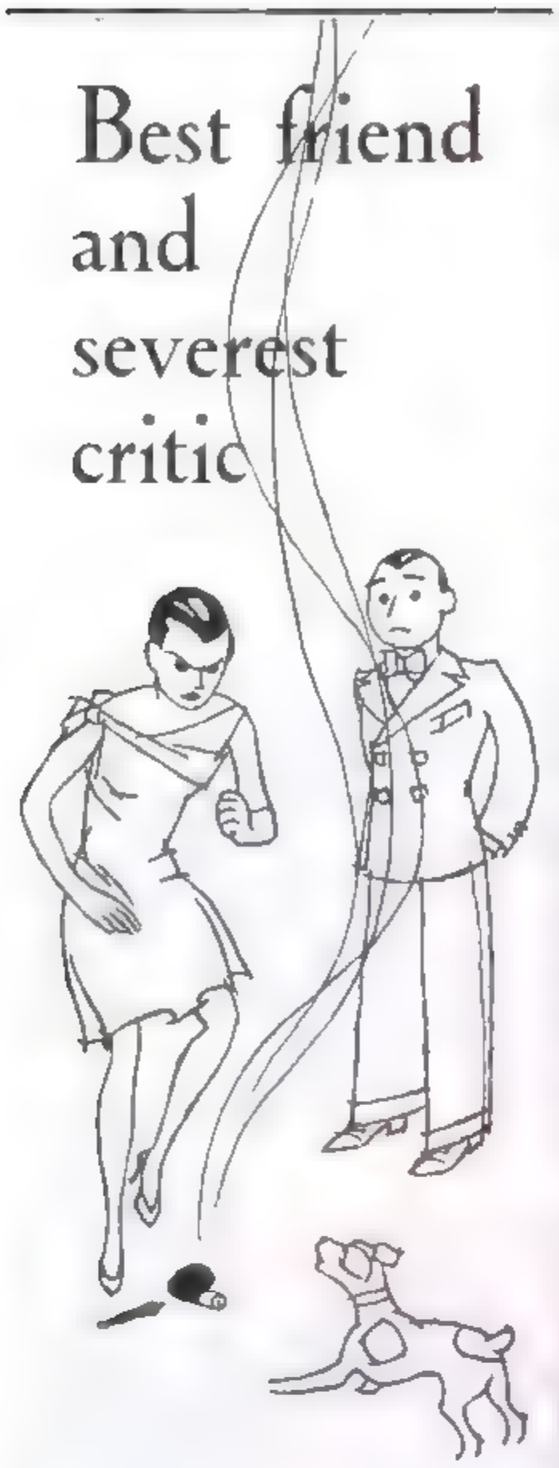
REO SPEED WAGON

LONG LIFE

GOOD FOR . . . 100,000 MILES

170

Best friend and severest critic



HOW CRUEL, how unnecessary to try the little woman beyond human endurance! She'll *like* that pipe of yours once you civilize it with a really mild and sociable smoking mixture. Sir Walter Raleigh is all of that—it's *milder* and a lot more fragrant. It's a choice blend of the finest tobaccos, well aged and seasoned. It burns smoothly and coolly and cakes well if you like your pipe well crusted. Of course, you should try it—if you want to discover how really good a pipe can be.

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 19. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 72)

Ephraim turned obediently. He said no word until they had stopped again under Johnny Graff's swinging sign and Phœbe made a move to get out of the car.

"Wait. Wait oncet." His voice was queer, and she looked at him. "Och!" His fingers went despairingly through his hair, setting it on end. "No words I got in me to make a conwersation about love," he groaned. "Words I got fur business only—fur farming, fur such bargains with the law or buying a hog off somebody. No words I got to make mention of ——" He stopped, and it was as though his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

That warm sweet feeling was stealing again over Phœbe. She forgot Uncle Jake and the Smucker farm, she forgot that fatal inability of the Smuckers to hold on to anything; she thought only of Ephraim's sturdy shoulder so near her own, of the line of his neck, the smooth plane of his cheek.

Her hand crept to his shoulder. "You got no words to make conwersation about what, Ephraim?" she asked gently.

"On the subjec' of love," he said miserably.

"You got love fur somebody maybe?"

"Fur—fur you." His head went down. "I got such love fur you."

"Fur me?" Oddly, she was not surprised. There was no surprise in this sweet-smelling world with the curtain of darkness closing down over it.

"Till a long time yet I got it," he confessed. "Till three weeks a'ready even."

"Och." Her hand remained on his shoulder. She looked off into the dusk, off to where the Smucker fields edged up to the Bensamacher fields. Her eyes rested there. A stiffness passed over her and her hand fell.

"No conwersation about love I could listen to from such a one where runs a sick old man from off his farm," she said sadly.

"No blood relation of yours I would ever run from off it," he spoke constrainedly. "If—if we could get"—he all but choked—"promised together oncet or—or something."

"But the money!" she wailed. "Uncle Jake owes it onto you!" There was this fact. Her hands worked. She bit her lip.

"Till a year he could go on owing it," Ephraim said. "Till two years, till five years even, such a blood relation of yours could owe."

"Och!" It was a small soft sound in the darkness.

"Such ways I could tell him to farm off his fields, too," he said gently. "Such help I could give him."

"Och!"

The silence grew sweet again. The crickets sang in it and a bullfrog in a far-off pond made rhythmic noises. A cow mooed in an adjoining field and the siren of a car sounded on Cider-Mill Curve.

"I—I could maybe listen then," Phœbe said softly.

"To—to get promised a kiss goes with always," Ephraim said. "Ain't?" His arm closed hesitantly on her shoulders. "Ain't?" he pleaded.

"A kiss from such a Bensamacher would set strange onto my lips," she said faintly.

She was held. She was kissed.

"Did it set some strange?" he breathed close to her ear.

"Not anyhow—so strange."

The crickets sang and the bullfrog made his rhythmic noises. The siren of a car sounded on Cider-Mill Curve. Johnny Graff's sign creaked in a newly sprung-up breeze.

"The ring I will bring over tomorrow," Ephraim said. His words on the subject of love, if halting and few in number, were at least to the point.

"Anyhow," Phœbe agreed softly.

Ephraim's ring sparkled in the morning sunshine. A large, brilliant, solid-looking stone it was, fit symbol of Phœbe's addition to the substantial properties of Bensamacher. "Cornstarch I got to buy, and ginger and vanilla," she counted on her fingers, and at one finger forgot to count. She held the hand off and let the sun shine on it. "Ginger and cornstarch and vanilla," she crooned. She walked dazedly out of the paths of cars this morning. She stopped in the middle of the highway and took a handkerchief from her pocket and polished the new stone. A car swished by on the right, one chugged on the left, fluttering her apron. When the store appeared in sight, Phœbe lost her courage. She slipped the ring from her finger, tied it up securely in the handkerchief, and pinned it into her apron pocket with a large safety pin. "A secret I'll keep it yet a whiles," she decided shyly.

"Good morning, Phœbe," Mrs. Probst leaned plump elbows on the counter. "Doc Wertz was by a'ready. Mamie Altstetter's youngest is took down bad with eatin' the green grapes. The Hartsock baby is come and old man Seidel was took off in the night. Whooping cough is broke out bad down by Bennersville. How goes it anyhow with your restaurant these days?"

"Hard work it makes fur me," Phœbe said vaguely. She had heard scarcely a word of Mrs. Probst's early morning bulletin. Her hand was in the apron pocket. If the pin should maybe spring open on her, she thought in sudden fright. If she should lose it!

"Is Ephraim Bensamacher mealing off you still, then?" The storekeeper's black eyes glistened.

"Anyhow," Phœbe said. "A bottle of vanilla I want and ——"

"A fair eater he is, I have heard tell always," Mrs. Probst mused. "Hard it goes with him, too, since his mother was took off. My, my. Three cooks he has had and it don't make up the year yet. In the Bennersville Clarion a week or two back didn't he adwertise again fur one? Och"—Mrs. Probst sighed in sympathy—"it goes hard fur a man where has to hire in to cook."

"Fur a cook he—adwertised?" Phœbe's hand went to her throat.

"Och, some time ago a'ready back." Mrs. Probst poked about among her bottles of flavoring. "The wittles set up by that Allie Wertzberger don't set so good to his stummick still."

"He cannot get such a cook to suit?" Phœbe's voice was stifled. "He cannot —— He has adwertised off ——"

"Many times a'ready." Mrs. Probst sighed and clicked her tongue. "Something else, Phœbe? We got some nice—"

Mrs. Probst's voice faded away into thin air. Her mouth fell open. Phœbe Smucker, her serene, her unhurried, her sensible customer, had turned and fled the shop.

Phœbe walked from the kitchen to the dining room and from the dining room to the kitchen. She set plates down before Ephraim, and took them away again. Her eyes were swollen. It was dinnertime.

"Ach. Schmekly nudels!" He sighed with satisfaction, and fresh tears started to her eyes. She had to wait for quite a time in the kitchen, holding her lip frantically between her teeth, mopping her eyes dry with the now-sodden handkerchief which held the ring.

"Chicken with the hearts and livers chopped inside!" he exclaimed. "And fried potatoes in the stuffing, maybe?"

"Fried potatoes with such onions and bread crumbs." Her voice broke.

"Don't you feel so good maybe?" he asked concernedly. "Such a cold in the head you aren't taking up with, I hope." He stood up and looked down at her, holding her elbows.

"Right good I feel," she said stiffly. She caught her treacherous lip again between her teeth and broke away from him. In the kitchen her fingers worked with the handkerchief. She would tie off his ring from it. Back she would give it to him. "Fur cook he wants me only." A sob choked the words in her throat. "The schmekly nudels he loves only." She remembered the light in his eyes. "The liver-stuffed chicken he loves." She sobbed aloud now. "If the tears would but for a minute stop coming," she prayed.

She had freed the ring now. She looked down at it and her tears sent rainbow lights flashing out from it in every direction.

"Fur some people it don't give to be so happy," she remembered. "Fur Smuckers it don't give ever to hold onto even happiness."

She made her way blindly to the dining-room door, ring in hand. She blinked and turned back. There was new cause for tears now. Black smoke was pouring out at the edges of the oven door.

"Ach, the hot crumb pies!" Phœbe remembered. She plunged her hand into the oven and her arm came in contact with the iron rack. Three red welts sprang instantly into view. There was no hope now of stopping tears.

"There it is," she choked, going in to him. "Your ring back." She looked miserably again at that space to the right of him. "I—I have changed my mind over."

"Whatever?" Ephraim put down his fork. He stood up slowly.

"I could not marry such a ——"

"Och!" He had caught her arm. "Phœbe!" His voice rang out in sympathetic pain. "What makes it with your arm?"

"A burn only."

"A burn!" He crumpled up with tenderness; he cradled the burnt arm in his hands. "Too hard you work by this place," he said then savagely. "A long time I have thought it. Too dangerous it is fur you. You got to close it up now." His voice rang with authority. "You"—it vibrated with tenderness—"you belong onto me now. No more you are to cook and work."

"No more—I am to cook?" She squirmed. She freed herself, looked up at him.

"No more," he said tenderly. "Allie Wertzberger we will keep by to cook fur us."

"You will not ever give me the dare to cook again?" Her voice came muffled from his shoulder.

For a moment his gaze was afar off. He seemed to be savoring remembered flavors, breathing remembered fragrances.

"The Sunday dinner maybe," he relented.

"It don't hurt no more," she discovered, still in that muffled voice. "Put the ring onto my finger back, Ephraim. I had it in my head to—to fool you some. Och"—her eyes fell upon his neglected dinner, stone cold now—"I got to get you the hot schmekly nudels now," she said. Still she didn't move. She frowned against his shoulder. She smiled. "I—I would not anyhow want such an Allie Wertzberger in my kitchen," she confessed.

A Road in the Ozarks

Hear SOUND PICTURES at their best

Sound equipment will make or mar the finest pictures. You are sure to enjoy them in theatres using the Western Electric Sound System.

"Do they have good Sound reproduction in that theatre?" people are asking more and more in addition to the familiar "What picture is playing tonight?" and "Who is the star?"

You like to hear dialogue spoken in life-like tones; you like the musical accompaniment from the screen to be clear, coming to you with all the feeling which master musicians put into it.

. . . . .

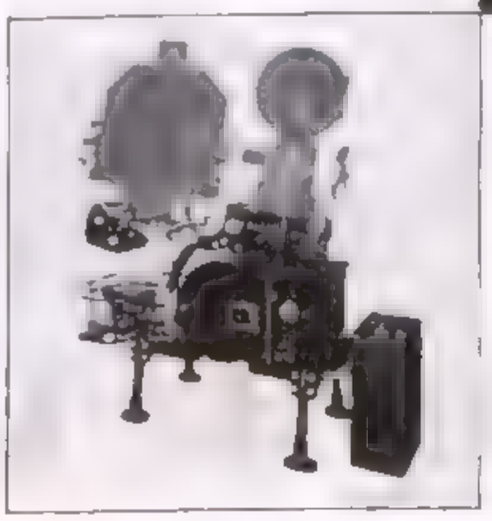
Western Electric, with a half century of experience in making telephones and other Sound reproducing equipment, was the pioneer and is the natural leader in the development of Sound Picture apparatus.

The country's leading picture producers record their talking pictures with the Western Electric Sound System exclusively. Four thousand theatres all over the world have, by installing it, shown their faith in its superior quality for reproducing Sound Pictures. They have recognized the fact that it is an investment that pays dividends in pleased patrons.

. . . . .

Your enjoyment of the show will depend upon the kind of Sound equipment the theatre uses. If it's Western Electric you can count on hearing Sound Pictures at their best.

In small neighborhood theatre and big city palace Western Electric Sound equipment is drawing the crowd.



The Sound mechanism (dark portion) of the motion picture projector, which assures clear and natural reproduction. It is made by the makers of your telephone.

Western Electric
THE VOICE OF ACTION
SOUND SYSTEM

Outstanding Merit · · And That Alone Could Earn Such Growing Preference

Demand for Oldsmobile cars shows a 32 per cent increase over 1928. And that on top of an equally substantial gain in sales the previous year.

So reads the story of Oldsmobile popularity. And the interesting thing about that story is not alone that Oldsmobile's success has been so spectacular —but also that this growth has been so consistent, month after month.

Such growing preference points surely and directly to the outstanding merit of this fine automobile.

Outstanding merit is the verdict of a motor-wise public. Outstanding merit is the reason for the enthusiasm of an ever-increasing body of thoroughly satisfied owners. Outstanding merit is self-evident upon examination of the car and comparison with its field.

This definite goodness has its roots deep in Oldsmobile's famous "policy pledged to progress."

That policy is founded on the bedrock of sound, progressive engineering. It embraces a quality of manufacture so painstaking and precise that the watchword of every worker is, "Anything short of my best is not acceptable." It comprises strict observance of the truth in advertising and selling. It extends to the sincere, interested service of Oldsmobile cars in the hands of owners.

Oldsmobile is a fine car because Olds Motor Works is determined to build fine cars. Oldsmobile is a success because the public is quick to confer success upon the deserving. Oldsmobile continues to win ever-growing preference throughout America because overwhelming public preference is the inevitable reward of such outstanding merit.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 31)

to the Philippines. Following his discharge he taught English for a time in a Tokio school of languages and served on the police force of Shanghai. But always, he told me, he had the ambition to settle down and live in New York City. He had learned a little about the electrical trade while in the Army; with that knowledge, and with a couple of thousand dollars he had somehow managed to acquire, he came to New York and started his business of electrical contractor and merchandiser.

I spent the better part of the morning in Mr. Keelan's diverting society, and such was the impression he made on me that when I returned to the Blake-Ogilvie office that evening I told Duncan Ogilvie I believed I had found a man who might be a valuable aid in our campaign to popularize the sale of electrical appliances.

Mr. Ogilvie agreed there might be possibilities in the situation and said he would accompany me on my next visit to Mr. Keelan. This took place a few days later, and an immediate friendship sprang up between the two men. Both were temperamental, and the temperament of each seemed to stimulate the other. As I listened to their conversation I noted a curious change in their phraseology and accent. Mr. Ogilvie employed more Scotch words and phrases than was usual with him, and talked more rapidly. The change in Mr. Keelan was still more noticeable. He chanced to remark that his family had been settled in America for more than one hundred years and that members of it had been in every war since 1812, and in ordinary conversation he spoke with the slow drawl peculiar to the open spaces of West Texas and New Mexico; but under the excitation of the moment he suddenly reverted to a queer, old-fashioned brogue such as might have been used by some immigrant recently arrived at Ellis Island from County Clare.

I left Mr. Keelan's establishment about the time that the two men began to call each other by their Christian names and were preparing to adjourn to a resort in Sixth Avenue to cement their friendship with a social cup. That evening at the office Mr. Ogilvie told me he had effected an arrangement by which Mr. Keelan was to give us the bulk of his purchases, both in the line of electrical appliances and the materials that he used in his contracting business. I was to call on the merchant once each week to take his orders and to see that he was supplied with various dealer helps and printed literature to send to customers. Because of his promise to favor us above other electrical jobbers, we were to extend Mr. Keelan practically unlimited credit.

Walter Blake did not altogether approve of the arrangement, which Mr. Ogilvie had made without consulting him. His idea was that we should hold off awhile to see what progress Mr. Keelan made, before involving ourselves to any great extent. But as a matter of fact, Mr. Keelan did not abuse his credit privileges. It was June when I first met him, and on my weekly calls during the summer months he bought sparingly and paid the bills promptly enough, usually within thirty days. It was not until late September that anything unusual happened.

When I visited him on this occasion, Mr. Keelan told me he was ready to place a large order for electrical appliances of all kinds. It appeared that he and Duncan Ogilvie had had a conference at which they decided the time had come to make a vigorous campaign on appliances. The wealthy householders of the Washington Square section were coming back from their summer homes and would be in a receptive mood for such merchandise. The idea was that if Mr. Keelan could display an extraordinarily large stock he would not only make immediate profits but would build for the future.

Mr. Keelan already had decided what he wanted to buy, and in what quantities, so the taking of his order was a simple matter.

When he had finished I made a rough estimate of the total and realized the bill was going to be in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars. As this was far more than I had ever sold him at any one time previously, I made bold to ask him what terms he expected.

"Oh, that's all arranged," Mr. Keelan replied confidently. "Duncan Ogilvie knows all about it. He's giving me January-first dating on the invoice."

There was nothing for me to do but to thank him for the business and go my way. But after I had turned in the order at the office that evening Walter Blake called me to his desk and demanded an explanation. I told him the circumstances, and he sent an office boy to bring Mr. Ogilvie. There followed the only real clash I ever witnessed between the two partners. It was the traditional conflict between credit and sales departments that has been repeating itself since the first piece of merchandise was sold on open account. Mr. Blake spoke his mind first.

"Richard has taken an order for appliances, Duncan," he said, "that runs into money. The order is from Francis X. Keelan, who claims you offered him a January dating. Don't you know that isn't business?"

Mr. Ogilvie's natural optimism was always a little dimmed in the presence of his intensely practical associate. At first he tried to laugh off the idea that he had done anything unwise; when that failed to soften Mr. Blake's disapproving attitude he fell back on generalities.

"Keelan's all right," he remarked with self-conscious cheerfulness. "We need a lot of customers like him. He's a good fellow."

"I'll grant that Keelan's a good fellow," Mr. Blake answered caustically, "but what has that got to do with January-first datings?"

Confronted with this blunt question, Mr. Ogilvie fell back stubbornly on the argument that the sales department always uses in its battles with the credit department. It was worth taking a few chances, he averred, to nurse along a good account. Blake-Ogilvie were trying to develop a market for electrical appliances. Francis X. Keelan was in a position to help the thing along. If Blake-Ogilvie were to stand on technicalities, and balk at terms that were a little out of the ordinary, they would never get anywhere.

Walter Blake turned somewhat impatiently from his partner and asked me what I thought about it. I said I was with Mr. Ogilvie. From my former Maiden Lane experience I believed I was a fair judge of a credit situation, and Mr. Keelan seemed to have the qualities of a successful merchant. He had all the instincts of a gentleman. He had never taken a discount to which he was not entitled or made an unfair claim of any sort. That he was intensely interested in his business was evident from the fact that he was at his establishment every morning before his employes, and stayed at night long after they had gone. His Chesterfieldian personality precisely suited the people of the Washington Square district. I had, besides, a particular reason for wishing to promote Mr. Keelan's enterprise. For some time I had been trying to persuade the merchandise manager of one of the big Twenty-third Street department stores to install a section devoted to electrical appliances. He did not believe it would pay. If I could show him that a dealer like Mr. Keelan could make money on such goods, I would have a better chance to gain my objective.

Walter Blake listened attentively. He knew Mr. Keelan slightly, through the latter's occasional visits to our office.

"I think both you and Duncan," he said to me, "are just a little hypnotized by Francis X. Keelan. By what I've seen of him, I think Francis X. Keelan is hypnotized by himself! He's temperamental, and it's mighty hard to predict what a temperamental man will do. At present our friend Keelan is all wrought up over being a business man. But I'll wager he was just as enthusiastic when he was prospecting in Alaska or teaching school in Japan or being a policeman in Shanghai. He's that type. The question for Blake-Ogilvie to think about is: What will happen if Mr. Keelan gets tired of business and becomes temperamental about something else?"

Neither Mr. Ogilvie nor I was prepared to answer this question, and after a few moments' reflection Mr. Blake turned to his partner.

"I don't want you to feel, Duncan," he said, "that the credit department of this business is hampering the sales end. We really need customers like Keelan, and anyhow, the deal won't break us, even if it should go a little wrong. Here's what I'll do: I'll O. K. this order if you'll get Keelan to sign a note for the amount, payable January first. Of course, a note isn't any better than an open account, but maybe in this case it will have some effect."

Mr. Ogilvie, vastly relieved, promised to see the merchant the following day. Mr. Keelan had no objection to signing the note, and the merchandise he had bought was duly delivered. He went even further than we asked him, for of his own accord he said he would pay cash for all other purchases he made from us as long as the note was outstanding.

Personally I felt the account was as good as gold. I continued to call on Mr. Keelan each week to take orders for any items he required, and saw evidences of substantial progress both in sales of appliances and in his contracting business. At this time he was employing two salesmen in his showroom and several mechanics in the workshop.

Along about the first of November I noticed an addition to Mr. Keelan's staff in the person of a chunky little fellow of uncertain age, with an odd, humorous face, who went by the name of Ranse. I suppose this stood for Ransom, though whether it was his Christian or surname I never learned.

Ranse was the type one would expect to see along the Bowery or on the East River water front rather than in a high-class Washington Square shop. His job was that of porter and general handy man. I assumed he was a casual drifter whom Mr. Keelan had given a berth for the hard winter months, and it surprised me one day to hear Ranse address his employer by his first name in the most clubby fashion. One of the salesmen explained this by stating that Ranse had known Mr. Keelan in Alaska and the Philippines. Ranse himself informed me once that by profession he was an oil-well driller, but that he did not work regularly at it.

Ranse was a great favorite with the other employes. He was a natural humorist, and his humor was the more fetching because he radiated a sort of joyous vagabondage. He had been all over the world, and in the most casual way would mention incidents that had taken place in Juneau, Manila, Tampico or Cape Town. But no matter what distant place Ranse mentioned, he always contrived to give the impression that life there was finer and more charming.

As the weeks went by a subtle change seemed to come over Mr. Keelan, though at the time I did not think of attributing it to the presence of Ranse. It was not that Mr. Keelan neglected his business, for, as always, he was on duty before his employes in the morning and remained after they had gone at night. In mid-November he told me he already had more than half enough cash on hand to cover the Blake-Ogilvie note, which would not fall due until January. It was rather a sense of restlessness that Mr. Keelan exhibited, as though his business did not furnish enough of an outlet for his abounding energy. Once when I was talking with him he suddenly burst out with the complaint that life in New York lacked adventure, and that he wished he had gone into business in some Western place where existence was less humdrum. Ranse, who was standing near, warmly seconded his employer's sentiments. A week or so after this I chanced to pass the establishment late one night. It was always brilliantly lighted for advertising purposes, and through the window I saw Mr. Keelan and Ranse. There was a long table covered with a velvet cloth, running the length of the show room, on which were displayed ornamental electric lamps and candelabra.

Ranse was tilted back in an armchair, with his feet on the velvet-covered table and smoking a huge black cigar. Apparently he was in an extra-merry mood, for he was laughing and waving his arms about as he talked to Mr. Keelan, who paced back and forth on the other side of the table, nervously running his fingers through his thick black hair.

It was at Thanksgiving time that Mr. Keelan quit the career of electrical merchandiser and contractor. On the morning after the holiday I was at the Blake-Ogilvie office and was called to the telephone to speak with the merchandise manager of the Twenty-third Street department store where I had been trying to promote the installation of an electrical-appliance section. The merchandise manager said he would go with me to look at Mr. Keelan's showroom at eleven o'clock. Thinking it advisable to notify Mr. Keelan in advance of this visit, I took the Sixth Avenue Elevated train from our office to Eighth Street, where I got off and walked to Mr. Keelan's establishment. To my surprise, it was closed. One of the workshop mechanics was loitering about on the sidewalk, and he said he knew nothing about it except that at six o'clock Thanksgiving Eve Mr. Keelan had called his employes together, gave them all two weeks' wages in advance and told them their services would not be needed until further notice.

A card stuck inside the glass of the front door directed interested persons to Lohse's Café on Sixth Avenue, the resort where Mr. Keelan and Duncan Ogilvie had cemented their friendship on the occasion of their first meeting. I went there to learn what I could. Mr. Lohse, a stout German-American, stated that Mr. Keelan had been in his place at about seven o'clock on the evening before Thanksgiving, in company with a short man, and the two had supper together. Both carried satchels, and Mr. Lohse understood they were on their way to take a boat that was sailing for Galveston later in the evening. When I said I represented the Blake-Ogilvie Company, Mr. Lohse gave me an envelope that Mr. Keelan had left with him, addressed to the firm.

I opened the envelope, which contained two keys to the front door of Mr. Keelan's showroom and a letter, written on the stationery of the Sixth Avenue Café. In this communication Mr. Keelan expressed regret that circumstances made it necessary for him to leave New York so abruptly. He had not definitely decided to go until nearly six o'clock, and then had been unable to get telephone connection with our office. He was on his way to the wonderful new oil field at Beaumont, Texas. The friend who accompanied him was an expert oil man and Mr. Keelan felt he must not delay his departure.

The friend was Ranse. The newspapers at the time were full of exciting stories of

(Continued on Page 80)

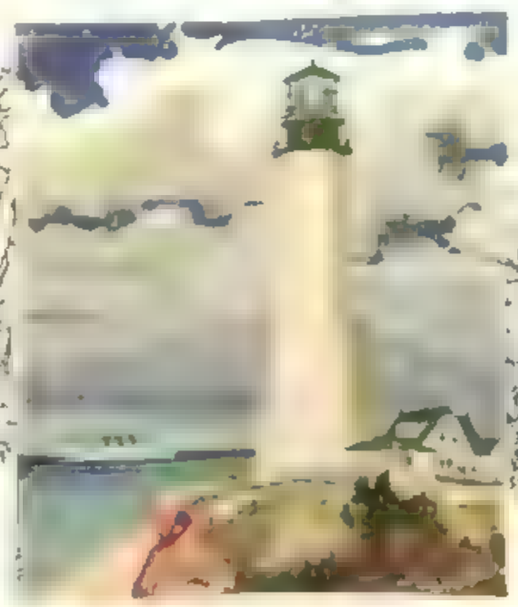
These Great National Highways are TEXACO TRAILS

Where once prairie schooners jolted across sun-baked wagon ruts — where once the feet of swashbuckling adventurers or devout missionaries trod, there you will find today mile upon mile of magnificent highway.

Everything contributing to the comfort and convenience of the tourist has been provided. Modern hotels, picturesque camps; garages and service facilities can be found at convenient intervals all along these smooth, broad routes.

The Texas Company, more than any other single oil company, has kept step with this movement. Most of our great national highways are Texaco Trails with Texaco Service Stations minutes ahead in populous sections. Even when the trail crosses wilderness or desert you are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump. Experienced tourists, knowing the value of uniform quality, stop for their gasoline and motor oil under the sign of the Texaco Red Star with the Green T, in all our 48 States.

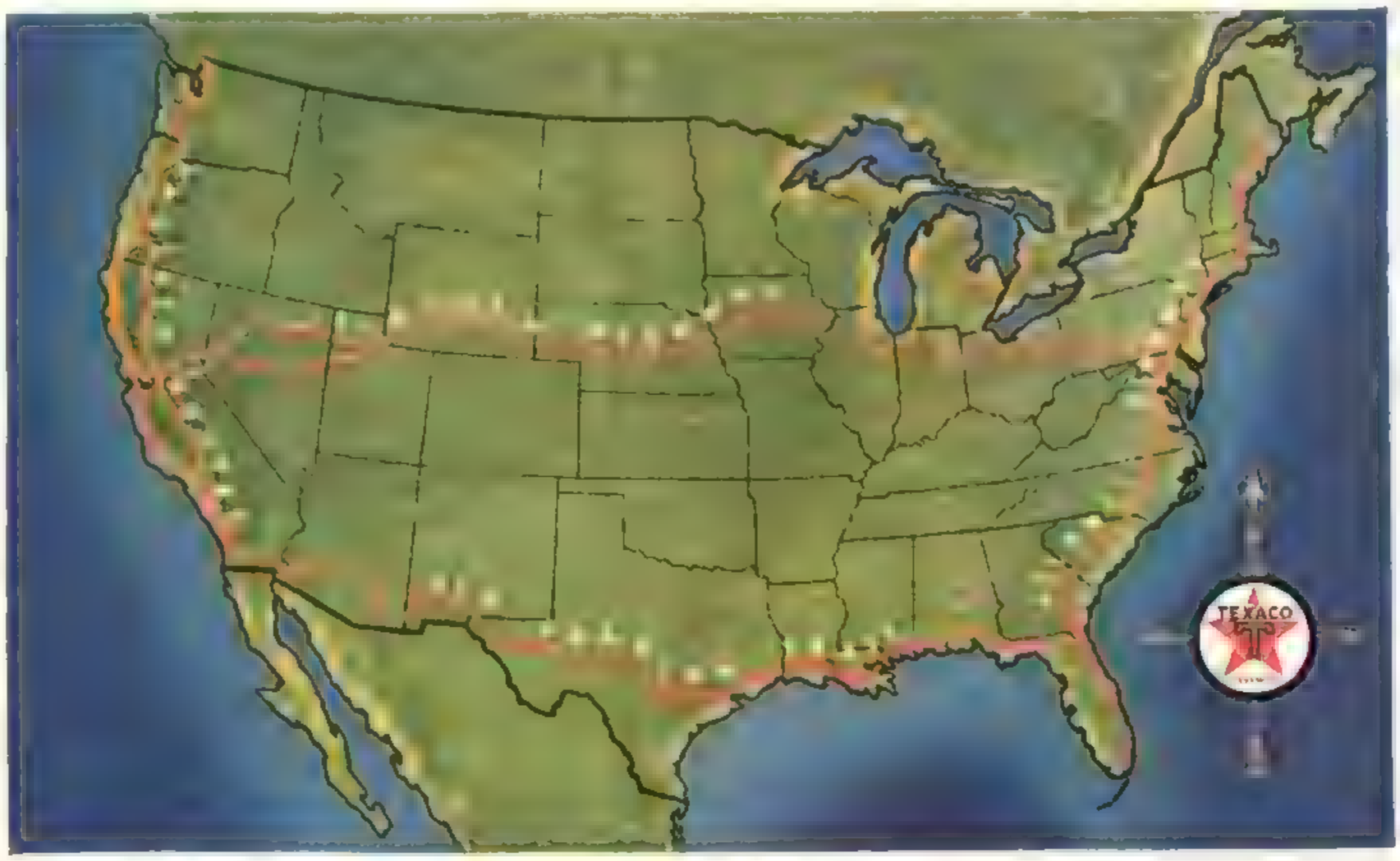
Lincoln Highway passes through that section of the West made famous by Buffalo Bill, the Prairie Schooners and the Pony Express. It is the shortest transcontinental route between New York and San Francisco—the "Main Street" of the U. S. A.



Atlantic Highway extends from the rock-bound coast of Maine down to the palm-fringed playgrounds of Florida. A route known yesterday for Indians, Witchcraft and Bunker Hill — today connecting New England, the White House and Palm Beach.

Old Spanish

picture of quaint Spanish-
Its winding course from St.
pages of history—Ponce de



TOUR with TEXACO

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline is better because it forms a *dry gas*—an active mixture of gasoline and air which ignites instantly and burns completely. This pure dry gas responds to the first spark flash and gives to the engine of your car rapid pick-up, smooth acceleration and dazzling speed.

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is super-refined from carefully selected crudes only. You can see that it is free from impurities by its clear golden color. You can feel that it is full bodied by rubbing a drop or two between your fingers. Texaco is a finer, safer motor oil for the engine of any car, old or new.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Trail *unfurls a romantic*
merican villages and cattle prairies.
ugustine to San Diego recalls brilliant
on, De Soto and Davy Crockett.

Pacific Routes *A magnificent panorama of silver bays, snow-capped mountains and giant forests, extending from the borders of Canada to Mexico—the land of Bret Harte, the Forty-Niners and the early Spanish Missionaries.*

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL
GASOLINE

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Send This *Coupon*, Try it *FREE*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 29-G-58
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name

Address

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., W. Toronto 2-Ont

(*Continued from Page 77*)

fortunes being made overnight at Beaumont, and these, together with Ranse's disturbing companionship, had evidently been too much for Mr. Keelan. His letter went on to state that the Blake-Ogilvie Company might take over his electrical merchandising and contracting business to operate as seemed fit. He hoped the business would realize enough to pay the note he had given the firm, but if not he would make up the difference later.

Below Mr. Keelan's signature, in the scraggly handwriting of Ranse himself, was a penciled postscript which ran as follows:

Plenty money to pay note, but can't wait till it falls due.

As quickly as possible I got on the telephone to cancel my engagement with the merchandise manager of the Twenty-third Street department store and then hurried back to the Blake-Ogilvie office with Mr. Keelan's astonishing communication. Walter Blake read it first. It was like him that he took on himself a share of the blame.

"This is one time the credit department fell down, Duncan," he remarked philosophically as he tossed the letter to his associate. "Keelan is really just as much of a tramp as the other fellow, only he looks so much like a gentleman we didn't realize it. Next time we'll know better!"

It turned out that Blake-Ogilvie lost nothing in the long run. By agreement with other firms who had minor claims against the business, we operated it through the Christmas holidays and then peddled out the balance of stock and the fixtures to retail dealers. Along in March, when Mr. Keelan wrote from Texas to state that he had prospered greatly and was ready to pay any balance due, we were able to reply that he owed nothing. Indirectly we heard that his prosperity had not come through a lucky strike in oil, but through operating games of chance.

x

I WORKED for the better part of a year in and around New York City, promoting the sale of electrical appliances through retail stores. Every industry has its own particular problems, and I should explain that the present-day electrical jobber has three distinct classes of customers, and that each class was developed at a different period.

The first period of the electrical-jobbing industry was, roughly, previous to the Spanish War. Up to that time the jobbers sold mainly to local electric-light companies and to large industrial concerns that maintained their own lighting and power plants.

The second period developed as result of the more general use of domestic electric lighting. Nearly all new homes and public buildings began to be wired for electricity, and the electrical contractor became an important customer of the jobber.

The third period began a number of years later, when the jobbers began to sell electrical household appliances to retail merchants.

Anyone who has ever been a salesman will realize that it requires a different technic to sell such dissimilar customers as industrial plants, electrical contractors and retail merchants. The electric-light companies and big industrial concerns buy only materials that are needed in their own plants. So-called clever salesmanship is of no avail. The buying is done deliberately and systematically by experienced purchasing agents who cannot be influenced by good fellowship or by offers of entertainment on the part of the salesman.

The electrical contractor likewise buys only when he has a definite need for materials to be used in some piece of construction work. But unlike the professional purchasing agent, the contractor is usually swayed a good deal by his personal preferences. He likes to buy from his friends. During the early years of the Blake-Ogilvie Company's operations Duncan Ogilvie spent a good part of his time going about to visit and to entertain contractors with an eye to future business. Mr. Ogilvie was an artist at this work.

The retail merchant is a different sort of customer from either of the others. In dealing with him there is more opportunity for constructive salesmanship. He is always in the market for merchandise if a salesman can show him where he can sell it and make a profit on it.

Blake-Ogilvie was one of the first concerns in the electrical jobbing trade to realize that it was practically impossible for the same salesman to cater successfully to all three classes of buyers. They maintained, in effect, three separate corps of salesmen. I have always believed this had a great deal to do with the remarkable progress the company made.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to describe some of the other policies that made Blake-Ogilvie for so many years an outstanding factor in the electrical jobbing line. Though they were one of the youngest houses in the metropolitan district when I went with them, they were already doing a volume of more than three million dollars annually, and this increased from year to year until it passed twelve millions. Both partners had undeniable talents, but it is betraying no secret to state that it was Walter Blake who was principally responsible for their sensational success.

Mr. Blake had a saying that I always thought pretty well summed it up: "There aren't any short cuts in business. In the long run you will find that every big achievement is only a series of little achievements."

I have said that the Blake-Ogilvie Company was started on two thousand dollars. This was all the money that was ever put into the business. They built up their capital gradually, plowing back the profits year after year. At times their sales were almost ridiculously out of proportion to their investment. When they passed the million-dollar-a-year mark their financial statement showed that the partners had less than forty thousand dollars of their own in the business. Yet there was never a time when they were embarrassed for want of ready cash, as can so easily happen when sales increase faster than capital.

Walter Blake financed his concern through the early years largely on the capital of the manufacturers whose merchandise he distributed. He effected an arrangement by which all manufacturers furnished him goods on terms of sixty days. Blake-Ogilvie sold goods on terms of thirty days. Theoretically, then, Blake-Ogilvie got in their money a month before they had to settle with the manufacturers. Of course this never quite worked out in actual practice, because not every customer paid precisely on the dot; but a large proportion did, with result that Blake-Ogilvie were always at least fifteen days ahead of their obligations. Walter Blake rarely boasted of his achievements, but he often told me with great satisfaction that he never failed to meet a manufacturer's account on the day it matured.

This sort of financing, I know, sounds too good to be true. If it is as simple as all that, I hear a good many readers ask, why doesn't everyone do it? What is the use of a man's investing his good money in a commercial business if manufacturers will finance it for him?

The answer is that Walter Blake's success in financing was not the simple matter it seemed. It was not mere cleverness. Back of it was the ability to sell merchandise. Manufacturers were willing to grant him exceptional terms because the Blake-Ogilvie Company furnished them with an outlet for great quantities of their products. And the Blake-Ogilvie Company was more successful than its competitors in selling merchandise for one cogent reason: It went to the most extreme lengths to give service to its customers.

This matter of service amounted almost to a passion with Walter Blake. It was a saying of his that a jobbing house had practically nothing to compete on except service. This was especially true of the electrical line. We had no exclusive merchandise. Every article in our stock could be found in the stock of any other important jobber. There was no difference in price, for everyone sold on the same margin. The Blake-Ogilvie Company got and held trade largely because it had a reputation for taking care of its customers' orders more promptly and accurately than its competitors. Even in those days, when business was on a vastly more leisurely basis than now, all orders were shipped the same day as received. No expense was spared to maintain this reputation. If an item called for happened to be out of stock we bought it from some other jobber rather than delay shipment. There was considerable jealousy over the progress Blake-Ogilvie were making, and we usually had to pay full retail prices for such accommodation purchases.

I don't want to make this appear too much like a eulogy, but it is only fair to say that Walter Blake was the moving spirit in all this. As time went on a number of employes were taken into the firm on a partnership basis, and all these men cheerfully give him credit for their present prosperity. If one looks up the record of any exceptionally successful enterprise it will usually be found that the success emanated from some one individual who had talent or genius, or, more often perhaps, the willingness to sacrifice everything else to make the enterprise go. Certainly Walter Blake had few pleasures outside of his business. He was a bachelor, and lived at an old-fashioned Broadway hotel. Perhaps it is too much to say he lived there, for practically all his waking hours were spent at his desk in the antiquated building under the Sixth Avenue Elevated line. Blake-Ogilvie salesmen coming late into the city by the Jersey City ferry or the Grand Central could nearly always find him there, and one could telephone or telegraph from any point at any hour up to midnight with practical certainty of reaching him.

My experience as a Maiden Lane traveler stood me in good stead in the electrical jobbing business with its peculiar problems of salesmanship. Though I was naturally most at home in selling appliances to retail merchants, I was also, after I became conversant with the Blake-Ogilvie line, somewhat qualified to sell electrical contractors. In temperament the contractors were a good deal like the mechanic-jewelry merchants I had called on for the Charles H. Rennolds Company. As time went on I became sort of a general-utility salesman, and as such was occasionally called on to solicit the purchasing agents of industrial plants and electric-light companies. Once, on account of the illness of one of our men, Howard Dunham, I made a trip among the industrial towns of the southern tier of New York State and the oil country of Northwestern Pennsylvania. In the latter section there was a big manufacturing concern called the Harkness Corporation, located in the town of Olneyville. The concern used large quantities of electrical materials in its power and lighting plants, and Dunham had been trying for some years to break in on the business but without success. It appeared at this time, however, that the corporation was ripe to make a change, and when I reached Oil City, there was a telegram for me from Walter Blake instructing me to proceed at once to Olneyville and interview the Harkness purchasing agent, Mr. Buxton.

It was a wealthy community, partly residential and partly industrial. Many of the old families were retired farmers, made rich through the oil discoveries of the 70's, and to these were added a considerable colony of prosperous executives of the Harkness Corporation, the town's one big industry. The town lay in a groove between two mountain ridges, with the corporation's various plants strung along the river for a distance of nearly a mile. All the principal streets were brick paved, and there was an opera house, a men's club and a hotel that would have done credit to a

(*Continued on Page 82*)

Tense silence...*then the "Clermont" moved*

OUT in the blue Hudson, a stout, ugly figure amid the graceful sailing boats, lay a little vessel whose ungainly stack sent out clouds of black smoke. It was the "Clermont"—the boat Robert Fulton proposed to drive from New York to Albany by steam.

The starting signal was given . . . the great paddle-wheels churned the river to angry foam . . . the boat moved forward. Amazement stunned the watchers to silence. Suddenly the "Clermont" stopped—tense moments while Fulton worked with his engine . . . then forward again. The first steamboat was a success.

Just another graphic story of a man who believed in himself—whose consummate faith in his own idea was justified. Behind all our modern inventions—the automobile, the airplane, the radio and countless others—have been similar, far-seeing brains.

Today the results of their dreams have created the necessity for many products whose manufacture has created gigantic industries. Among the demands of modern civilization has been one for a new kind of finish to beautify and preserve the products which we use in our daily lives. This demand was supplied by du Pont Duco—today the *world's standard finish.*

Before Duco came—oxidation was the arch enemy of all existing finishes. A finish that would withstand its blight, which would hold its lustre under all climatic conditions . . . for many years du Pont chemists sought its formula. Their final achievement was Duco—a finish upon which oxidation had no effect . . . a finish which dried by the simple principle of evaporation. And industry was quick to see that here was a finish which filled its needs.

Duco's success is history. First it gave to the motor industry a limitless array of color harmonies and durability beyond belief. Then through one industry after another it continued its successful march, replacing old methods, creating new standards.

Today more than two thousand Authorized Duco Refinishers are ready to refinish and re-style your car in up-to-date Duco colors. There is hardly an article in wood or metal which cannot be bought "finished with Duco." On furniture, both wood and metal, on filing equipment, on office appliances, on electrical requisites for the home, on typewriters and dictating machines, on toys and bird cages, on locomotives—and still the list grows.

Duco is the assurance of a lasting finish which industry uses to protect its own investments, and to keep its faith with you; but to be sure that the finish is Duco, ask if it's made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint and Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

DUCO
AUTHORIZED AUTO RE-FINISHING STATION

Wherever you see this sign you can have your car refinished in Duco

Duco for general household uses may be purchased from good dealers everywhere . . . Duco for industrial application is obtainable from du Pont factories . . . Duco Household Cement now available for making and mending.

DUCO

Wherever you see this seal you will know that the finish is Duco

DUCO—MADE ONLY BY DU PONT

WHEN THE FORECAST READS

Work or play in comfort in a "travelo"

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

TOUGH job ahead . . . tire to change . . . motor to fix. Can't work with your coat on; can't keep warm with it off . . . *Wear a "travelo"!*

Elastic-knit, "travelo" holds its custom-tailored lines after months of abuse . . . and does it in the Newport-and-Southampton manner. It's a compact, snug bundle of warmth and very smart when worn under your coat.

The best stores heartily recommend "travelo" Knit Jackets. They're made by the creators of "travelo" SwimSuits. Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., (Dept. P), Park Avenue, New York, for free Portfolio of Styles. It shows people you know, in "travelo" Knit Jackets.

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

Lido KNIT JACKETS

Lower in cost than "travelo"—better value than anything else at its price.

Continued from Page 80

city many times the size of Olneyville. There was a self-sufficient air about the place that bespoke long-intrenched prosperity.

This self-sufficiency was especially noticeable about the Harkness administration building on Main Street. Though I was on hand a little after nine o'clock, there were already a dozen or more salesmen, representing manufacturers and jobbers of all sorts of materials, waiting in the anteroom to see the purchasing agent, Mr. Buxton. The proceedings were very formal. A colored man in livery sat at a desk, guarding a door that led into the executive departments. Each salesman in turn was obliged to hand his card to this functionary, who would carry it back to some private office and later return to say whether or not the salesman might have an audience. There was no chance for argument. Two or three times, as I awaited my turn, a dapper young man with a carnation in his buttonhole came out to explain to some salesman why the purchasing agent would not see him, but generally a salesman got his dismissal through the medium of the liveried attendant. It was slow business. Once, during the temporary absence of the colored man, a humorous individual who represented a Pittsburgh lithographing concern looked around at the gathering and remarked that after a few more such sessions we all ought to be well qualified for membership in the waiters' union.

When the doorkeeper finally informed me that he would take my card into the purchasing agent's inner office, I wrote on it a few words stating that I would very much like to see Mr. Buxton, if only for a moment. Directly the dapper young man came out and spoke to me, saying he was Mr. Buxton's assistant. He called himself Mr. Lamberton, and led me into a room next the one occupied by his chief, where he informed me that Mr. Buxton was very busy, but that he would carry to that gentleman any message I might have. From Mr. Lamberton's dress and general appearance, I set him down as being more of a society man than a business executive. I said I had no particular message except that I wanted to sell the Harkness Corporation some electrical goods; my firm had telegraphed me the day before that it might be an opportune time for me to call upon Mr. Buxton and explain to him what kind of service we were prepared to give in case he should favor me with an order.

I noticed that Mr. Lamberton paid no very close attention to what I said. As I spoke he kept adjusting his tie and dusting imaginary specks off his coat sleeves. But he agreed cheerfully to take my message to Mr. Buxton, and went out the door humming a tune.

In perhaps two minutes, Mr. Buxton burst abruptly into the room. He was a middle-aged, heavily built man with a totally bald head, and his round face was purple with anger. He wasted no time in formalities.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "by sending word to me that I promised to give you an order?"

Startled by his sudden belligerency, I began stumblingly to explain that I had sent no such message, but he talked me down. He had in his hand the card I had sent in to him by the liveried doorman, and he tore this into shreds as he unburdened his feelings.

"Understand this, young man," he stormed: "As purchasing agent of the Harkness Corporation I am competent to decide what firms I want to buy from, and I am too old to be fooled by slick tricks of salesmanship. You may think it is clever to send me the sort of message you did, but I don't. The best thing you can do now is to get out!"

I saw it was no use to explain. Somehow, evidently, the message I sent Mr. Buxton by the dapper young man had been garbled. I have always found the best way to cope with people who are too angry to listen to reason is to give them a dose of their own medicine. I had laid my hat on a chair beside the door through which Mr. Buxton entered; going to pick it up, as though I were about to obey his order to get out, I effectually barred Mr. Buxton's only means of escape. Having attained this strategic position, I faced him with the most truculent air I could manage.

"I have no idea what you're so angry about, Mr. Buxton," I said. "I came here on a simple business errand, and you've chosen to make it a personal matter. All right, I'll be personal too. I'm not going to get out until you tell me what I have done to merit the kind of treatment you have given me!"

"You know well enough what you did," Mr. Buxton replied indignantly. "You tried the old cheap bluff of sending me word that I had promised you some business. Only shysters do that, and I'm not dealing with any shyster!"

"Who said I did that?" I demanded.

"My assistant, Mr. Lamberton," Mr. Buxton answered shortly.

I glanced out into the corridor behind me and saw the dapper young man through the glass window of an interior office. I beckoned to him and directly he sauntered to the room where Mr Buxton and I were having our set-to

"Mr. Lamberton," I questioned, "did you tell Mr. Buxton I said he had promised me an order?"

He wrinkled his forehead as though making an effort to focus his wandering thoughts. "Why, yes," he said after a moment. "That's the message you sent, wasn't it?"

Mr. Buxton grunted triumphantly. I tried the dapper young man again, speaking very slowly:

"Didn't I say, Mr. Lamberton, that I wished an opportunity to explain to Mr. Buxton the kind of service my firm was prepared to give in case he should favor us with an order?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you said that," Mr. Lamberton agreed, smiling brightly. "Wasn't that the message I carried to Mr. Buxton?"

I was about to tax his brain by further questioning when Mr. Buxton interfered. "That's all we want of you," he remarked to Mr. Lamberton; after the latter had gone he put out his hand to me.

"I'm sorry this thing occurred, young man," he said. "I owe you an apology. I've been under a good deal of a strain lately."

I assured him that no apologies were necessary; and indeed I had more sympathy than blame for Mr. Buxton when later I learned that the dapper young man's father was a local oil millionaire, an important stockholder and director of the Harkness Corporation. Naturally this important gentleman wished to see his son well placed in business and had got him appointed assistant purchasing agent, in which position he had been making Mr. Buxton's life miserable for the better part of a year.

Our differences being settled, Mr. Buxton said I might explain why I believed the Blake-Ogilvie Company was a superior house to deal with. I told him we made no claim to sell at lower prices than any other jobbing house, and we carried only the same standard merchandise he could get from other sources. I said the one thing we specialized on was promptness, and quoted the argument I had often heard used by Walter Blake—namely, that our invariably prompt shipment of orders really saved money for our customers, because they could get along with smaller inventories. We asked for business on that basis.

This last seemed to impress Mr. Buxton. He asked me what I meant by promptness, and I replied that four-fifths of the orders sent in by Blake-Ogilvie salesmen were shipped complete the same day. I could see he was a bit skeptical about this, evidently regarding it as salesmanship on my part, but he finally said if I would come back at two o'clock that afternoon he

Continued on Page 85

Starting Today

A Great "New Customer" Sale

offering Famous

Allen-A

HOSIERY FOR WOMEN
HOSIERY FOR MEN
HOSIERY FOR CHILDREN
UNDERWEAR FOR MEN & BOYS

AT 20% REDUCTIONS

Event Ends October 28th . . . . .Visit Your Allen-A Merchant *At Once*

Foremost Screen Stars now wear Allen-A Hosiery. They have found that it not only enhances shapeliness of ankle and leg, but gives long service

TO WIN many new customers to Allen-A merchandise, Allen-A dealers the country over are co-operating in a great "New Customer" Sale—from October 24th to 28th, inclusive.

A special price reduction of 20% will be allowed on this famous, nationally-known merchandise *for these four days only*. We urge you to act at once. (Old friends are invited to attend, too.)

This "New Customer" Sale is unique in two major ways. First, every Allen-A style will be specially reduced. Second, only the very newest Fall and Winter styles will be included. Please note the guarantee.

You will find Allen-A Hosiery for Women, now worn by foremost Screen Stars. In all weights and styles—and the very smartest shades of the season.

You will find a superb showing of Allen-A Hosiery for Misses. And famous, long-wearing Allen-A Hosiery for children — noted for style and service for half a century.

Allen-A Underwear for Men and Boys will be specially featured during this event. All styles are included. Smart Shirts and Shorts, in plain or fancy patterns. Lightweight knits, designed particularly for men who spend most of their time indoors. And extra-warm worsted garments.

You will also find Allen-A Hosiery for Men, designed by one of America's foremost stylists. In soft wools and fine silks.

All of this merchandise is specially priced during this "New Customer" Sale. Until Monday night, October 28th.

Look for newspaper announcements of your local Allen-A merchant. Note the unusual values displayed in his windows. Then visit his store before this event ends.

If you do not know the Allen-A merchant in your town, write to the Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St., New York City, and your demands will be filled at the full 20% reduction.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Here is the smartest Winter Underwear. Smart looking. Trim fitting. Light in weight. Yet marvelously warm

GUARANTEE

Every item in this sale is guaranteed to be the newest Fall and Winter merchandise of finest Allen-A quality. Regular stock

Allen-A Hosiery for Children has been famous for its good looks and style—and exceptionally long wear—for over fifty years

A BIG CAR *in everything except price*

When you can enjoy all the desirable qualities of a big car—and enjoy them at costs so low as to rival the economy of the smallest cars on the road—then you are getting what hundreds of thousands of motorists have long been seeking—and what they are now getting in the Pontiac Big Six. Today's Pontiac Big Six offers big car performance, big car style, big car safety and big car riding ease. And these qualities distinguish Pontiac from those cars which are regarded simply as transportation. Yet because of its low prices, its long life and its many advancements leading to operating economy, the Pontiac Big Six is remarkably inexpensive to own and drive. It gives more of everything you want in a car, yet it costs no more to enjoy.

BIG *engine.* The largest engine to be found in any six of its price. 200 cubic inches piston displacement—60 brake horsepower at 3,000 R. P. M.

BIG *crankshaft.* 53 pounds—fully counterweighted—fitted with the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts torsional vibration. Airplane type interchangeable bronze-backed main bearings.

BIG *oiling system.* Full pressure lubrication to all main and connecting rod bearings. Generous lubrication without overoiling at any engine speed.

BIG *bodies.* Dirt-and-weather-proof internal four-wheel service brakes. Special moulded *non-squeak* bands often good for 30,000 miles. Positively no squeaking when stopping.

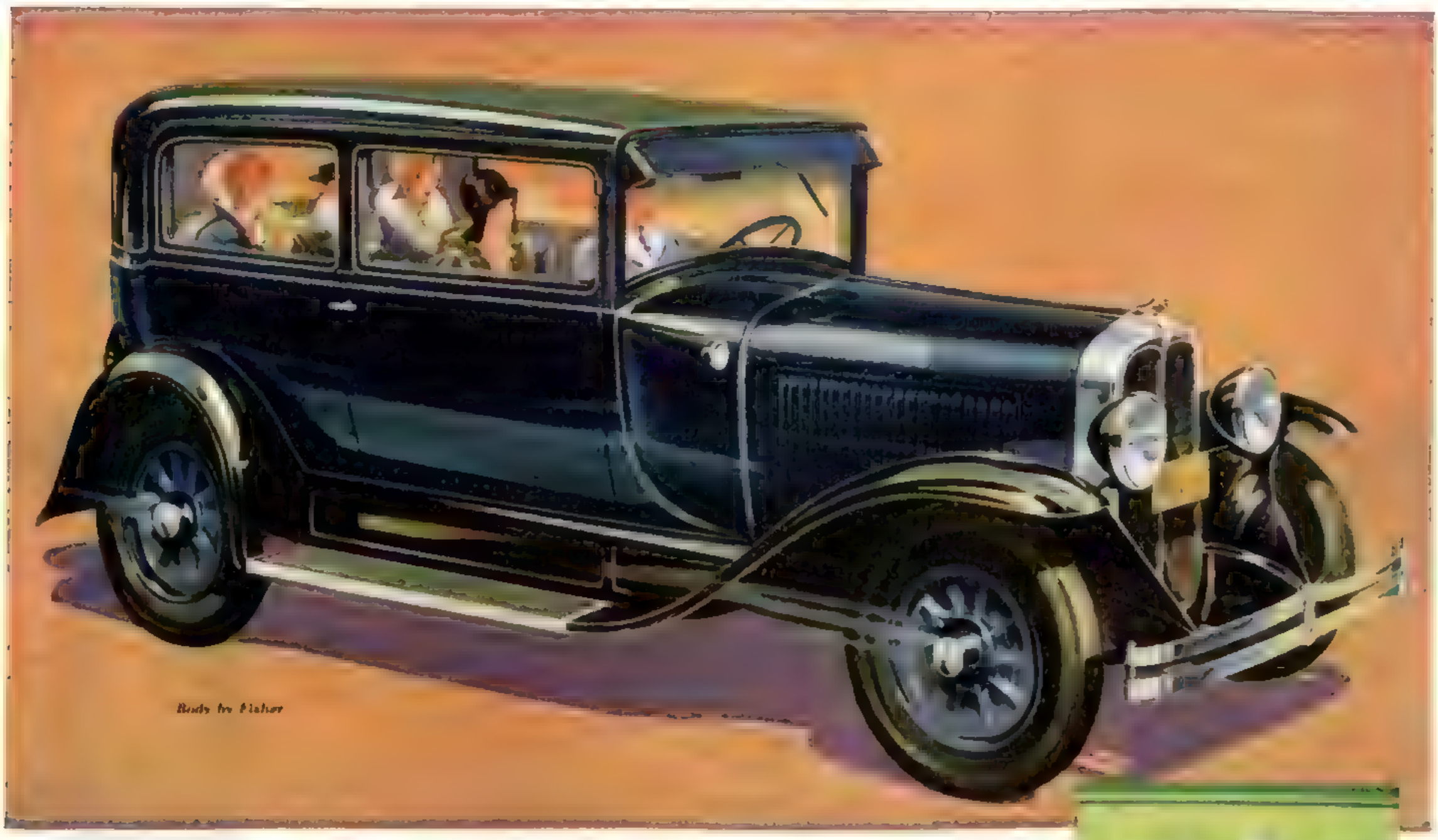
BIG *radiator.* The famous cross-flow radiator with thermostatic control. Eliminates losses of water or alcohol through boiling. Thermostat checks flow of water until correct operating temperature is reached.

All combined with unrivalled economy

Go to the nearest Oakland-Pontiac showroom to see and drive the Pontiac Big Six. And take your present car for the dealer's appraisal. His offer will probably cover the down payment on a new Pontiac Big Six leaving only a small amount to pay each month. Investigate this opportunity to enjoy the luxury of a fine, big car.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895 f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH.



PONTIAC BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

$745

2-DOOR SEDAN

f.o.b. Pontiac, Mich.

(Continued from Page 82)

would go through my catalogue and see what he could do for me. I did this, and by three o'clock the business was finished. The order, I recall, amounted to around a thousand dollars, and called for wire, sockets, switches, insulators, reflectors and other material used by the Harkness Corporation in its various plants. In giving me shipping instructions, Mr. Buxton explained that a freight car left the Jersey City railway terminal every night, consigned to the Harkness Corporation, and reached Olneyville the second morning. We were to place the goods he ordered from me on this car.

As I went back to the hotel with Mr. Buxton's typewritten order in my pocket it occurred to me that it might be a good stroke of business to send the order in to the house by telegraph, as there was a chance that, late as it was, the merchandise might be assembled and delivered to the Jersey City terminal in time to catch the Harkness freight car before it left that same night. The Olneyville telegraph office was on Main Street next the hotel. I went in and filed my message, leaving word that any reply should be delivered to the hotel clerk.

In the dining room that evening I saw Mr. Buxton having dinner with a couple of friends. I finished before they did and went out into the lobby for a smoke. I had been there the better part of half an hour when a bell boy brought me a telegram, and almost at the same moment Mr. Buxton came out of the dining room with his friends. He excused himself to them and came to where I was standing.

"I thought you might still be in town," he said. "There were one or two items I overlooked this afternoon and I'll give you the order for them now, so they can be shipped with the other stuff."

He handed me a slip of paper on which he had made his notations. I had not yet opened my telegram, and asked him to wait a moment until I should do so, explaining that it might be in connection with the business we had transacted. My surmise turned out to be correct. I told him I was grateful for the additional business, but it would be impossible to include the items with the order I had taken that afternoon because the latter was already in transit.

"But that can't be," he ejaculated. "You didn't leave my office until three o'clock, and it's only a little after eight now!"

For answer I handed him the message. It was dated Jersey City, 7:15 P.M., and worded as follows:

RICHARD ARMSTRONG
HOTEL OLNEY
OLNEYVILLE PA
HARKNESS CORPORATION ORDER OF EVEN DATE SHIPPED COMPLETE
WALTER BLAKE

Mr. Buxton seemed hardly able to believe his eyes. He read the message several times, and even turned the yellow sheet over to look at the back, as though he suspected he might find the explanation there. At length, convinced that the message meant what it said, he asked me how it could be done.

"I don't know anything more about it than you do, Mr. Buxton," I answered, "except that the Blake-Ogilvie Company practices teamwork and goes to great lengths to back up the efforts of its salesmen. I telegraphed the order you gave me this afternoon, instead of mailing it, and perhaps it was given a little extra attention for that reason. I have seen such things happen so often in our office that I can pretty well describe, if you like, just what went on this afternoon." Mr. Buxton said he was curious to know, and I went on:

"I sent my telegram at a little after three, and we will assume it reached Blake-Ogilvie at four. It was sent at once to Mr. Walter Blake, as is the rule of the house. He went over the items specified on the order. Most of the items we have in stock. He checked these and had a stenographer make a typewritten copy, which was sent to the shipping room. A packer began assembling the merchandise immediately. But some of the items you ordered we do not carry in regular stock. There was, for example, a quantity of odd-size reflectors. The factory that makes them is in Connecticut. If we were to send to the factory it would be several days before we could get them. In such a case we would have to hold up shipment of your order until they came. Or we could make a partial shipment of your order and send the balance later.

"But either way, it wouldn't be the kind of service Blake-Ogilvie like to give their customers. The reflectors might be the one item on your order that you were most anxious to get promptly. There was a chance that some jobbing house in New York might have them. Mr. Blake got on the telephone and called up one jobber after the other until he found one who happened to have some of those odd-size reflectors in stock. Perhaps this jobber is on Thirty-fourth Street. That's approximately three miles from our office. One of our wagons was dispatched posthaste to get there before closing time. The chances are Mr. Blake sent one of the clerks from our office up to Thirty-fourth Street on the Elevated, so as to be there ahead of the wagon. This would save a few minutes, because the clerk could have all the details attended to in advance and the stuff could be put on our wagon the moment it arrived.

"The chances are, also, that our clerk carried a check to pay for the stuff. It is no secret that a business house does not usually fall over itself in its eagerness to accommodate a competitor, and sometimes cash in advance helps to grease the track. I do know for a certainty, however, that whether or not we paid cash in advance, we got no trade discount. The reflectors cost us the same price that we charge the Harkness Corporation for them. Perhaps a little more.

"So far so good. We'll say your merchandise has all been assembled and packed ready for shipment. It's about half after six. The freight car consigned to the Harkness Corporation is over in the Jersey railway yards across the North River. If there is any slip-up in getting the merchandise to the car on time, all the efforts that have gone before are wasted. I know precisely what happened then. Mr. Walter Blake, president of the Blake-Ogilvie Company, put on his hat and overcoat, got on the seat beside our truck driver, rode across the Jersey ferry to the railway yards and saw every item of the order loaded onto the Harkness freight car. Then he went to a telegraph office and sent me this message, stating that the Harkness order has been shipped complete."

Mr. Buxton seemed quite fascinated by my imaginative account of the proceedings by which the Blake-Ogilvie Company had been able to assemble and ship a highly diversified lot of merchandise in such record time.

I told him that after I got back to New York I would check up on my story and write him how nearly accurate my description had been. It turned out that my story and the facts practically coincided, even to the detail of the president of the Blake-Ogilvie Company riding a truck from Manhattan to New Jersey!

It is an axiom of retail business that on every main street the most proficient merchants eventually get the best locations. A somewhat similar thing may be said of wholesale operations. In the long run the jobbing or manufacturing concerns that are run most competently get the best salesmen.

The reason is the same in both cases—namely, ability to pay. A first-rate merchant can pay a high rental for the most prominent corner in town and make money on it, while a second-rate merchant in the same location would be bankrupted by the expense. By the same token a preëminently efficient manufacturing or jobbing organization can pay its men salaries that would be beyond the pocketbook of a less efficient concern.

Success is cumulative. The Blake-Ogilvie Company had a superior lot of salesmen on its staff. It would be easy to say the company had superior salesmen because it paid better salaries than most of its competitors. But that would be only a superficial explanation. The Blake-Ogilvie Company could afford to pay good salaries to good men because it did a big volume of business. It did this big volume because it backed up the efforts of the men on the road by super service at the home office. During the years when Blake-Ogilvie were making history in the electrical jobbing trade, such incidents as I have related in connection with Mr. Buxton of the Harkness Corporation were of almost everyday occurrence.

When I first went to work for Blake-Ogilvie they employed about twenty road salesmen, and this number was increased from year to year as the concern expanded its operations to more remote territories. There was a remarkable *esprit de corps*. Though Duncan Ogilvie was popular with the salesmen, I think it was Walter Blake who was mainly responsible for the family feeling we all had toward the company. Mr. Ogilvie was one of the boys, but Mr. Blake was the man we went to with our problems. I believe it was during my third year with the concern, at one of our semi-annual salesmen's meetings, that Roy Comstock, who traveled Western New York State, was full of excitement over a deal in Canada land that he contemplated going into, and was anxious to share his splendid prospects with his brothers of the Blake-Ogilvie organization. It appeared that some people he knew were forming a company to purchase a large tract in Alberta and go into wheat raising on a grand scale. The idea was that on this virgin land, which could be bought for a dollar an acre, mass-production methods could be employed and wheat raised at so small a cost per bushel that enormous profits would be realized. According to Roy's estimate, the investment would bring a return of at least 100 per cent per annum after the first year or two. The project looked so attractive that about a dozen of us salesmen agreed to go into it to the extent of a thousand dollars apiece.

One evening we got together and asked Walter Blake for his advice. He listened while Roy explained the details, which were as follows: A customer of Roy's in the electrical-contracting business in Buffalo had a son, recently graduated from college, who had an urge for farming, and he was to manage the enterprise. One of his college friends was to be assistant manager. The utmost efficiency and economy were to be observed—qualities sadly lacking, it was believed, in ordinary farming operations. I recall that one economy contemplated was in the purchase of livestock. Certain Chicago street-car lines were being changed from horse traction to electricity, and their horses could be bought for something like forty dollars each. The only fault to be found in these animals was a tendency to be footsore, but this would soon be remedied by the change from cobblestone pavements to the soft virgin soil of the Northwest. This purchase would save several thousand dollars, which was a striking example of the advantage that accrued when real business principles were applied to agriculture. Farmers in Alberta were paying one hundred dollars or more for horses no better than those we could buy in Chicago for forty dollars.

Mr. Blake listened intently while Roy enthusiastically explained the possibilities of the project.

"I don't want to throw cold water on this scheme you boys are thinking of going into," he remarked at the finish, "and certainly I can't speak with authority, because what I don't know about agriculture would fill several books. But on general principles I would say this scheme of yours is a good thing to keep away from."

These remarks on the part of Mr. Blake were not particularly welcome. Looking back, I realize that we did not want advice. What we really wanted was praise for our acumen in knowing a good thing when we saw it. Human nature is that way sometimes. Roy Comstock was first to become vocal.

"Excuse my saying it, chief," he rapped out indignantly, "but you're altogether too conservative. This scheme is absolutely air-tight. Its possibilities ought to be obvious to anyone!"

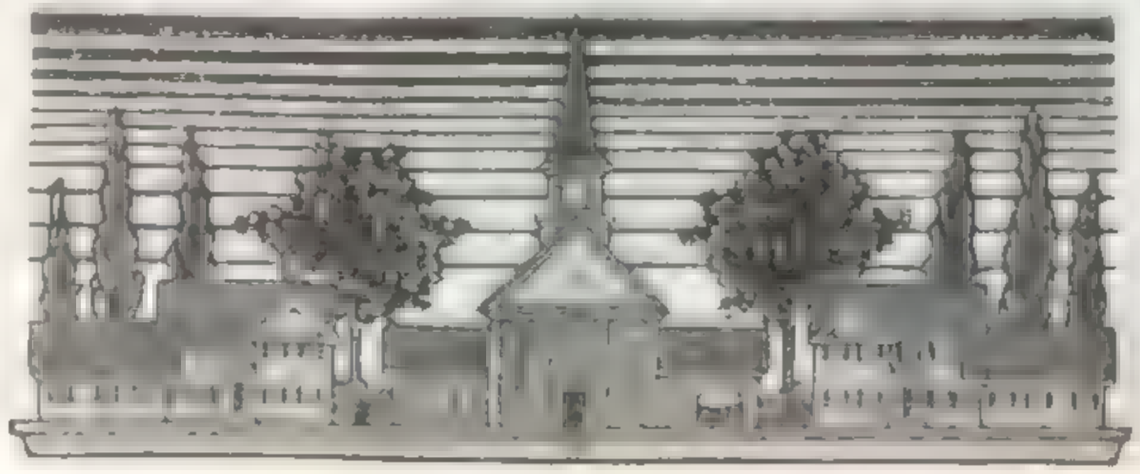
Mr. Blake smiled blandly at this outburst and tilted back in his office chair comfortably.

"Don't you think, Roy," he suggested, "that your scheme may be just a little bit too obvious? I have always found it advisable, when I have thought up something that seems pretty wonderful to me, to investigate whether it may not be so obvious that other people have thought of it too. When I do that I find, nine times out of ten, that I am only one of many who have thought of the same thing!"

"But this scheme is based on economy," Roy objected. "We're going to produce wheat more economically than other people. I've heard you yourself say a thousand times, chief, that economy is the basis of every business success."

"That's true, Roy," Mr. Blake answered; "economy is the basis of success. It's one of those obvious things everyone talks about. Theoretically, at least, everyone in business tries to practice it. You say your Canada wheat-raising project is based on economy, and so it must be a grand success. But what's to prevent everyone else doing the same thing? Everyone knows Alberta land can be bought for a dollar an acre. It is even conceivable that quite a number of people know that Chicago street car horses may be had at a bargain. It isn't because your scheme is illogical that I object to it," Mr. Blake concluded. "Quite the reverse. It's altogether too logical, too obvious. If it is the sure-fire money-maker it appears to be, there'd be no necessity to peddle stock in thousand-dollar lots. I think I'd go slow in putting money into it."

I regret to say our enthusiasm was at such fever heat that none of us accepted the conservative advice of our chief. I still have my shares, but my original investment of one thousand dollars has grown to more than three thousand, as assessments have been made from time to time. Perhaps some day I shall get my money back, with interest, but anyhow it is worth something to learn that fortunes aren't often made by clever schemes of amateurs. That is like believing you can beat the stock market through reading the market page of a daily newspaper.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FREEZE
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DIRECTIONS
Prevent this by Whiz

GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE

Delay may cost you a new radiator. Winter's icy fist strikes without warning. Don't wait for cold weather before servicing your car with WHIZ Anti-Freeze. *Today*, let the garage man service your car with Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze, then you can forget freezing worries for the whole winter. Whiz Gold Band gives complete and dependable protection even at 40 degrees below zero. It does not evaporate and consequently one filling lasts all winter.

Whiz Gold Band does not corrode or injure any part of the cooling system. It is odorless and non-inflammable and does not harm lacquer, Duco or other automobile finishes. And still, with all these convenient and important advantages, Whiz Gold Band costs less per season than any other anti-freeze. It will pay you to refuse any other anti-freeze and *insist on Whiz Gold Band*. The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, New Jersey, and Toronto, Canada.

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SAFE! . CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS

$3.25 per Gallon

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA AND WEST OF ROCKIES

The vital metal parts of the internationally famous Eureka Vacuum Cleaner are made of Bohnalite.

The use of Bohnalite means a lighter product for the housewife to handle. Also Bohnalite is particularly adaptable to economical manufacturing operations. It is a free cutting metal that machines and polishes beautifully.

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Send your samples and blue prints to-day. Write for interesting booklet showing the wide use of Bohnalite in a great variety of industries.

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All of the above parts of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner are made of Bohnalite

THE VITAL PARTS *of the* EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER ARE MADE OF BOHNALITE

62% LIGHTER THAN IRON

FOURTEEN YEARS AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

the stage. Frieda Hempel kept on bravely with the Waldvogel aria, but the other singers hastened to shelter and the performance stopped. This did not suit the audience at all; rain or no rain, they liked our Siegfried and wanted to hear it all. In fact, they became extremely impatient, shouted and stamped their feet, clamored for the third act. Schumann-Heink saved the day. She mounted the stage and in a long speech told the audience that while we had a contract with them we had made none with Jupiter Pluvius—hence the rain. To keep faith with them, however, she promised that if they would come back the next night we would sing the third act, though necessarily without scenery, for that had to go on to Cleveland that night. This solution seemed reasonable to our patrons; the next night they all came back, and we, in our traveling clothes, stood on a vast empty stage in the middle of the park and gave the third act of Siegfried.

In St. Louis the requirements of opera clashed with those of the great national game, to the eventual discomfiture of the latter, as it turned out. We were to give our performance in the baseball park, and it was over the placing of the stage that the controversy arose. I picked out what seemed to me the best place. "Impossible!" the park officials cried. "Why, that's the diamond!" So we set the stage back on the grass. Now, you may remember that in Siegfried, which we were singing that night, the first ten minutes are very pianissimo. The St. Louis audience perhaps was not familiar with the score, and with the stage set so far from the stands they quite naturally thought they were not hearing properly. So those thousands of people left their seats and descended onto the field—ever so quietly, for they wanted to hear every note—and massed themselves in front of the stage. Of course, I had my back to all this, but I could feel the enormous, silent horde stealing up upon me; it was most uncanny. And afterward, that diamond looked as if a herd of buffaloes had trampled it.

A Star That Shines On

At another Siegfried on that same tour, there occurred something which I have never observed at an opera before or since. The audience took a violent dislike to the dwarf Mime; they hissed and shouted every time he appeared. To save the situation I motioned him to keep out of sight, and at the intermission we decided to finish the drama without any Mime. Nobody seemed to notice that anything was lacking; the house was simply pleased to be rid of someone it had taken an active aversion to.

In Chicago the rain gave us a holiday; we spent our whole stay in that city in Schumann-Heink's house, celebrating a double birthday—hers and Gadski's. The house, with its great open fireplaces and general atmosphere of *Gemütlichkeit*, was thrown open to us, and we made the most of it. We left the city without ever having faced an audience, but we had eaten much good food and done justice to our colleague's beer and champagne.

I wonder if there has ever been another woman like Madame Schumann-Heink—a remarkable person and a great artist. Always the best of companions on tours or at home, hospitable, jolly and full of fun, a typical German grandmother—what a dear old thing she is. It is unbelievable what influence her personality exerts, how she catches the hearts of the people. First of all, of course, I admire her as an artist. Even today. Only last spring, in Rheingold, she gave an unbelievable performance for a woman of sixty-eight. Her diction was superb as ever, her personality as vibrant. Naturally her voice is not what it used to be; we can fight anything but age—though if anyone can do even that she does. And then I love her for herself, and because she is a recollection of my boyhood.

I heard her in Bayreuth when she was in the height of her powers. That was in 1899; I was not yet twenty-two, making my first pilgrimage to the Wagner shrine. For a whole year I had saved for the great event—twenty marks for a seat, and my railroad fare—third class—from Vienna. I did not eat at all the day I was in Bayreuth; I had no money. And I could afford to hear only one performance; I chose Parsifal, because in those days that was given only there. One could not even get the score, so I went entirely unprepared, all excitement, eager for the unfolding of a great, new experience.

A Caricature of Artur Bodanzky by Enrico Caruso

Muck conducted. He lifted his baton for the *Vorspiel* and the orchestra breathed the sacrament motif. I was enthralled. The curtain parted. Eagerly I watched and listened, enraptured, caught up to another world. Before my eyes passed the long train of knights in stately procession, the ominous moment of the uncovering of the Grail; then the long stately march again. The splendid monotony lulled my senses, my excited mind no longer ruled my weary body—and I fell asleep! All through the second act I slept; slept while Parsifal sported with the Flower Maidens, slept through the seductions of Kundry, slept when Klingsor hurled the sacred Spear—until, with a crash of the orchestra, castle and garden crumbled to ruins, and I awoke. I was so enraged that I burst into tears—fierce, hot tears.

Today, from the vantage point of thirty years after, I sometimes say that I could not swear how much was tears and how much Bayreuth Festspielhaus perspiration. It is all right to smile about it now, but it was tragic then.

Only fifteen years after that misadventure of my youth, I was chosen to conduct the first performance of Parsifal outside of Bayreuth—except those in New York. That was in Covent Garden in 1914. And now, fifteen more years later, the sweat of fifteen years of conducting Parsifals becomes a memory like the tears of the first.

When I arrived in New York I told the first reporters I met that if I had any sort of success in America I should settle here permanently, bring over my family and become a citizen of the United States. All these things I did. I took out first papers at once, and in July, 1916, Mrs. Bodanzky and the children, Elizabeth, then six, and Arthur, four, followed me across the ocean. Just as I had had all sorts of difficulties and adventures getting out of Germany, so had she; she was really very lucky to get permission to leave just then, and very courageous to risk with the children the voyage through submarine-infested waters. Many of our friends could not even get passage; the Metropolitan that summer lost Urluss, the star tenor of the German company, who, although he was Dutch, could not get a steamer back from Holland.

I had come to this country thoroughly disgusted with the military spirit which had spawned throughout Europe even before the war. In France, Germany—everywhere—you couldn't go to the remotest town without seeing uniforms. In America I found the liberty and democracy which militarism had crushed in the old world, and I became and remain a fervent American.

We foresaw nothing, that first summer here, of the trying two or three years that lay ahead for us technically Austrian citizens. We were only supremely happy to be together again, to have escaped from the war madness; and our thoughts for the future extended only through the next few weeks and a pleasant holiday by the sea. We went down to Spring Lake, New Jersey, all looking forward to ocean bathing, only to find the beach closed because of sharks. The beasts came far north of their usual habitat that summer, and several were caught—believe it or not—on the Jersey coast. I remember thinking, as we sat on the sand, how ironic it was to have come safely past the submarines only to find these peaceful waters filled with sharks.

The Night War Was Declared

All that summer I was busy improving my English; when I arrived I knew only what I had learned in school, and spoke the language very badly. But I took it up energetically, and also Italian. In that same summer we met Reginald de Koven and Mrs. de Koven; I was to conduct his Canterbury Pilgrims—the only American opera I ever conducted—at the Metropolitan that winter, and we had several conferences to arrange cuts and changes.

That opera was destined to a dramatic part in the history of America's participation in the war and the upheaval which hostilities brought into the cosmopolitan world of the opera house. For it was The Canterbury Pilgrims which was being played that fateful night, April 6, 1917, when war was declared. In a way, that was a fitting and patriotic coincidence, but it also happened that the actors in this American opera were the German company! Ambassador Gerard, who was in the audience, rose in his box during the intermission and read the declaration of war. The consternation backstage among that group of singers, suddenly become enemy aliens, can be easily imagined. Many of the women were in hysterics; Margarete Ober fainted. But not even war could be permitted to halt a performance; I struck up The Star-Spangled Banner and the play went on.

In a few days more the season had ended and the German company had dispersed to the four corners of the world, never to come together again. I and one or two others remained. All through the war I worked at the Metropolitan and had not the slightest unpleasantness. Gatti was an Italian patriot, but that had nothing to do with his relations with me. I was never bothered by the authorities and only a little by some of the fighters behind the lines. I suffered terribly during the war, but for the countries in combat, not for myself. I am not a politician; I don't want wars. I can think of war only as killing, murdering—I have

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no other expression for it. Of course there were a few personal embarrassments, but I found for the most part that the only people who would not see me during the war were some of the Germans; my American friends stuck to me, and I have always been grateful to them and to their country—which is now mine also—for that. Without the help of Otto Kahn, Gatti-Casazza and Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, particularly, I don't know how I could have got through those difficult years.

But those days had their amusing incidents as well. One night Joseph Urban and I were going downtown to Luchow's restaurant after a rehearsal of Oberon. Urban, the famous architect and designer of settings for operas at the Metropolitan, is of course a name known to many; but naturally only his friends know the carefree spirit of this jovial fat man. I call him the last of the Viennese; think of a Strauss waltz and you have the idea. No sooner were we seated in the Subway train than Urban began some lively story, talking loudly in German.

"Sh!" I warned. "We had better speak English."

He laughed and shouted back: "Why, if I talk English everyone will know we are German; but if we speak Viennese everyone will think we're a couple of Egyptians."

And apparently he was right.

Perhaps the same idea might have been followed successfully at the opera house, but, in fact, it will be recalled, the German-language productions were barred for the duration of the war. We had some German opera in English, although Wagner did not get back in the repertoire, even in translation, until early in 1920. For the season of 1917–18 I conducted Italian and Russian operas and, later, Oberon and other revivals, some good and many now decently forgotten. To take Wagner bodily out of the opera repertoire leaves a gap which is not easily filled.

Ponselle's Leap to Fame

So it was one of the fortunes of war that I had the opportunity of working with the Italian wing of the company and of learning close at hand the greatness of Caruso and our American Ponselle. I had wanted to conduct Italian operas from the first, but, except in wartime, things are not so ordered at the Met.

To recall the pleasure of our first rehearsals of Oberon, listening to Ponselle's voice, will be, I am sure, one of the delights of my declining years. The story of her rise from a Meriden, Connecticut, movie house, through a sister act in vaudeville, to a magnificent debut with Caruso and instant fame at twenty-two—all this is, of course, well known. How fresh and clear her voice is, the whole public knows; but how conscientious an artist, how modest a creature she is, only those who have worked with her preparing an opera can know. The night of her debut in La Forza del Destino, November 20, 1918, she was not quite sure of herself—which was not to be wondered at, for this was her first appearance on any operatic stage. The critics next day remarked on her initial nervousness, but they went on to tell how this had disappeared, how the audience responded warmly to the new star. And when she followed this first good impression with an overwhelming success in Oberon, her fortune was made, she sat beside Caruso on the throne of popular favor. And she deserved it. Ponselle has, as De Koven wrote after her debut, "a natural operatic aptitude akin to genius." Yet even today before every performance she trembles and behaves like a beginner.

Ponselle, as Rezia, carried away the vocal honors of that Oberon, but the performance was distinguished and memorable in other respects as well. Von Weber's fairy opera had not been given in New York for more than half a century, and never anywhere as we produced it. Urban had made scenery of surpassing loveliness; when the curtain went up on his fairy garden the sight brought a murmur of delight from the audience, and the other scenes were also much admired. The opera was sung in English, the language, as probably few know, for which it was written. It had been ordered by Covent Garden; Weber took a hundred or so hurried English lessons so that he could understand the libretto. The music had to be rearranged a bit for modern use, recitatives had to be written to replace the old spoken dialogue—which wouldn't do at all in so huge a house as the Metropolitan—and this work fell to me. Gatti asked me to do it, and although I do not consider myself a composer, I put the recitatives together to everybody's satisfaction, using other music of Von Weber as a basis. Later I did the same service for Der Freischütz and Fidelio. Naturally we had all slaved on the Oberon, and were much pleased by the impression it made on the audience. I consider it Ponselle's first big success.

Old-World Talent

Lacking the large German repertoire, we had to fill in with many works which will probably never be seen in New York again. The worst flop which happened to any of these—indeed, to any opera ever produced anywhere, I believe—was the fate of The Polish Jew, by Carl Weiss, a Czech. The main part was sung by an Indian chief, Caupolican, a singer of good voice and an intelligent, useful artist, though not a great one. But not even this novelty could save The Polish Jew. The play was carefully prepared, but its reception was so chilly that I carefully fell ill before the second performance, leaving the thankless task of conducting to poor Paul Eisler, my faithful assistant.

In the spring of 1920 the Wagner operas began to dribble back, at first in English translation, but by November, 1921, in German again. Then came the task of building up the German company anew; some of the old band were left, but Goritz, Gadski and many another were gone forever.

Summers were filled with auditions in Berlin and Vienna, a tiresome weeding process illuminated by an occasional find. Elisabeth Rethberg is one of my discoveries, and I am proud of it. Schützendorf is another. Both have made great successes here. On the other hand, singers who were highly esteemed abroad have failed completely to catch on at the Metropolitan.

Jeritza was not one of these. As everyone knows, she came in like a lion—in Korngold's Die Todte Stadt in 1921—and has been coming and going like a lion ever since. She is certainly one of the greatest personalities of the stage today—and she has an outspoken talent for bridge.

But take Madame Larsen-Todsen for an example. She is one of the finest singers since Lilli Lehmann, with a marvelous voice and diction. Of course she has not a young voice; no woman old enough to sing Fidelio or Brünnhilde could have. In Europe she is one of the biggest stars, but she couldn't get a footing here. The press was against her, and consequently the public.

No one can please all the public all the time—which reminds me of the fifteen-year coolness between Siegfried Wagner and me, and of its pleasant termination—the latter another recollection of the Metropolitan. The misunderstanding began in Bayreuth in 1909, when a newspaperman repeated to Wagner my half-serious, half-joking comments on the performances of his father's operas there. I had just been engaged as conductor of the Ducal Opera at Mannheim, and before taking up my duties I wished to refresh my technic at the fount of Wagner tradition. I was frankly disappointed. My mind filled with the beautiful Mahler interpretations in Vienna, I found the Bayreuth production of the Ring decidedly mediocre, although Parsifal and Lohengrin I enjoyed exceedingly. Not expecting my observations to be repeated, I expressed this opinion to a Berlin critic summering at Bayreuth, adding, with a smile, that the management apparently had gone out of its way to get the oldest singers in the world. My flippancy soon reached the ears of Siegfried Wagner, and when I next met him he was very cool and reserved. Nothing was said, however, and I went on to Mannheim and thought no more of the incident.

Two years later, planning to go to Bayreuth again, I wrote for reservations. Much to my surprise, I received in reply a personal note from Wagner, in this vein: Why do you wish to come to Bayreuth if you think our performances are prepared so negligently? Do you really think you could get any benefit from them?

I answered that I stuck to every word I had said, that I was always perfectly frank and must repeat that while the Lohengrin and Parsifal had been fine, the Ring performances were poor. Siegfried Wagner had conducted the Lohengrin himself, but not the Ring, so I was not slurring his conducting. It was as general director of the festival that he resented my criticism of any of the works.

He replied, saying he knew that the real reason for my criticism was that I disliked him personally. He had also been informed, he said, that I had a low opinion of his compositions.

I retorted to this effect: On the contrary, my dear Mr. Wagner, I am perhaps the only one who really appreciates your compositions.

That was not a very pleasant thing to say, and I apologize for it now, if I have not specifically done so before. After that there was a coolness between us. But letter writing ceased.

Years passed, the war came and was over. I was in New York and it was 1924, far from Bayreuth and 1909. One day in March we were rehearsing Der Freischütz; I had just dropped my baton after the overture, when all of a sudden out of the dark auditorium Siegfried Wagner stepped and said: "Bodanzky, let's shake hands and let bygones be bygones." We embraced cordially and our misunderstanding was a thing of the past. He came to our house two or three times with his charming wife, Winifred Klindworth, daughter of the Englishman who had been Richard Wagner's close friend, and those pleasant gatherings quieted completely our fifteen-year-old teapot tempest.

Jazz at the Metropolitan

Barbara Kemp made her most favorable impression in this country in her husband's Mona Lisa, but the New York première of that opera, March 1, 1923, was most important, I should say now, in introducing to this country that superb bass-barytone, Michael Bohnen, whose permanent place in the opera company is now threatened only by the demands of the talkies. One of the most good-natured and lively men at the Metropolitan, he enjoyed himself hugely this last season in Jonny Spielt Auf, prancing about in blackface, the supposed incarnation of the jazz spirit.

I cannot say the same for myself; what I thought of Jonny—though I prepared it carefully, of course, and conducted it—would not be fit to print. The book is amusing enough, but Krenek's music says nothing whatever, and his jazz is not even good jazz. Except for the Charleston finale, I'm afraid most people in this country would not consider it jazz at all. As my young son Carl Arthur, who is much more interested in jazz than I am, said: "They should leave such things to the Americans." My view of jazz is this: It is an excellent and even beautiful thing, but everything in its place. It gives great pleasure to many people—a certain amount of it, under certain conditions, gives great pleasure to me—but it has nothing to do with musical art. Perhaps it will in the future, but so far it is only dance music. Gershwin shows already the beginnings of something more—the use of jazz as a means of expression—so it seems a possibility that if a genius comes along he may get the jazz spirit into real music.

(Continued on Page 92)

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(Continued from Page 90)

Bohnen, in physique, is as strong as two horses. If he had not been a fine bass baritone and a splendid actor, he would have made a great prize fighter. Once he picked up a phone booth, with Rothier inside it, and carried it across the lobby on Thirty-ninth Street to the door of Billy Guard's office. Another time he played a joke on me—a cerebral, not a physical joke, I am thankful to say. It was one morning last season; a rehearsal of Der Freischütz was about to begin, but I had not arrived. Suddenly the jolly Bohnen sprang to the podium, lifted the baton and began to lead the orchestra through the overture. Attracted from my room by the music, I arrived in time to see him bring the *Vorspiel* to a close.

"Bravo, Bohnen!" I cried. "Well played. Gentlemen, we will consider the overture in good order and continue the rehearsal from this point." Only Gatti made a sour face.

From the standpoint of acting, Jonny was good relaxation for the company. Editha Fleischer made such a pretty, petite ladies' maid, and it was amusing, though disconcerting, to watch George Meader, a silly hotel clerk with a butler's side whiskers, fluttering about the stage; particularly when one remembered that the very next day perhaps he would be devoting his fine voice to the solemn beauties of Bach with the Friends of Music.

I shall not make a catalogue of the members of the postwar German company with which I worked during my last years at the opera. They are a splendid group of artists and my good friends, and many of them will be singing for me in concerts in the future. But I shall single out one because she is unique—Maria Müller, the only singer, so far as I know, who ever ran away from a chance to come to the Metropolitan. When I first heard her she was a beginner in Prague, singing in a novelty of Zemlinsky's. Naturally I had gone to hear the opera, but I remained to listen to this fresh young voice. I at once sent a telegram to Gatti; he suggested an audition, but she protested that she was too young, too inexperienced, to attempt the heights of the Metropolitan! Later he persuaded her to sign an optional contract, coming to Munich to hear her, but again she insisted she was not mature enough, and so escaped for the second time. After that came her great success in Munich, which gave her self-confidence, and she finally entered the net. She was the only one who ever ran away from it.

Some run away afterward. There was Louise Hunter, who made such a hit three years ago that she was engaged next season by Hammerstein for his Golden Dawn, only to desert the stage entirely for the married state.

And of course there is Marion Talley. I am sorry she is retiring from the opera, and yet, understanding her personality, I am convinced she is making a sensible choice. She has a first-rank voice, but absolutely no urge for the stage. Why should she pretend she likes it? And yet, if her career had not been so easy, perhaps it would have been more lasting.

I was at the audition in the Metropolitan November 8, 1922, when this telegrapher's daughter, this plump Kansas City girl of fifteen, astounded Kahn, Gatti and all of us with the unexpected excellence of her voice. We all—her backers and the officials of the opera house—agreed that she should not rush into any public appearance; so she went abroad to study for three years, but that was not enough. Later I was at the audition in Milan when she was definitely engaged for the Metropolitan. There I had the distinct impression that I had heard a future Patti, but one who still needed a great deal of work and the experience of apprenticeship in small, exacting companies. I was frightened when Gatti told me that because she was an American he wanted to put her on the front row at once. And now, after four years on the front row, after a fabulous success, she turns her back on it all. It is a shame.

If she had not started at the top, had built her musical foundations slowly, as they must be, she might have become a great artist, for she has the voice. Perhaps she realizes this, knows that she would have to start all over again at the beginning, knows, in her sensible way, how almost impossible that would be, feels that for her the game would not be worth the candle. That is the secret of her retirement—for I am not skeptical of the sincerity of her announcement—the lack in her character of any great theatrical desire, that burning urge which inspires so many singers of one-tenth her vocal ability.

And as I, too, quit the opera, though not to retire to a farm, I must say that Miss Talley, lacking that burning urge, has made a very logical decision. Hard work! That is what music means to those who make it, and unless they have that irrepressible desire the labor cannot seem worth while.

What is this work of which I have said so much? People, I have found, are always curious to know how things are done, and presumably my readers now would like to know how music, in a phrase, is manufactured; how an opera is put together, how rehearsed; how the singers, musicians, stage hands learn their parts; how the conductor, by his art and his will, unifies and inspires the whole. These things I shall tell in another article.

THE POETS' CORNER

I Love Whiteness

I LOVE whiteness. Today I found
The sun's frail sash on the window ledge;
I caught it by its fairy edge
And close about my waist I wound
The dazzling tissue, fold on fold,
Till all its silver turned to gold.

I love whiteness. A chick's clean feathers;
Froth of daisies on the hot green hill;
Long dumb whiteness of December weathers;
The frost's gray fur on my window sill;
The nude white loveliness of silver birch;
The homely whiteness of a country church.

I love whiteness. Tonight I spied
The moon's bright tunic on the floor
And took it for my own, and wore
Its filmy luster like a bride—
O absent lover, if you knew!
I wear the moon's white veil for you.

—Angela Morgan.

The Hill Pasture

HE HAD never found the time to tame
The old hill pasture. Its sumac flame
Was bright as ever, its wild grapes hung
As jeweled as he found them when he was young.
And he heard the plovers crying away
To the south, when he wandered back today
With the wind in his hair, and he heard the brook
Gurgling from beakers of stone, and he took
A deep drink out of the pasture spring.
He heard quail calling; he seemed to bring
A fragrance from sod at every stride—
Tansy and horse mint and clover denied
Such mellowness in the dusty mow.
And as he walked he pondered how
He had planned to tame this field like the rest,
But kept it for pasture, to find it the best
Of all his fields, with the harvests done,
For an old man to roam, through the autumn sun,
With the soft blue haze along the skies,
With the wind in his hair and dreams in his eyes.

Fragrance and floss of the milkweed blown,
Melodies drifting on air that had grown
Wistful with autumn. The pasture stirred
With sounds he had longed for and just now heard,
Faint on the wind as a quail's far call.
It had kept him a harvest, after all!

—Glenn Ward Dresbach.

Nooksack Falls in Mt. Baker National Forest, Washington

The Deserted Kingdom

"THE King is gone," the old man said,
As he went utterly alone
Along the ruined walls of stone,
With monkeys chattering overhead.
"The King is gone. The King is gone.

"I may not question why he chose
To reign far hence in other lands;
I only wait for his commands,
Contented if he ever knows
I bow not to the monkey bands.

"So I wait here and watch the gate,
As I have done through all his reign,
Lest one day he should come again,
Though all the halls are desolate,
And like enough I watch in vain.

"I fear that if he come not soon,
The last hinge of the gate I guard
Will rust across, and wolf and pard
Will prowl in underneath the moon
And nothing will be left to ward.

"Already broken are the domes,
Already cracked the outer walls,
And all the lovely palace falls;
Untended are the princely homes,
Across whose sills the jungle crawls.

"The monkeys look at me and mock;
They know my King is overseas;
They deem that he has fled from these!
Whereof they boast from every rock
And chatter triumph from the trees.

"And yet I guard the gateway well,
And yet I wait for his commands
And hope some traveler of far lands
May one day come to him and tell
I bow not to the monkey bands."

—Lord Dunsany.

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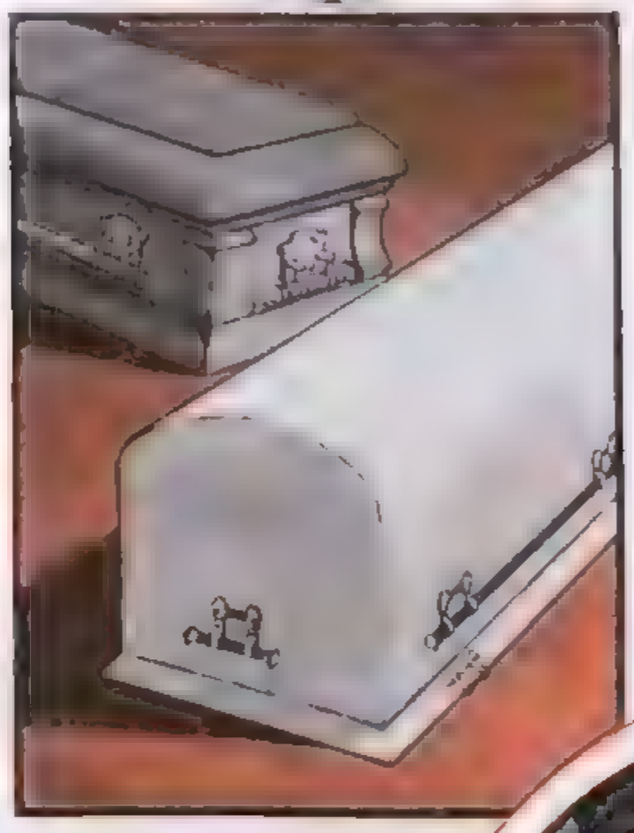

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EL U Y EL DOS

(Continued from Page 7)

there lay concealed a touch of the national weakness of chivalry.

"What? The child is a mother? Why, that fellow ought to be kicked around the block!" he exclaimed, quite angrily for a person of so restrained a manner.

The señor's sentiments did him credit, approved his guide; though it would take some doing, he intimated, to kick a man of Miguel's standing around the block. But the baby happened to belong to Marta only in a manner of speaking—by inheritance. "Ah, no, señor! The girl goes to confession each week as regularly as she oils her hair."

But there had occurred, between cake and cake, a little tragedy; two little tragedies, in fact. Marta's father, having gone to sea once too often with the fruit boats, had shown the carelessness to lose himself during a storm; Marta's mother—always a feeble-spirited woman, Caterina—had succumbed shortly after to grief and her seventh daughter; and there it was! The oldest daughter, at barely sixteen, found herself already in possession of a complete family—a family of girls, *que lástima*—with none to help except God and the neighbors. Was it wonder that cautious Miguel had hesitated before such an unexpected assumption of responsibilities? True, his fine *barraca* held more room than Marta's single chamber for so large a family, and in the *huerta* many little hands are an advantage, even female hands. But a man who was a man preferred naturally to create his family for himself.

Yes, it came hard on the *madrecita*, admitted the yellow-toothed one, with a speculative side glance at this *simpatico* American. Where now was such a little mother to find herself a husband? She was of too respectable a family to seek work in the tobacco factories, where babies are allowed of necessity. She could not obtain work in the shops, or even the market place, where a girl picks up a man easily enough, because in such places the presence of very young children is not encouraged. True, there was always the mass, at which any man was free to appraise her fresh young beauty under its drooping veil, and to sigh and long; but nowadays, commented Yellow-tooth severely, obviously sharing the current disapproval of the rising generation, it was not enough for an *amante* to appraise and sigh and long, or even to whisper his little nothings of courtship through a window bar; no, he required an encouragement to matrimony more tangible. Warm embraces—his voice lowered to a confidential note—were said to occur quite independent of the excuse of the *grupa*.

No, a girl's one chance, he declared, if she had been raised virtuous, was at the summer festivals, when mothers wax careless and *caballeros* ardent with their wine. Then, indeed, betrothals follow as naturally as with the birds in May. But what opportunity had such as Marta to follow the impulsive dictates of her nature, with a sickly baby forever in her arms and three or four others whining hungrily at her skirts? Eh, no, she must continue at the eternal lace making while life went on without her, *la pobrecita!*—the eternal stitchery of linen for other brides to wear, until she could no longer see to do so and must come at last to be grateful for the bread of charity. What would you? She had no man. "A chicken must live and bear its pip."

The American again looked up at her uneasily, feeling in his suggestible nature vaguely to blame for the situation, since he happened himself to be a man. There was something rather poignant about the wasted youth of the girl hung there high and dry in her little balcony, like the usual bird that hung on the house front beside her in a cage several sizes too small for it; one of those unfortunate female partridges which Spanish peasants keep to act as decoys during the mating season. So he continued his inspection of young Marta, his tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles bifocusing carnestly upon her blushing and embarrassed countenance as upon any novel specimen brought to his catholic attention.

Genus Woman, he thought, tabulating her in his careful fashion for future reference. What a helpless manifestation of the eternal life force! The female butterfly pursuing its kind in strong-winged spirals of selectivity; the *Mimosa sensitiva* closing its petals firmly upon the pollen-bearing insect which should serve its biologic need; the very lowest form of protoplasmic matter subdividing automatically into self-determining units—all of these seemed a superior form of creative energy to Genus Woman. Expanding a little under an unwonted realization of his own masculinity, he jotted upon his cuff the reminder: "Universality of mating urge among various species of female," and resumed inspection.

Why, indeed, should this highly decorative little creature seem so piteous? She was, did she but realize it, far better off as things were—an independent unit, freed from the usual obligations of sex, under no necessity other than a sentimental one to assume economic responsibility for others than herself or to bring into the world willy-nilly—probably more nilly than willy—any more of these hungry, smeary-nosed, myopic little Spanish savages, so unfitted for the competition of modern life. In a way, indeed, her position approximated his own. "Then why be downhearted?" he wished earnestly to say to her. Was it envy of a ridiculous little hut amid the miasmic effluvia of a rice paddy, with a thatch full of vermin—thwarted desire for the great feminine pastime of keeping house? Or had the man himself, this cautious clodhopping peasant of the *huerta*, inspired in her those curious ebullitions of Nature which so soon pass, known to poets and other mental deficients as "love"?

Whatever it was, he wished that her eyes did not so much remind him of the eyes of a lost kitten which had once persisted in following him home and had remained there until he found it dead one day in his own bed, most disconcertingly, of old age and overeating. . . . At this point he removed his gaze, observing that the girl was going through that odd process of arching the neck, while glancing sidewise between the lashes, known to experts in the sex as "bridling."

Marta, it appeared, had not entirely given up hope. As his guide pointed out, the proper black she wore for her lost parents was that day relieved by a scarlet hibiscus flower, cunningly arranged in the hair; and she wore also her mother's large gold brooch with the saint's photograph inside, as if she were already a married woman. It was, of course, just possible that she might receive for the third time her anonymous gift of cake; in which case she would return to her lace making and eternal stitchery with renewed courage for life, feeling that youth was not yet past. She hung over her balcony, therefore, in obvious suspense, shared by several of the little sisters. There was still one specimen of cake left, pink and ornate, with platteresque curlicues of frosting.

But the procession below was preparing to move on. "Tra-*la*-la!" commenced the indefatigable rhythm.

Once more the American experienced that uncomfortable sensation, not unusual among his countrymen abroad, of being somehow to blame for things. He was not what people call a practical man, but one practical thing he had learned of long experience: That any sense of obligation, no matter how unreasonable, may usually be appeased by paying something to somebody. Therefore he made a murmured suggestion to his guide and put his hand into his pocket.

"*Ah, que caballero generoso!*" that gentleman approved. "May Santa Caterina bless all the noble hairs of the señor's head"—of which there were comparatively few remaining; and added with some irrelevance that the little *madrecita* was indeed still a pretty girl.

The procession paused again; the band interrupted itself dramatically in the middle of a movement; a final name was intoned—La Señorita Marta Eulalia Costancia Gil—and a cake entire, the largest and most impressive of all cakes, baroquely architectural in appearance as the palace of the Marqués de Dos Aguas itself, was borne aloft hieratically on the hands of the official cake dispenser. Pæans of pleasure mounted from the crowd, faces were turned upward, wreathed in gratified smiles, toward the balcony, where as many of Marta's little sisters as could squeeze themselves out into it danced up and down with anticipation. But the girl herself appeared to be weeping.

Suddenly struck with the realization of what he had done, the American fled around the nearest corner.

Responsibility for one's higher impulses, however, is not to be thus easily avoided; in this life—whatever may be the case in the next—people seem to pay more heavily for the good that they do than for the evil. From that time forth the yellow-toothed citizen, whose name proved to be Garcia, regarded himself as a fellow conspirator, and was not to be avoided in no matter what quarter of the city the American's retiring nature sought to escape attention. He appointed himself purveyor of confidential and highly unwelcome tidings about the girl Marta. . . . She was singing again, he reported on occasion, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; one heard her whenever one passed beneath the balcony where she sat for better light—not loudly, the señor would understand, being still in grief for her parents, but under the breath, as women will when one foot rocks a cradle, even if the *niño* in the cradle is not their own. And it was said by the gossips who met for their daily *tertulia* at the fountain, with *botijas* to fill, that her lace bobbins were flying twice as fast as usual, so that she could make nearly two meters in a day—much as a runner saves his greatest burst of speed until the goal is in sight. Undoubtedly the gift of cake had renewed Marta's courage for life.

The American, in growing compunction, began to wish that he had not exacted secrecy as to its donor; the death of a renewed hope is death indeed. But he came presently to be aware that the promise of secrecy had not been too scrupulously kept. He seemed to be on sudden and growing terms of intimacy with the humbler citizenry of Valencia. A persistent coachman at the hotel door, who had managed to discourage all competition for his patronage, leaned from his box to explain in a meaning manner that the señor would no doubt prefer his exclusive services, since he happened to be a neighbor of the little Marta. Strange females accosted him in the market place with the loud-spoken petition that God make all the wealthy *Americano's* children sons—an embarrassing attention for a man who happened to be by choice and habit a bachelor. The waiter who served him murmured into his ear, noticing his abstention from local beverages, that he had managed—being himself a cousin to the little Marta—to obtain for the noble señor several bottles of a special *vino Americano*, which proved to be an innocuous mixture of caffeine and soda pop. It began slowly to dawn upon him that popular fancy, prompted by Garcia, had selected himself as a possible substitute for the defaulting Miguel. The horns of his dilemma commenced to prick. Was poor little Genus Woman to be doubly a victim of false hopes?

Sedulously he avoided the neighborhood of the lace maker—no easy matter in the twisting rabbit warrens of the old town, which seemed again and again, with the well-known perversity of inanimate objects, to debouch him into her vicinity—a

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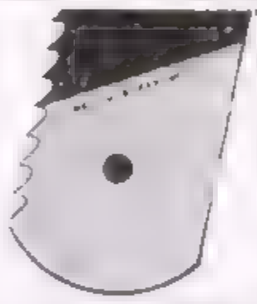

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fact which did not escape the acute and faithful observation of the man Garcia. The best time to get a really good look at Marta, he insinuated into his patron's ear—for she was a modest girl, and not one to be met with forever gadding to the fountain for gossip—was in the hour just after dark, when for a while she lighted the little lamp behind her—not a waste of good olive oil, he explained, since Marta was never one to waste unduly, but in order that she might have a little more time at her lace bobbins before sleep overcame her. Then, from the doorway opposite, one saw her very clearly, he said; the drooping, graceful contours outlined against the light, or the full sweet moon of her golden-pale face with the hair parted above as darkly as shadows of evening—for every Valencian is at heart a poet and a lover. Or best of all—he warmed to his theme with unction—on the way from early mass, the veil drawn modestly over the well-oiled hair, the eyes dewy from maiden prayer, the lips from unkissed kisses—eh, *Dios mio, que preciosa!* His señor attended, no doubt, the mass of six o'clock?

His señor replied with some asperity that he felt not the slightest interest in lips dewy with unkissed kisses; on the contrary.

"*Es posible?*" murmured Garcia in surprise. "But the señor is not yet old."

The comment rankled. The American found himself repeating it to himself with some annoyance. "Not yet old"—what could the fellow mean? At a mere forty? Not yet old!

In vain he strove to concentrate on certain historical events he had come far to visualize: That final triumph of the Cid, for example—a favorite hero of the days when a lonely and not very robust boy still had his heroes—riding the weeping steed Babieca down through the streets beside his fighting mate, Ximena, the sword Tizona upright in his dead hand, until he came in that macabre and haughty progress to the gates of the conquered city and out, so that the last of the Saracens who still besieged Valencia fled before his presence in superstitious awe. No sooner had he put himself into the proper receptive attitude for such remembered pageantry than somewhere, in those streets through which the dead Campeador had ridden to his last victory, would recommence the familiar insistent rhythm: "Tra-*la*-la! Tra-la-*la*, la-la-la-*la!*" Or his familiar, Garcia, would appear to suggest that, this evening being a saint's day, there would be much pipples in the river bed, much dancing of *El U y el Dos*—among them all the prettiest girls of Valencia. If the señor were interested—doubtless good neighbors would mind the little ones; perhaps, despite her mourning, the little Marta might be persuaded ——

In vain the harassed gentleman protested that dancing was even less in his line than unkissed lips; he was a serious person, a scholar come to study matters of importance.

Valgame Dios! And were not women matters of importance? inquired his guide encouragingly.

Apparently, like another student who complained of inability to see the forest for the trees, he was not to be permitted to see Spain for the Spanish.

And indeed there was in the atmosphere something of *opéra bouffe*, a merry-villagers-footing-it-on-the-greensward sort of thing which rather got into the blood, made concentration upon historic matters difficult. He was affected—by the languid warmth of the season, perhaps—with a curious sense of singleness in a world that appeared to be composed largely of two and two; a world, so to speak, that was riding *grupa*. And, as with the birds, the pleasant inner disturbance of his nature began to reflect itself in his appearance. He got out of his bag, for the first time, a certain costume that had been highly recommended to him by his tailor as suitable for foreign travel, consisting of a rather conspicuous light tweed coat and vivid garments known as plus-fours. He had always suspected himself, not without reason, of having a rather well-turned leg; and he formed a habit of beginning his day's investigations by a stroll through the flower market, where he selected, first at one stall and then at another, small nosegays which in this climate and season seemed not at all unsuitable for the buttonhole. Thus attired, when fate conducted him as usual to within eyeshot of the little lace maker's balcony, he felt less painfully conscious of the youthful downward gaze which rested so modestly upon him. Casting an occasional bifocal glance upward himself, most casually, he was oddly gratified to note that the girl also continued to wear a flower in her hair, as on the day of the cake festival, as if she courted such observation.

Once; happening to cross a bridge that spanned the wide dry bed of the River Turia, he noted many natives naïvely picnicking below in noisy family circles, and wondered anew at the obsession which causes quite sensible folk to desert the comforts of a dinner table in favor of sitting on their marrowbones to eat lukewarm food not infrequently seasoned with earth and insects. Yet, at the same moment, his curious, bleak sense of singleness returned, and with it a sudden sharpened sympathy for the girl Marta, marooned there in her balcony, with the female partridge hopping hopelessly in its cage beside her. Of course the wretched Garcia had made it impossible for him to do anything further to mitigate her lot, though it was probable that a more reckless type of fellow, one less widely known ——

After all, he was not so widely known in Valencia. But when it came to being reckless—he wondered how people went about becoming reckless.

That night at dinner he declined with some finality the *vino Americano* he had hitherto meekly accepted at the hands of his solicitous waiter, in favor of manzanilla. Since a glass of that pale and slightly acrid beverage failed of effect, he tried another, a third. Still nothing of moment occurred. He completed his experiment with *aguardiente*, whose taste recalled unpleasantly the smell of the preserving alcohol in his home laboratory, and settled himself in the hotel lobby to await come what might.

His eye presently fixed itself, without surprise, upon two tourist ladies whom he had seen before; whom he had managed rather, with some difficulty, to avoid seeing all over the peninsula. He disapproved, as a rule, of youngish ladies traveling about without suitable male protection, feeling vaguely that woman's place was in the home—whose home did not matter, so long as it was not his own. These two, however, were of a more pleasing type than others he had encountered; one in particular, who had hair of blondish tone, and a profile, might well have attracted many eyes less indifferent to such details than his own, and doubtless did so.

As it happened, he associated these ladies with a slight feeling of humiliation. Once, in the Triana at Seville, he had made the error of distributing such copper coins as were in his pockets among the smaller inhabitants, only to be so surrounded and so set upon by infant gypsies, who pulled at his coat, fingered his linen, jerked away his nose glasses, and twined themselves inextricably around his legs, that he had become really alarmed. At that moment the two ladies in question had come around the corner—they seemed to be always coming at him around corners—and grasping the situation, the blondish one had approached the horde of ravening wild infants, flapping her elbows and crying "Shoo! Shoo!" as to a flock of chickens; also resourcefully opening and shutting her umbrella at them, until they scattered before her in alarm, thus enabling him to gain the shelter of a taxicab without further loss of dignity. But it was not an interference easy to forgive.

Now, however, his gaze rested upon them unobserved, where they sat writing post cards—they were the only other non-Spanish in the hotel—and he decided that when he felt sufficiently toward and hearty, perhaps even a little ardent with his wine, he would invite them to go out with him and see life. Women seemed indicated in his evening's program, and tourist ladies were always interested in seeing life. One heard it going on in the near distance; a sort of rhythmic throbbing of the atmosphere, rather than a sound, which suggested the Tra-la-la motif. But instead of becoming ardent with wine, he found himself growing rather sleepy—perhaps from the effort of keeping his eye on two of them at once—and when he looked again the ladies had gone to bed and the hotel was being closed for the night. So he went to bed himself.

The next day being Sunday, there was, of course, a bullfight; and feeling that his evening's experiment in recklessness had not been altogether a success, he dallied with the bold thought of investigating it, which would enable him to write indignant letters later to the press. His hesitation carried him slowly and yet more slowly toward the arena, near whose entrance he encountered, as usual, his evil genius, Garcia. That citizen brightened visibly; it had looked for one dark moment as if he were personally about to miss the finest *foncion* of the season. But tickets were still obtainable if one hurried—the first bull was already in the arena. The señor desired, no doubt, two seatings of the best, in the shade—or perhaps three, he added hopefully, faithful to his trust, since the little Marta lived only a moment distant.

"Hang the little Marta!" muttered the other with a lack of gallantry not entirely sincere; but at that moment an explosive shout arose within, followed by a sharp silence; then more cries, shrieks, groans, and through them the thin tinkle of a rapidly approaching ambulance bell. Out of a gate close at hand came a knot of men carrying hurriedly, yet with greatest care, a youth in gorgeously embroidered garments, dripping with blood, his face the color of death. It was the first victim of one of those helpless bulls about whose cruel baiting the American had intended writing indignant letters to the press. Behind them came the two tourist ladies, looking rather ill. He decided against investigating bullfights.

As a sort of compensation to himself, the disappointed Garcia managed to maneuver his patron later into a position where he might see the crowd emerging after the finish—a colorful picture out of Carmen; the ladies, and even those who were not ladies, coquettishly charming in mantilla and fan and embroidered shawl. Many paused at the gate to make purchases of a market stall which seemed to be in action there—a butcher's stall. The American, approaching more closely, noted the number of carcasses of beef, looking curiously immodest without their skins on, being drawn and quartered with rather gruesome expedition before the eyes of prospective customers. "What an odd but convenient custom," he thought, wondering why Americans had not adopted the canny idea of erecting market stalls at the gates of baseball diamonds and football fields. And then he noted that certain urchins wading happily around the gutters thereabout seemed to be paddling in blood.

"Good gracious! These aren't the bulls which have just been killed in the ring?" he demanded, startled; it had not occurred to him to think of those innocent victims of man's cruelty as mere beef animals, composed of familiar porterhouses and sirloin cuts and fine rib roasts.

"But certainly," replied Garcia. "What a charming picture, no? A good day for the citizens, since even the most poor can afford now a little meat." The *maestranzas* of the bull ring sold it very cheaply, he explained, not being butchers by profession; and though tough, the flavor was of the best, being the true flavor of valor. If the señor would excuse him but a little moment, he himself wished to make a small purchase of *toro valoroso;* and he should advise the señor to do likewise, since to eat the flesh of such heroes of the arena was known to give a man courage. "Courage in battle, courage in business affairs, courage"—here he permitted himself a sly sidelong glance at his patron—"also in love; which is indeed necessary for those of us no longer in the hot vigor of youth." Thus did Garcia avenge himself for the disappointment of missing the season's finest *foncion*.

But despite this perennial season of innocent gayety, Valencia is perhaps the one city of Spain which deserves to have written above its gate the good American motto: Business as Usual. The American was gratified to discover a touch of the past continuing to function here in the present—that Tribunal of the Waters whose history indeed is the history of Valencia's existence. Having been reclaimed from the African desert, of which the Spanish peninsula is perhaps but a northern extension, by a purely Moorish system of irrigation, the Green Province depends still for its prosperity upon the strict regulation of its water supply, canals controlled by the ringing of the great bell in that tower called Miguelete, which dominates the wide, sluiced lowlands as the Alhambra's bell, Maria-Josefa, dominates Granada, and as the Giralda tower dominates Seville—Arab, all three, as if the Catholic kings had never driven the last of Islam out of Spain. And this precious water supply is, as it has always been, in the hands of those who live by it—the peasant farmers of the *huerta*, who appoint their own judges to adjust any difficulties concerning its use and send their own representatives to this simple and democratic tribunal whose unwritten decisions become unquestioned law. Even such nobles as the Marqués de Dos Aguas, whose title, Lord of the Two Waters, indicates his hereditary importance in the land, have not power to set aside decrees issued by the humble tribunal which meets each Thursday morning in the cathedral porch, as it has met since before the days when Boabdil the Unlucky "wept as a woman over that which he could not hold as a man."

The American came upon this ancient little court of justice by fortuitous accident, since it is a matter of and for Valencia and not conducted for the passing pleasure of visitors, and paused in sudden interest. Here was a form of native life which caused no Anglo-Saxon qualms of uneasiness. Was not Magna Charta itself based upon just such virile equality of property and labor?

The six judges sat in the open porch upon six shabby leather chairs of state, and permitted themselves impassively to be harangued by a young peasant, clad very soberly in black, except for the irresistible color touch of sash and handkerchief; the latter bound tight around his brow and hanging loose over the neck in a sun-guarding fashion as oriental as Morocco itself, just over the water. Around him a group of older *hortelanos* listened approvingly to his eloquence, nodding eager assent to every point.

The American felt a sudden tug at his coat; his attendant spirit had tracked him down. "Past, señor; but look! It is he!" hissed Garcia in an anxious stage whisper. "Better now to come away!"

"He? Who? What he?" asked the American, mystified.

"*Vaya*, the *amante* himself! The former suitor of the little Marta!" Garcia continued to tug at him. "Miguel of the *huerta*, who is also, like the señor himself, a quite serious person."

The American had observed it; he was not only a quite serious person but a quite large one for a South Spaniard, and there was beneath his sober manner a touch of fire as obvious as the touch of color in his somber dress. Here was no humble, clod-hopping peasant; there was a certain hint of mastery about Miguel, a look of power that might quite easily become violence. It was a type of beauty calculated to arouse the admiration of any scholarly gentleman who nourished an early passion for the Cid Campeador, and for Roderick, last of the Goths. The American was aware of a certain relief, mingled with dismay; the relief modestly personal, for surely no girl who had formed a taste for this rather splendid

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specimen of young manhood would willingly substitute in her maiden fancy his very inadequate self; the dismay impersonal, purely a matter of sympathy for Marta. Undoubtedly it was not for Miguel's *barraca*, his fine little property in the *huerta*, that the girl was eating out her heart; it was for Miguel the man. Poor Marta!

"Better now to come away," repeated Garcia's urgent whisper. "I do not permit myself to risk an encounter with the fellow, lest, for Marta's sake, I be tempted to do him an injury."

He paused abruptly. Miguel, having finished his oration before the tribunal, turned to sit down, and his eye, passing over the crowd, fastened itself upon Garcia and rested there, brightening oddly. "*Caral!*" he exclaimed aloud, his forensic manner lost in a certain eagerness that was not altogether reassuring. "It is the *tio* himself, the uncle of all little devil uncles! But a moment, my friend, and I shall be with you!"

Garcia, however, had already detached himself from the American's side, and was worming himself rapidly away through the outskirts of the crowd in a quite passionate desire to avoid doing Miguel an injury. The big *hortelano* followed, albeit somewhat impeded in his progress by teeming admirers. The American, being a man of peace, did not wait to see the dénouement, but retired, somewhat puzzled in mind. Nor did delicacy permit him to inquire at their next meeting as to the results of this encounter, if any.

The following day found him, under the usual convoy of Garcia, present at another demonstration of native life; taking, in fact, quite an active part in it. He had gone, as he believed, to the ancient church of Los Santos Juanes for the purpose of investigating certain carvings concealed beneath the usual Valencian prevalence of gold-and-white paint, and was surprised to discover himself an integral part of a small procession which had been awaiting his arrival, apparently, in the vestibule, and which entered the church briskly in the wake of an intoning priest and two attendant acolytes, moving toward a side chapel where stood a casket draped in black, with tapers at the head and foot. Somewhat startled, the American would have hastily retreated, but that Garcia held him by the coat. Surely the señor, he whispered, would not wish to disappoint the little Marta, who had been led to expect his presence at the fine obsequies of her poor parents, now in the enjoyment of God. Let the señor reassure himself, he added soothingly; the casket no longer contained the mortal remains of Caterina, which had been properly interred a year since, the weather having been very warm and a law existing also in such matters; while those of Marta's father continued to drift hither and thither upon the tides. The present casket was merely a symbol, rented for the occasion of a memorial celebration such as the Gil family had not been able to afford at the time because of lacking funds. The señor could understand—masses to be offered, proper mourning to be bought, to say nothing of an overdue rent. But now that the little Marta did so well with her lace making and fine stitchery, and had, moreover, other prospects in view —— Garcia discreetly discontinued, and, taking out his rosary, began to pray.

The funeral celebration went briskly on, regardless of other celebrations near at hand which the American found somewhat distracting. In the chapel next door an infant wailed bitter opposition to Christian baptism; across the church a wedding appeared to be in progress; sight-seers, of whom the Spanish sort are quite as determined as any other, moved freely among shadowed aisles and kneeling worshipers, exchanging chatty impressions. In the midst of death, thought the American uneasily, we seem to be very much in life.'

But Marta, her mother's last baby in her arms, the five little sisters kneeling in a graduated row beside her—all, including the baby, shrouded heavily in black—wept and prayed and rocked herself tragically to and fro; and her neighbors wept and prayed and rocked themselves tragically to and fro behind her; and the man out of another world came presently to understand that the Spanish attitude in the house of God argued a certain familiarity more truly reverent than reverence itself. Was this not one of their Father's many mansions which had been prepared for them? He saw one woman, who had come in rather late, rest her market basket on the altar steps—it contained a modest assortment of vegetables and a neatly trussed fowl—and dropping to her knees, go hurriedly to work on her rosary; but the face of the good creature as she prayed was the face of one who speaks with angels.

When the bell which marked the rather belated passing of the Gil family souls had stopped its tolling, however, Marta lifted the veil from her face, and he saw that she at least had not devoted herself entirely to conversation with angels. Her tear-wet gaze sought his, shyly, gratefully, and with marked encouragement. The American started, all uncertainty set at rest; the wretched Garcia had indeed betrayed his secret. Marta was under no illusions as to who had sent the late anonymous gift of cake, but apparently the knowledge did not distress her.

His suggestible and modest temperament, faintly flattered to be classed in the same category with Miguel of the *huerta*, permitted itself a sudden flight of fancy—rather a wild flight. He pictured himself returning to the exclusive Back Bay boarding house of Mrs. J. Quincy Jones, where he had been made more or less comfortable for many years, escorting by the hand a beautiful young creature in a mantilla and a hibiscus flower, who bore in her arms a suckling infant—a cake-suckling infant, to be exact—and was followed by a graduated row of little sisters, all in mantillas and hibiscus flowers; and he fancied himself saying in an offhand manner to the startled lady: "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Jones! May I introduce you to my wife and family?" Rather a moment, he thought with satisfaction; Mrs. Jones had been none too sympathetic in the matter of his late cat.

This stirring reverie was interrupted by the voice of the woman with the market basket, who appeared to be awaiting him on the outer steps of the church. She was, she told him with a pleasant firmness, nearest neighbor to the little Marta, also her godparent; the girl was a good girl, and useful about the house. "Look for yourself, señor, how she has kept together all the little ones of her parents, now with God, and yet has managed in one year to save the money for so fine a funeral mass!" If there were, as she was free to admit, rather too many females among the little ones of her parents, was not the señor one of those lavish *Americanos* to whom an extra mouth or two at table was a mere pleasure? Also, she was free to admit, the girl had at one time entertained other matrimonial hopes, of which the señor had perhaps heard; but Marta was no fool; she realized quite well that a rich American gentleman would make a better brother-in-law to the little ones than even a prosperous farmer of the *huerta*. And the girl was a pious girl, truly, who knew her duty; once married, the señor need have no fear of younger men coming to pluck the turkey at his *rejal* In effect, she was herself the friend as well as godparent and nearest neighbor of Marta; and if a gentleman felt the need of an experienced person, who offered her services out of pure affection, and not for the large commission expected by certain rascally uncles of evil odor—here she glared inimically at the hovering Garcia—why, there it was!

He extricated himself from the situation as best he could, sobered of his flights of fancy.

Marta as a figure of romance, a rare specimen of Genus Woman, a human souvenir, so to speak, of his sabbatical year of wanderlust, was barely conceivable. But Marta as the niece, the blood relative of the wretched Garcia, with his spotted vest, his insinuating manner, his bleary and evil eye—the American shuddered, and put romance in its place forever.

A deprecatory cough at his elbow reminded him that he was, as usual, not alone. He turned on the man with unwonted abruptness.

"Look here! If you are the girl's uncle, how does it happen that you, an able-bodied man, are doing nothing for her yourself?"

Doing nothing for her? Garcia's eyes, hands and shoulders lifted themselves eloquently to high heaven. He doing nothing for her, when he was immolating his career, devoting all his time, his talents, to the one purpose of securing for the child of his poor sister, now with God, a more than suitable marriage?

"If you mean me," said the other, still with his new abruptness, "you are wasting your time and talents. I am not a marrying man."

"No?" said Garcia anxiously.

"No!" said the American with finality. "Understand once and for all. It is impossible!"

Garcia's face fell. Impossible? There could be to his mind but one explanation of that. And he had judged the *Americano*, by all signs and portents, to be a bachelor! His hand was losing its cunning; he would have, if he were no better psychologist than this, to give up the profession of guiding! But gradually his face brightened as he continued thoughtfully to keep step with his protégé, slightly to heel.

After all, he murmured presently, since the señor had, as he understood, the misfortune to be a heretic, no marriage between himself and the little Marta could ever have been considered really a marriage, at best. And the señor, bachelor or no, was undoubtedly a man of honor, of fine sentiment; the little Marta would no doubt be quite as safe in his hands as though she were his legal spouse; off there in the far country of America, indeed, who would know? Marta would soon adjust herself to existing conditions, no doubt; a girl with six little sisters to look out for could not afford to be overnice in such matters; though, in order to avoid scandal before the neighbors, certain empty forms would have to be complied with; it would be necessary for the señor to utter certain little prevarications—which, seeing that he was a heretic and so under no necessity to go to confession, would hardly trouble him at all. Let the señor, he suggested helpfully, but leave everything to himself, Garcia, and say nothing; it might even be better if the señor forgot such little strange Spanish as he had learned out of books. . . .

He stopped, warned by a curious expression in his patron's eye. The latter's mind had reverted blankly, incredulously, to the bird in its cage beside Marta's balcony—that female partridge which hunters of the *huerta* keep to act as decoy during the mating season. A word came suddenly to his memory which he did not know he knew; his fingers doubled into a fist he did not know he had; and both word and fist shot out simultaneously at the startled Garcia, with an effect not at all academic.

"You ——!" he said, planting his newfound fist quite accurately on the point of the other's chin; and Garcia fell into his native gutter as limply as a shot rabbit.

Reaction set in almost immediately. What if he had killed the fellow? He looked around nervously, wishing somebody would appear—anybody; preferably a person who spoke English; more preferably a compatriot; most preferably, that resourceful tourist lady with her umbrella. But the street, since it was the hour of siesta, remained deserted. Then Garcia, in his gutter, slightly moved, and moaned. A new fear assailed him. These Spaniards were a temperamental lot, one heard; had usually a knife of sorts concealed about them. He personally had shot his bolt, knew that

(Continued on Page 102)

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5 & 10¢ STORES

(Continued from Page 100.

he was incapable of defending himself from resentment. Deeds of violence did not come naturally to his nature, nor thoughts of violence. He was, in fact, trembling like a leaf

Garcia began to get to his feet. What should he do—apologize to the vile wretch, say he had not intended ——

"No, I'm damned if I do!" he cried, and doubled up his shaking fist again, while somewhere within the innermost recesses of his being there sounded, surprisingly, the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner.

But these in turn suggested their corollary idea: the great American gesture. He put his hand into his pocket and thrust its contents upon Garcia. "Here, take this, and keep your filthy face hereafter out of my reach, will you?" he muttered; and fled, followed by the blessings of his victim.

He decided after this to leave Valencia. He made the decision none too soon. That night as he sat at dinner the solicitous waiter who had provided him with *vino Americano* murmured in his ear that friends awaited his pleasure below.

"Friends? I have no friends in Valencia, thank goodness," said the American.

But the waiter reassured him; the señor did himself an injustice; he had many friends in Valencia, as he would find. Valencians were men of honor, not those to see an injury done upon the person of one who had proved himself a visitor so generous, so *simpatico.*

"An injury upon the person?" repeated the American uneasily, and went below.

Garcia was awaiting him, nobly intent upon returning good for evil, attended by a number of persons all talking at once. The gist of their remarks was that the señor must beware! "It is the man Miguel, still in town! And when these big peasants from the *huerta* begin to drink too much of *aguardiente,* and to brandish a knife ——" They shrugged, and allowed him to finish for himself the unpleasant suggestion.

"But why," he demanded, though the reason began faintly to dawn on him, "should this fellow from the *huerta* wish to brandish his knife at me?"

"Because of the *coca!*" they cried in unison. "Because who does not know that the señor has desired to become the *novio* of Marta, the lace maker? And someone has been fool enough to speak of this thing to Miguel!"

A vast relief began to steal over the American. He savored the congenial rôle of *deus ex machina.* "Why, good for Miguel!" he murmured benevolently. "I'm glad to hear the fellow is beginning to wake up!"

"*Verdad,* but it will not be so good for the señor," warned Garcia earnestly, "even a señor with such a fist, if Miguel encounters him before the fumes of the *aguardiente* put him to sleep again! Some of us are following Miguel from place to place, watching, while we others have come to warn the señor that he must keep tonight to his room in the hotel."

With all the pleasure in the world, agreed that gentleman, distributing suitable largess; and comforted himself further with the thought that his train for Barcelona left early the following morning.

But fate had not yet finished with its victim. On the way to the station in the inconspicuous seclusion of the hotel omnibus, they happened to pass a café of the people, from among whose sidewalk tables, where a haggard man in peasant's clothes was taking coffee with other haggard-looking men, a sudden roar arose. The bus driver, after one startled look in that direction, leaped from his box and disappeared. The roaring peasant was already struggling in the grasp of friends, but it seemed a very feeble grasp in comparison with the sheer brute fury of his efforts

"*Jo! Jo! Jo!*" he was shouting in a crescendo of dialect which the American's wits were sufficiently sharpened by dismay to understand. "There he runs! The accursed four-eyed runt of a manikin who makes the *mirada* at my Marta! He would buy her of the uncle, heh? Let me at him! Rabbits! My knife, I say! I'll cut her a fine slice of cake!"

Two ladies who occupied the bus with the American—they happened, indeed, to be the tourist ladies of his previous experience—looked at each other in some dismay.

"Dear me! Can he be speaking to us?" they murmured.

He found the fact of their presence oddly comforting. Even academic wits move quickly in such circumstances.

"Ladies," he said hastily, addressing them at random, "do not alarm yourselves, but would one of you have any objection to becoming my wife? Temporarily, of course."

"This is so sudden!" murmured the one nearest him demurely—the blondish one; then, recognizing the urgency in his request, she added a sympathetic: "Anything to oblige, professor."

Even in that desperate moment, he found time to wonder how she had happened to pierce his incognito. Thus reënforced, he stepped with some aplomb out of the bus and approached the struggling group among the overturned café tables.

"Well met, *amigos!*" he said loudly in his best Castilian, carefully ignoring the roaring peasant, who ceased suddenly to roar and stood pawing the earth with lowered head, a bull preparing to charge. "I see you, *caballeros,* just in time to ask of you a little favor. My wife and I"—he glanced nervously backward toward the waiting bus—"find ourselves obliged unexpectedly to leave your beautiful city, and wish to send to a young friend here—one Señorita Marta Gil, the lace maker—a parting gift in honor of—er—yes, in honor of her approaching nuptials. Recognizing among all Valencians the faces of good friends" -here he bowed to them, and they to him—"I thought perhaps I might trouble you ——" His hand made the unfailing national gesture toward the pocket.

"Your wife!" muttered the man from the *huerta,* frowning. "The *caballero* is already married? *Car-r-ramba!*" he began to roar again. "This is even worse!"

"Quite newly so," explained the American, not without truth, as he backed away.

Miguel paused. "Eh? A bridegroom?" he demanded uncertainly.

The American cast a glance of agitation over his shoulder toward the bus; a beseeching glance which said more plainly than words:

"Be a sport and come to the rescue here!" His compatriot was a sport and did so; there are men, usually to be recognized by a distinguished helplessness of manner, born to be rescued from predicaments by the nearest woman. "Husband dear," she murmured sweetly, approaching—and she murmured it in excellent Spanish—"had we not better make a little haste lest we miss our train to Barcelona?" And she slipped an affectionate, possessive hand into his elbow.

Off came the caps of everybody. "With God!" they said, grinning. The man from the *huerta* let out another sudden roar—this time of pleasure—and slapped the American on the back until he echoed. "Newly wed, a tender bridegroom! And I thought the little *hombre* would have eyes for another woman! On the journey of honeymoon, no doubt? Devil strike me for a jealous he goat! *Na, na,* you shall not finish your journey of honeymoon, *caballero,* you and your señora here, without first drinking to the luck of another one—my own! For it is I, I, Miguel of the *huerta,* who intend to marry the little Marta—all in good time."

And calling for *copas* of brandy—nay, bottles, kegs of it—he drank to them and to himself and to the world at large the customary oriental toast of prophecy: "May all our little ones be sons!"

Some weeks later, for sentimental reasons, the American returned to Valencia, and not alone. He went with his companion at once to revisit, again for sentimental reasons, the scenes which had served after all, though unaware, as background for his sabbatical romance. They arrived, by the not infrequent beneficence of chance, at a rather interesting moment.

As usual, a *gala* seemed to be in progress, an even livelier and noisier celebration than the distribution of the *coca.* An oxcart was drawn up beneath the lace maker's window—one of those creaking disk-wheeled affairs left over from the Roman occupation, which daily bring in the fragrant varicolored product of the *huerta* to Valencia's markets—the oxen hung with branches of gray olive and glistening orange leaves, the canopy covered with a priceless old embroidery shawl, its supporting poles fluttering with ribbons as in the holy processions; and into all this elegance, as they arrived, they saw Miguel, himself in festal array of sleeveless crimson jacket and full white blouse and trousers, with a gay-striped *manta* tossed over the shoulder, solicitously helping a tremulous and blushing Marta, whose sober black was surmounted by a white veil. She held in her arms, as usual, the youngest of her mother's family, and was followed into the cart by each of the five little sisters—the American counted them to make sure. She was also followed by two mattresses, three chairs, a plaster Madonna in a shrine, a sewing machine, and the family partridge in a cage several sizes too small for it. The neighbors called down blessings, Garcia's voice loud above the rest; the oxen twitched each a patient ear and prepared to go into action; suddenly a brass band in the background blared out the familiar prelude: "Tra-*la*-la! Tra-la-*la,* tra-la-la-*la!*"

The American bridegroom was for once grateful enough for the raucous, familiar rhythm which drowned the Spanish bridegroom's lusty recognition of his presence.

"*Hasta la vista, caballerito!*" he shouted. "*Jo! Jo! Salud y peseras!* May all our little ——"

"La-la-la-*la,* la-la-la-*la!*" continued the brass band firmly, getting well into its stride.

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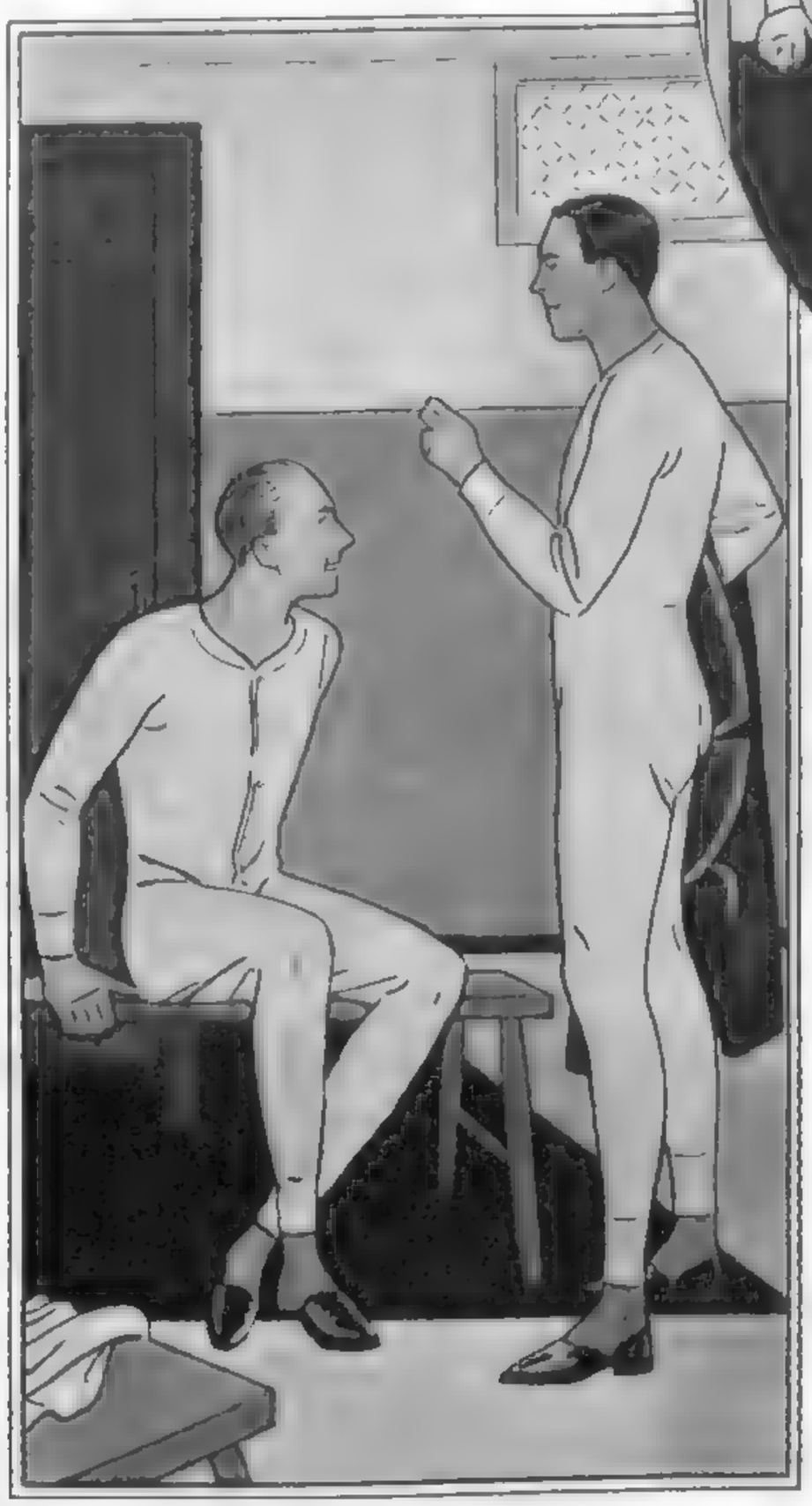

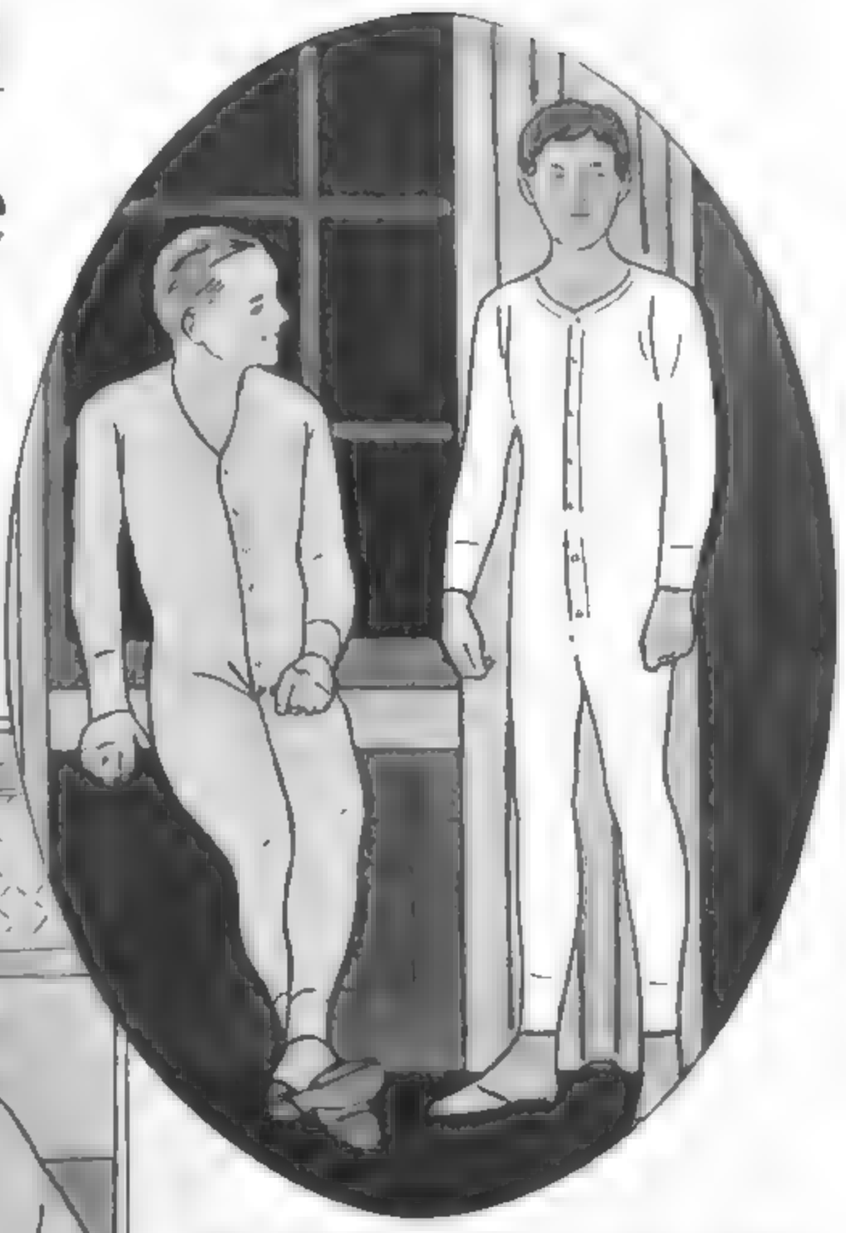

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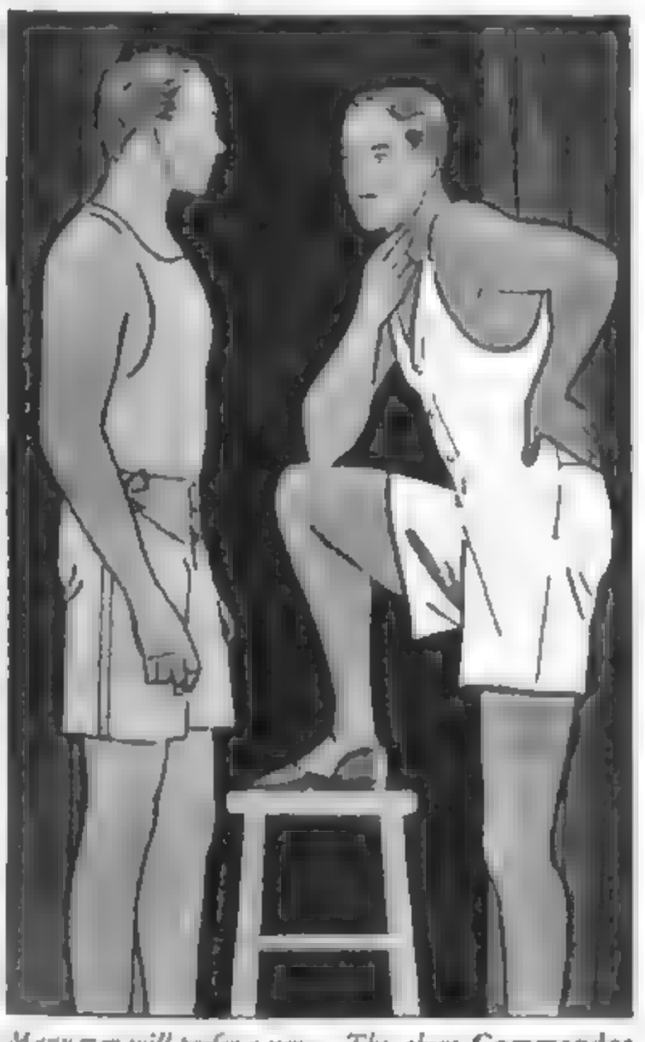

Many men will prefer a combination of white undershirt and white shorts, as shown here. Swiss ribbed knit shirt, and fancy mercerized cotton broadcloth shorts; contrasting color trim. Price,

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HEARTY EATERS

(Continued from Page 16)

name of Joseph. So Kennedy, an autocrat in his day and way, said to the recruit:

"It's Joe you're named, is it? Faith and I won't be calling 'Joe' and having two men quit their work when I only want one to come. From now on you're 'Dan'; d'ye hear?" and Joe became Dan, and so remained through the Waldorf's concluding chapters

The book of which Taylor is the compiler proved such an eye-opener that I spent a week asking questions of some of my friends who had prided themselves either upon their knowledge of drinks in the making or upon their piscatorial prowess when it came to absorbing the same. To one of them who has the reputation of "drinking like a fish," I put this query: "Leaving out plain Scotch, rye, gin, liqueurs, beer and simple alcoholic beverages of whatever sort, how many mixed drinks would you say there are?"

"Well," the answer came, after a long pause, "if you had put that question to me a dozen years ago, I should have said there were fully fifty."

"And how many kinds of cocktails do you know?"

"I could name them all on one hand now," was the reply, "but when the old Waldorf bar was hitting on all cylinders, there must have been nearly two dozen."

An Index to Social Customs

His were the highest estimates handed me by any amateur drinker. One I should dub a semiprofessional doubled his guess for the total, but could not think of more than twenty-five mixtures passing under the name of "cocktail."

The average man of my acquaintance who I knew liked his occasional glass would name six to a dozen cocktails and put the number of mixed alcoholic concoctions at thirty to forty.

So that the correct information—which is being put down in this guise because it possesses a certain historical value, particularly as a sort of index to social customs, manners and conditions during an age which has hardly gone, but of which so many recollections have proved hazy—will undoubtedly astonish most who read.

For Taylor's book, which enumerates and gives the recipes for all the more or less violent mixtures served at the Waldorf bar, discloses amazing figures. Exclusive of any simple form of wine or liquor, or the same with soda water or beer, there were dispensed over that counter no fewer than five hundred and twenty-five different kinds of mixed drinks. Of those concoctions, the varieties of cocktails alone numbered two hundred and fifty-nine.

To initial those cocktails would require every letter in the alphabet except a *k* and that would be due only to the fact that apparently nobody ever thought to name a cocktail a "King." There was a "Queen." The list starts with "Absinthe" and ends with "Zuza." Listed under *a* alone are seventeen different appetizers of the rooster-plumage family Under *b* there are twenty-two, under *c* twenty-three, and so on.

And among the other recipes contained in this volume, in addition to those with names more or less definite—if not onomatopoeic—I have counted eighty-three with fanciful designations, running through the alphabet from "Automobile" to "Widow's Kiss," and including such nomenclature as "Bishop," "Creole Lady," "Dummy Daisy," "Full House," "Floradora," "Garden of Eden," "Hobson Kiss," "Hop Frog," "Locomotive," "Lune de Miel," "Lawyer's Revenge," "Pompier," "September Morning," "Stone Fence," "Sunshine," "Symphony of Moist Joy," "Soul Kiss" and "Whisper of the Frost."

Evidently there were drinks for all moods and all temperatures. Names of many of the cocktails had some historic or histrionic significance. Not a few were suggested by events, by popular fads, by the stage or stage favorites, or by the race track, as evinced by some already mentioned. Consider also, for example, "Chocolate Soldier," "Futurity," "Jockey Club," "Jitney," "Marconi Wireless," "Merry Widow," "Prince Henry," "Peg o' My Heart," "Rob Roy," "Rosemary," and "Salome."

And these are only a few. One could arrange them chronologically and perhaps shed light on more or less important events or triumphs, each of which had to be properly celebrated by the convives who were always ready to have their palates tickled or burned by some new mixture.

Whether college young men were in the habit of frequenting the Waldorf-Astoria bar I shall not say, but merely offer in evidence names of certain cocktails which were indicative of such patronage. For on the list I find that Dan the Barboy served a "Harvard," a "Yale," a "Princeton," and even a "Cornell." In each case, however, the alibi might be offered that alumni of those institutions usually preserve a strong and sentimental interest in Alma Mater.

The standard and favorite cocktails served at the old Waldorf were few in variety, but in number they ran each day, except Sundays, into the thousands. There were just six kinds. Here's the list: "Clover Club," "Manhattan," "Martini," "Bronx," "Orange Blossom" and "Jack Rose." The number might be enlarged slightly if one would be meticulous, by mentioning that there was also a "dry Martini"; again that one occasionally heard of a "dry Manhattan," the term applying not to the customer, but to one of the ingredients of the beverage, and indicating that it was dry in the French sense, or not sweet.

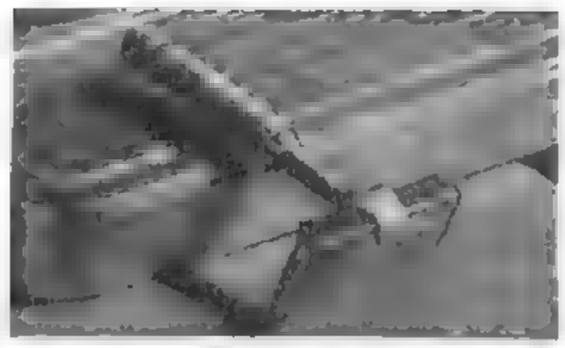
But all that was drunk in the Waldorf-Astoria in its heyday—which meant the days while the late George C. Boldt, its first proprietor, was making golden hay was not drunk in its bar, nor yet in its men's café, a sort of annex thereto, where usually men took food with their drink and, on Sundays, in the old times, looked askance at their Raines Law sandwiches, without which, on the Sabbath, no drink could be legally dispensed in New York. During the war, thanks largely to propaganda put out by the United States Food Administration, Americans began to look seriously into the question of what and how much they were eating. Lots of people for the first time discovered they could eat less and feel no worse—frequently much better. Doctors began widely to prescribe cutting down of food consumption. They had a strong ally in the sudden and widespread desire that awakened in women to preserve or attain sylphlike figures. Dieting became a passion. The results are still with us. Few women wish to be fat, and men now prefer to carry as little loose flesh as possible. The American people—at least those who patronize New York hotels—have got into the habit of eating much less. Seldom is it that an à la carte dinner now runs to more than four or five courses.

When Men Were Trenchermen

With which preface let us turn to the records that are within reach, and learn about the days when men who could afford it were still valiant trenchermen, when wining in New York and most big cities was a necessary concomitant of dining out, and when, despite the professed delicacy of the late-Victorian female, there were also trencherwomen of indisputable valor.

At the time of the opening of the original Waldorf, in the spring of 1893, there were, of course, gourmets in the United States, but the class was relatively small; in the terms of today, insignificant. Really excellent, artistic cooking was a rarity in public eating places. We had plenty of gourmands, and thousands of housewives prided themselves on the quality of their plain cooking, their pies and cakes and puddings. But good cooking, as now known, was not to be found in most hotels, in New York or elsewhere in the United States. Some few establishments in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco stood out by reason of their kitchens, but French cooks, who were just beginning to come to the United States in numbers, were still fighting the preference of the average American diner for table-d'hôte meals, with fifty to a hundred or more dishes on the menu card.

The Bar of the Waldorf-Astoria



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and liberty to sample each and every one of them. American travelers who had discovered French cuisine as it is known in Paris -which was often a very different thing from what was beginning to be known in the United States as French cooking—were trying to fashion their own table after the rules followed by *cordons bleus*, and were importing Frenchmen to preside over their own kitchens at fancy salaries. But men who knew how to order in a public restaurant a perfect dinner—as such was considered at the time—were really few.

Perhaps one of the most discriminating diners-out in New York during the early nineties was a man whose family was among the most socially prominent and really exclusive of the socially elect whom the late Ward McAllister was accused of herding into New York's Four Hundred. He was one of those gentlemen -shadowy and unreal as such may seem in this day -who did not wish to see their names or the names of the members of their families in the public prints. And just because one of the New York newspapers did hear about a dinner he gave, and published the fact as a society item, he promptly withdrew his patronage from the Waldorf.

But in matters of food and drink he was a connoisseur. What he did not know about the composition of a dinner, according to the best accepted French traditions, perhaps not even the hotel's chef and its wine steward could have told him. He always made up his menus himself, and for wines he would insist upon vintages of whose peculiar virtues only an expert could be aware.

The particular dinner in question was not considered an elaborate meal in those times; it was, however, regarded as perfect in its composition. It was given in the early spring, soon after the opening of the Waldorf. Here is the menu:

Oysters
Clear Turtle Soup
Bouchées de Capucines—Oyster Crabs with Mushrooms
Baron d'Agneau—Saddle of Lamb -with Petits Pois – French Peas -and Pommes Parisiennes
Potatoes
Boned Terrapin
Salade Américaine
Bisques of Vanilla Ice Cream, with Fresh Strawberries
Cake
Café Noir

Only eight courses, but well selected, so far as the science of dietetics had made headway in 1893 among men who liked their food and drink. Now for the latter.

There were sixteen in the party, and the consumption of bottled goods during the meal averaged more than two quarts per person. One hastens to add that seventeen of those quarts represented a well-known aerated water. At that, to make "good digestion wait on appetite," two bottles of Chablis, three of Pauillac and eleven quarts of Ruinart Brut were consumed by the sixteen during dinner. And in the wake of the white wine and the red and the champagne went thirteen liqueurs.

Guests of the City

And yet, a very modest consumption of alcohol, judged by the standard of the times. And the host, though he cut the hotel from his books thereafter, received a bill which in these days would deserve to be called overmodest. The whole feast, according to the evidence before me, cost him only $243.90. For the food alone, a fashionable New York maitre d'hôtel of today would weep if told to get up such a menu for less than fifteen dollars a cover.

Just a few weeks later came a luncheon given by the city of New York in honor of the Duke of Veragua, representative of the Queen Mother of Spain at the Chicago World's Fair, together with the officers of the Spanish caravels, on their way to be exhibited on Lake Michigan. At the elaborate buffet which was served to a comparative few at the expense of the city, the guests drank four hundred and thirty-four bottles of wine. Evidently a wide variety of tastes had to be gratified, for on the list dispensed I find Barsac, sherry, Rudesheimer, Pontet-Canet, Château Mouton and Pommard. And these more or less white and red wines were supplemented by seventy-five quarts of Pommery champagne, seventy-five of Moet & Chandon, and a generous supply of liqueurs.

Wining and Dining in the 90's

But for real big dinners and fine—in other words, for a really bang-up spread and one that even Lucullus might have envied—a dinner given at the Waldorf during the winter of 1893–1894 by a manufacturer, may be taken as a shining example of the art of high dining as best and most lavishly interpreted in New York. He was a connoisseur in both wining and dining, and the feast the maitre d'hôtel and the chef got up under his direction numbered thirteen courses—fourteen if fruit is considered a separate course. Here is the way it read:

Œufs Froids à la Turque
Huitres
Tortue Verte Claire, avec Morceaux de Grasse de Tortue
Turban de Bass, Richelieu; Concombres
Poitrine de Poulet, Godard
Bouchées de Capucines
Selle de Mouton, Virginia; Pommes de Terre en Surprise
Petit Pois Français
Sorbet, Souvenir
Terrapin, Philadelphia
Canard Canvasback; Gelée de Groseilles
Salade de Celeri, Mayonnaise
Glacés Fantasies; Gateaux Assortis
Fruit Dessert
Café

Unmasking the disguise of language, the host and his thirty-one guests, including ladies as well as gentlemen, ate, in order, fancy deviled eggs, raw oysters, green-turtle soup with bits of turtle meat in it; a fancy dish of bass, served with cucumbers; breast of chicken, with Madeira sauce; oyster crabs with mushrooms; saddle of lamb, braised with ham, together with potatoes and French peas; a sherbet or water ice, probably flavored with rum or brandy, and served in some fancy method; terrapin in Philadelphia style; canvasback duck, with currant jelly; celery salad, with mayonnaise dressing; fancy ice cream and small cakes, followed by fruits and coffee.

But the dinner did not start off with the hors d'œuvres. It was preceded by champagne cocktails, for which two quarts of champagne and three quarts of Amontillado sherry were called into requisition; though many of the diners may have taken their sherry "neat" as an appetizer. And now regard the wine, each kind served with the proper course.

Chablis, six bottles; Berncasteler Doctor, six bottles; Rauenthale Berg, four bottles; Médoc, three bottles; Château Mouton, two bottles; Chambertin, four bottles; Madeira, two bottles; and Pommery, twenty-five bottles. Besides, to each guest was served a liqueur, and forty-seven quarts of aerated water were put on the table. It is all a matter of record, and that record is before me.

How men and women to the number of thirty-two could have got outside so much food and drink during a dinner must furnish a theme for wonder. More than a hundred quarts of wines and soda water, not to mention thirty-two small glasses of brandy and other fiery stimulants—an average of three and a half quarts of liquids, not to speak of some twenty different kinds of food, most of them solids. Truly, speaking of appetites and capacity, there must have been giants in those days—and giantesses. Worthy successors, they, of the gormandizers of ancient Rome; and even Cedric the Saxon, in competition, would have had to look to his laurels.

Does anybody drink as much today?

Back thirty years ago, and more, one of the smallest and most exclusive social organizations in New York used to give each year what was known as the Bachelor's

(Continued on Page 109)

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serve America between CHICAGO and NEW YORK

WITH the recent inauguration of additional fast service, *thirty-two* through Pullman trains daily link Chicago and New York on New York Central's famous water level route. *Sixteen* of these make the run of nearly a thousand miles in from *20* to *21* hours—nine of them in 20 hours flat.

This is the greatest fleet of fast long-distance trains operated on any railway in the world.

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The *20th Century Limited* has long been a daily fleet of trains. Yearly its prestige increases. In the past twelve months it has been operated as more than 2000 trains and has carried more than 240,000 passengers.

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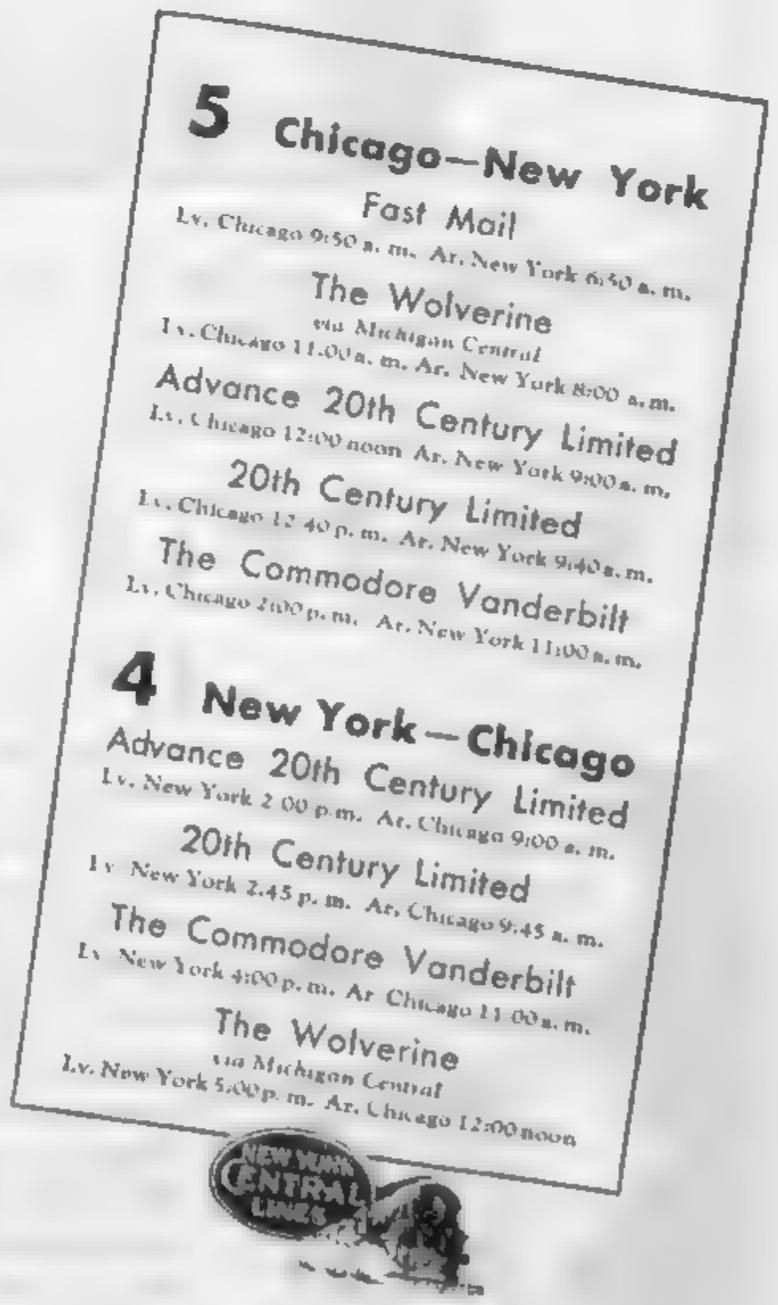
5 Chicago—New York
Fast Mail
Lv. Chicago 9:50 a. m. Ar. New York 6:50 a. m.
The Wolverine
via Michigan Central
Lv. Chicago 11:00 a. m. Ar. New York 8:00 a. m.
Advance 20th Century Limited
Lv. Chicago 12:00 noon Ar. New York 9:00 a. m.
20th Century Limited
Lv. Chicago 12:40 p. m. Ar. New York 9:40 a. m.
The Commodore Vanderbilt
Lv. Chicago 2:00 p. m. Ar. New York 11:00 a. m.
4 New York—Chicago
Advance 20th Century Limited
Lv. New York 2:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 9:00 a. m.
20th Century Limited
Lv. New York 2:45 p. m. Ar. Chicago 9:45 a. m.
The Commodore Vanderbilt
Lv. New York 4:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 11:00 a. m.
The Wolverine
via Michigan Central
Lv. New York 5:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 12:00 noon
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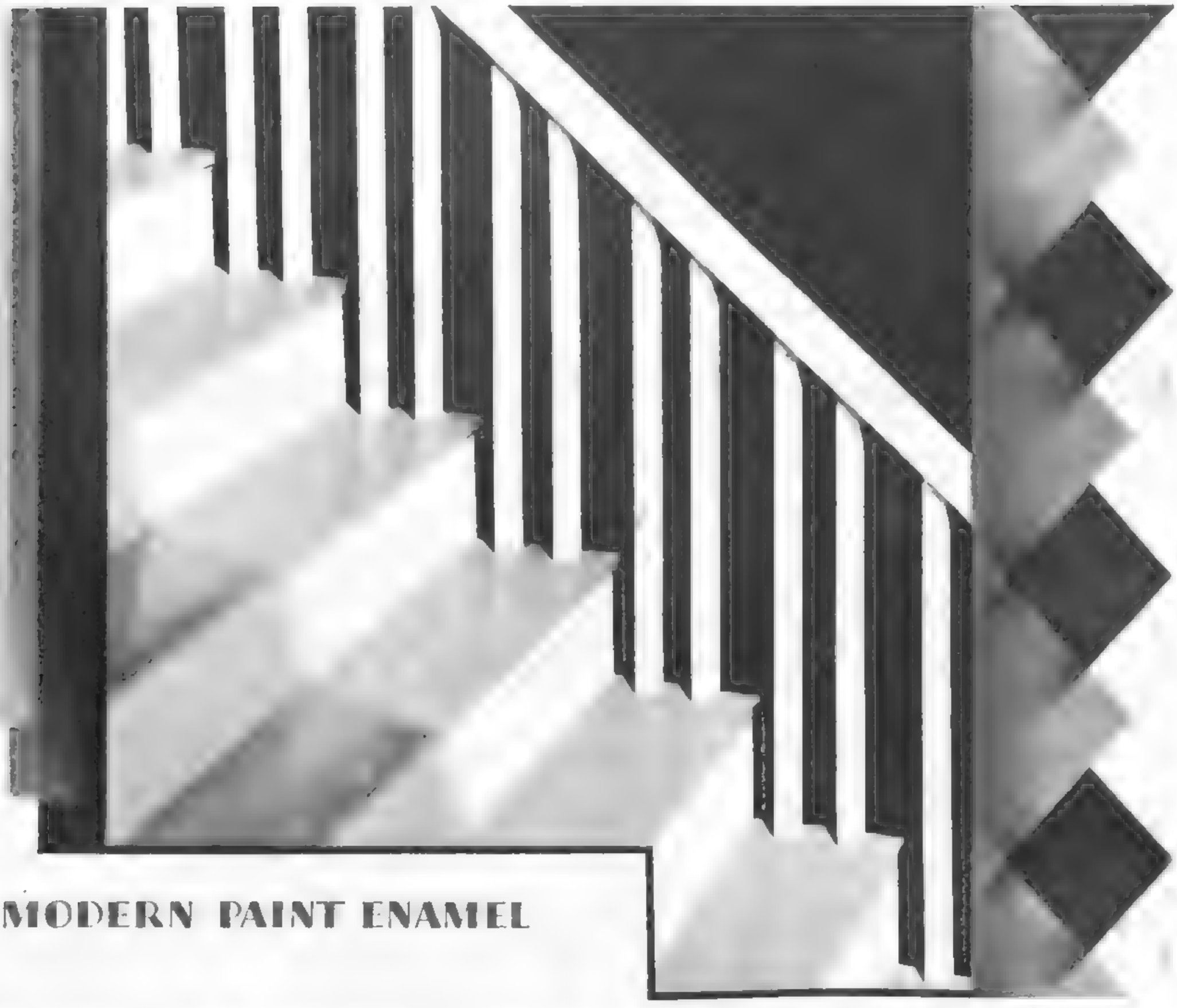

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Then came dust . . . dirt . . . finger-marks. Then hours of scrubbing paint that stubbornly held the dirt. The fine interior was fine no longer. It had proved helpless to protect itself.

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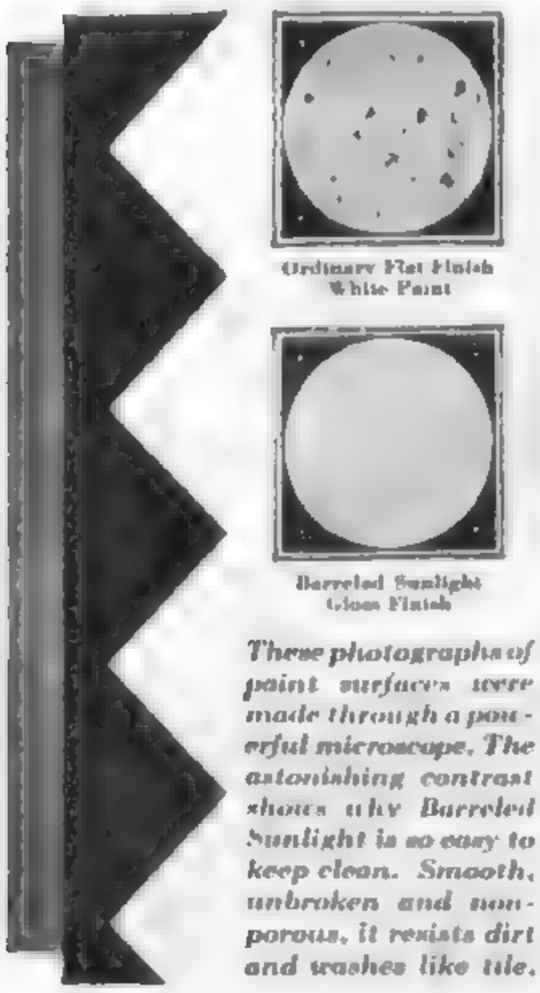

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(Continued from Page 106

Ball, to which the number admitted seldom exceeded a scant three hundred. Here is what was dispensed to its bachelors and their ladies at an early party given in the old Waldorf, by way of a "collation," as it was called, and refreshment.

Fifteen different kinds of light dishes and ices, masking under the title of "buffet Neapolitaine," and ranging from caviar and *pâté de foie gras* to lobster and chicken salad; this followed by a "small supper" at half-past one o'clock in the morning, and including oysters, chicken consommé, terrapin, canvasback duck, salad, ices and coffee; the wet items comprising vintage champagne appropriate to those gay young blades of long purses, included one hundred and two quarts of Giesler Brut, 1884; fifty-two quarts of Irroy Brut, 1889; and sixty-one quarts of Perrier Jouet. And that was not all. For those whose thirst champagne could not completely assuage consumed eight bottles of rye, four of Scotch, two of 1811 Burgundy, six of 1840 brandy, two of old sherry, one of vermuth, two of Chartreuse, one of kümmel, ten of claret, two of ale and ten of beer. In addition, I find that ten gallons of lemonade was charged for, though the probability is it was used with the claret to make punch, to which, if your grandmother is a credible chronicler of the vogue and tastes of her youth, the ladies present must have confined themselves.

When Grandma Was Thirsty

What was it the cockney said? Oh, yes—"My eye."

For listen—as it is said in Newyorkese! The hip-flask habit is generally supposed to be one whose origin is not more than ten years old at most—I mean the widespread custom of thirsty folks of carrying something on the hip. If it is so new, it is a survival in another shape of a hypocritical habit of your grandmother's girlhood, if she is a New Yorker—the custom of serving cocktails in teacups.

Lots of people who were proffered cocktails in teacups in New York restaurants soon after the advent of prohibition thought the idea was novel. More than twenty years before that, lots of their fathers and mothers and aunts and uncles thought the custom originated in the Palm Garden of the old Waldorf. Of course a good many women really ordered honest-to-goodness tea when they flocked into what was then society's most fashionable rendezvous, but all were not so minded. So, in the service bar of the Palm Garden from which men customers were served their drinks in glasses, it became necessary to keep always from fifty to seventy-five teacups, together with a proportionate number of teapots, just for the service of cocktails to women patrons of the room. The waiter in attendance would bring in what to the casual observer was an ordinary service of tea for one person, or two, or whatever the number for whom the order was given. And from the teapot, of course, instead of Oolong, or Soochong or English Breakfast, flowed something of a cousinly amber, but concocted by a bartender after recipes for Martinis or Manhattans.

But one must go further back to trace the teapot cocktail to its origin. A veteran New York hotel man of my acquaintance recalls that back in 1890, when a candy and soda-water shop was a favored rendezvous for society date makers, women could get cocktails at its counter or at the tables.

He was walking up Fifth Avenue one day with a girl who had attained some of the presumed sophistication of the present-day flapper. At Madison Square she said she was thirsty and confessed to a desire for "something strong." The Hoffman House was near, but for a man to take a female companion into its café and there simply buy her a cocktail was not possible. It was strictly against the rules.

"Oh, we'll just get it at ——'s," said the girl.

Her escort was incredulous and offered to bet that it could not be done. However, he followed her into the candy shop, and they sat at a table. The girl gave the order. In a few minutes an attendant set before them two teacups, each containing a cocktail. The man paid the bet, and then discovered that the cocktails had been made in the bar of a near-by hotel and brought in the back way. So, that for your grandmother when she preaches how different girls were in her day—that is, if she was brought up in New York.

Perhaps the most famous of all society entertainments that ever took place in the old Waldorf was a ball given by a woman who attained, thanks to her wealth, her personality and her husband's own social connections, a commanding position in local society. Her party, which would pale by comparison with some of the events of a New York season these days, and which cost less than one-fifth of many a coming-out party for a debutante, gained notoriety because preachers seized upon the details printed in the newspapers and made the lady a target for violent criticism. They charged her with appalling extravagance—an "extravagance" which would be relegated to the shrinking-modesty class in these days. But just now we are concerned only with what the guests drank that night—the seven hundred of them.

In the first place, there were sixty cases of Moet & Chandon champagne, which means seven hundred and twenty bottles, or quarts, together with other champagne to the number of one dozen bottles, making seven hundred and thirty-two quarts of the sparkling beverage. Besides these, according to the old Waldorf's books, there were served fifty-five bottles of Château Mouton, six bottles of Médoc Supérieur, eleven bottles of whisky, three bottles of brandy, and five hundred and forty-four quarts of aerated waters. Well, compared with some of the festivities previously chronicled, that was, after all, a modest average consumption of liquids—being less than two quarts per person.

Flood Tide at the Waldorf

On the whole, perhaps, we had better go back to the Waldorf bar, whence we started. That was for years a place to gauge the consumption of drink in the United States. Business went on from something like eight o'clock in the morning until midnight or later, but reached flood tide between five o'clock in the afternoon and eight at night, when the great room was filled with what had been Wall Street during market hours, together with a big accretion from the outside world. Here an after session of the Stock Exchange was held every weekday—men betting, for example, that a certain stock would reach, say, forty-nine before another would, or forming pools, or celebrating the triumph of a market operation, and so on. At times the great rectangular counter would be lined fifteen deep with patrons, and often it would require the services of ten bartenders to minister to the demand for cocktails, highballs, gin rickeys and fizzes.

Was there much drinking done there compared to the drinking done anywhere in the United States these days? Well, let's do a little figuring. The bar receipts at the Waldorf often grossed fifteen hundred dollars a day and ran to about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The average price per drink figured out about twenty-five cents. With that as a standard of measure, it looks as if on a good business day something like six thousand separate and distinct drinks of various kinds were swallowed in and near the Waldorf-Astoria bar.

Did people drink as much before prohibition as they have drunk since? Well, maybe they are not the same people, but let's go back a little more than twenty-seven years, to what its long-time proprietor considered the biggest event in the history of the Waldorf-Astoria—the dinner to Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Kaiser, on February 26, 1902—and recall a couple of incidents that took place in connection with the dinner, but were not on the program, and which now receive their first mention in print.

The grand ballroom was jammed to capacity. The dinner was of eleven courses, and therefore elaborate. Boldt had personally drilled members of his staff who were to be on duty in connection with the event and, so far as the public perceived, everything went well. Wine appropriate to each substantial course was served with it, among the varieties being the prince's own favorite, Rüdesheimer, 1889—a compliment on which Boldt prided himself—Amontillado pasado; Zeltinger Schlossberg, 1893; Chambertin, 1878, and champagne. The menu does not specify the kind of champagne, which seems not to have been furnished from the hotel's own cellars, as I have found no record of the charge for it, but to have been either contributed by wine agents or bought at wholesale by the publisher who headed the dinner committee. That there was a vast quantity of it, I have had the testimony of more than one eyewitness. Cases of it stood piled high in the great pantry from which the dinner was served, and early in the evening somebody started opening the boxes. And waiters and others on duty could not, it appears, resist temptation. One result was that that magnificent festivity came near being marred by an international imbroglio, staged within thirty yards of the ballroom entrance.

The Franco-Prussian War

Every waiter in the hotel was on duty that night, serving the various courses, and laden with trays, hurried along the long hallway from the pantry to the ballroom doorway in a long, orderly line. The courses finished, out they came, still in a long line, bearing trays of dishes and remnants. This went on in military fashion under the argus eye of the hotel's maitre d'hôtel, its grand marshal, who stood near the door of the ballroom, with eyes and ears alert for any sign of interruption. Everything worked like clockwork—for a time. And then suddenly the wheels stopped. A halt in the long procession of waiters and omnibuses. Something had gone wrong.

The maitre d'hôtel, his gaze darting down the hallway, discovered that the break in the line had occurred at the door of the pantry. With face and eyes flaming with indignation, he headed for the spot.

What happened was that, with stolen champagne overheating imaginations, a flare-up of national jealousies had occurred. At that time there were many French, as well as German waiters on the staff of the hotel, and the former, in some cases, undoubtedly cherished memories of the lost provinces of 1870, and *revanche*. For the Teutonic waiters, it was an evening of triumph, just as it was for every German and for almost every German-American in New York. At this distance, one is not able to ascertain just whether a Frenchman or a German struck the first blow. Even at the time an investigation failed to establish the fact to the satisfaction of all concerned. Before anybody else realized what was going on, Frenchman and German were at each other, and hammering away at noses or wherever an untrained fist could find lodgment on a rival's anatomy.

But the incident was like the touch of a match, and when the Gallic combatant shouted *"À moi!"* and the Teuton yelled *"Um Gottes Willen!"* other Frenchmen and other Germans piled in. Italy, represented by a good-sized portion of those present, tried to be neutral for a time, but was soon drawn into the combat, and on both sides. In less time than it takes to tell, the whole room was in a furor, with everybody milling everybody else. To restore quiet and quasi-peace required the united efforts of the maitre d'hôtel and the hotel's full staff of detectives. But the prince never knew how nearly his great banquet had come to being ruined.

And what was temptation to waiters did not pass the hotel bellhops by. Only, they could not drink on the spot. They

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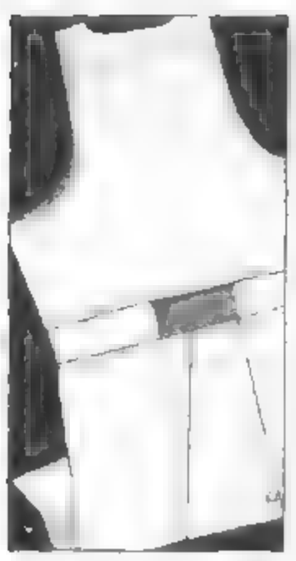
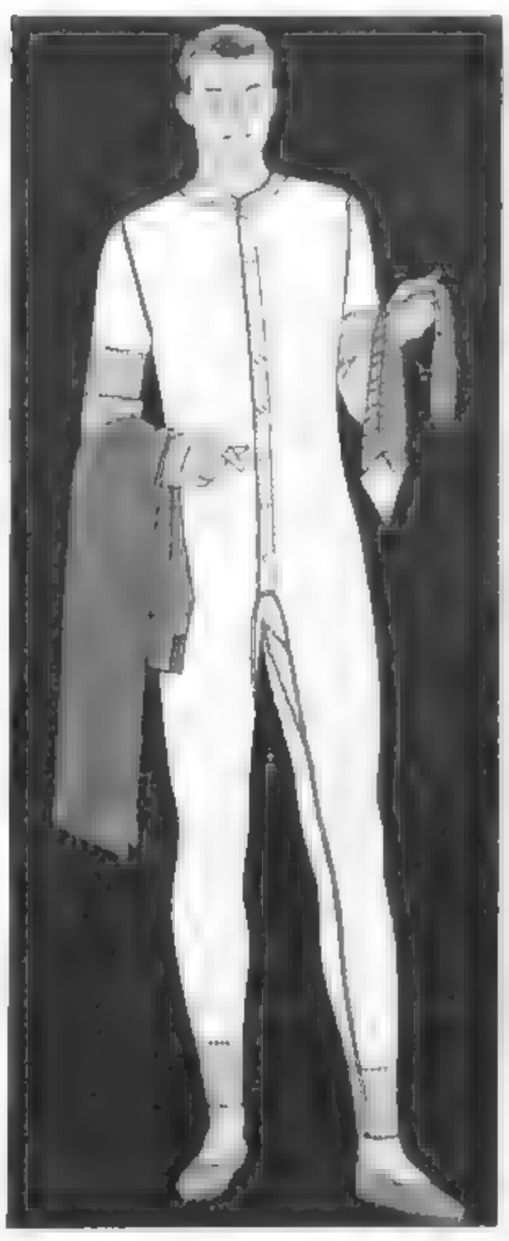
We have often wondered whether we should change the name of "Red Edge" Shovels. Or should we add a lot of new names and grades to our line?
So many manufacturers are re-christening their "children" or bringing new ones into the world every year—that sometimes we feel hopelessly old-fashioned.
We recall our past. Is there anything to be ashamed of in the Red Edge name? Have our sins found us out, so that we need an "alias"? Has the quality declined so that the old name doesn't mean anything? No, sir!
Should we bring out a series of second- and third-rate shovels—and sell them as "belonging to the Red Edge family"?
No, sir! Not while we have our health.
Red Edge is a good name. We are pretty proud of it. It stands for a shovel that outlasts two to three of the ordinary kind. It has a well deserved reputation for conserving the most expensive motive power on earth—human labor.
We will not divide our interest or ambition. We shall spend the next fifteen years striving to keep the Red Edge name where it has stood for the last fifteen years—at the top.
THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.
We Spent 10 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

LOOK AT THE MARK

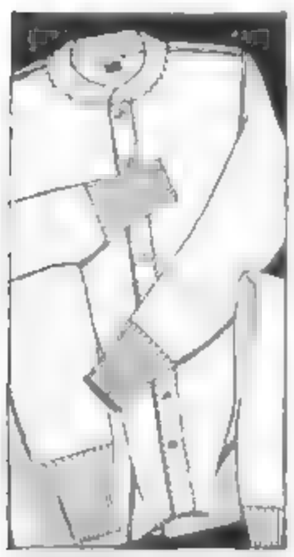
IN YOUR UNDERWEAR
—CHANCES ARE
IT'S HANES



Hanes Sanforbak ... Athletic Union Suit of nainsook, and he... patented belt Only $1

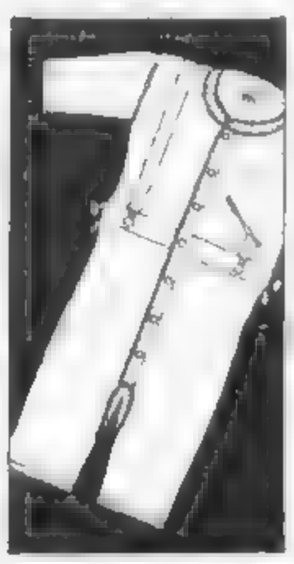


Hanes Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors 50c, 75c, $1 Wide choice, real comfort



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 to $1.50. Shirts and drawers, 75c to $1

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweights. Short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length Remarkable value at $1.5... Red Label Lightweights, $1...



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, 85c. Boys', age 2 to 16, "bravies," 75c to $1

MILLIONS of HANES garments are demanded every year. You may never have bought a suit of underwear in your life because of a trademark. But you probably go to the store where you always get proper fit, complete comfort, long service. And very likely you get HANES

But why take chances? Demand all that good underwear can give. Pay less than you would gladly pay for such quality. Simply make it a habit to look for the HANES trademark. It is a guarantee of constant satisfaction. It represents more than twenty-five years of experience in the manufacture of men's and boys' underwear, and an okehed product of one of the most up-to-date groups of mills in the whole country.

The HANES Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight, illustrated in the center panel, is really luxurious and ideal for work or play. Like the Red Label Heavyweights and Lightweights, it is knitted, not cut, to size—and never bunches or binds.

HANES quality is not confined to men who wear one particular type of underwear. For HANES makes garments for every need and season. And every one of them is the biggest value you can buy. If your regular dealer hasn't the *complete* line, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS FOR EVERY SEASON

HANES

appropriated from the open cases a supply for future use.

Now, in the snug uniforms worn by the Waldorf-Astoria bellhop of the period, there was scant room to hide a quart of champagne. Certainly a tight-fitting blouse could not conceal an increment of such size. But those lads were resourceful, and they had known from experience that the trousers leg had possibilities beyond the average imagination. It proved easy to frisk out a bottle from a case, raise the side of one's blouse, and slide the bottle down inside the waistband. Thus laden, all that was now necessary, these youths evidently concluded, was the cultivation of a convincing air of unconcern.

However, one of the assistant managers of the establishment, who had kept a check upon bottles as they were brought into the ballroom, decided to inspect the cases in the pantry, and discovered that these had been disgorging their contents at a speed little short of amazing. He lined up for inspection the whole force of forty bellhops on duty.

On such an occasion, each lad was required to stand with eyes front, hands at side, and heels close together.

The formality proceeded without interruption until the inquisitors, narrowly examining eyes for signs of guilt and uniforms for unnatural bulges, reached the middle of the long line. Here the boy under scrutiny suddenly gave signs of concern. He had reason. Something cold was working its way down his leg. He gasped, and paled. Immediately a quart bottle of champagne crashed on the hard floor at his feet and the wine spattered and spread in every direction. The manager started to grab the culprit, but was halted by a second crash, coming from one end of the line. Another bottle had slipped from a mooring waistband and slid down a trousers leg to destruction. A third followed suit from a boy at the end already inspected. Before the inspection was over, ten bottles in the same fashion had splashed their costly contents upon an unappreciative floor.

Of course the performance of the bell boys is not, *per se*, as the lawyers might say, evidence that people used to drink more before prohibition than now. It was just an example of what might happen when booze flowed so nearly freely in what are often called the good old days. But what I have narrated ought to prove that, whatever a comparison would determine, in some spots a good deal of liquor used to be drunk before prohibition. And certainly, no matter how many people used to take liquor into the Waldorf during its last ten years, it was small in quantity by comparison with what was consumed on the spot during and before the war. But I did not set out to make comparisons. It just makes me a bit tired when somebody tries to convince us that little drinking was done before prohibition. I am not saying a lot is not done now. What I do assert, in the light of what I have read in the records before me, is that people used to eat more before the war than they do now, and that in some places, such as the Waldorf—and there were other spots favored by the constitutional imbiber—there was a tremendous lot of drinking done, and there was real variety about it.

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO EINSTEIN

(Continued from Page 17)

I tried to secure an explanation of the fifth dimension. I regret to say that I do not remember the answer clearly. Einstein said something about a ball being thrown, which could disappear in one of two holes. One of these holes was the fifth, the other the sixth dimension.

I find it easier to understand Einstein's discovery, promulgated in 1929, which explains the universe in terms of electro-magnetism. But, unfortunately, Einstein has not yet completely succeeded in convincing himself. He does not look upon the six pages that startled the world, pages immediately transmitted in facsimile across the ether, as a final conclusion.

To reach his conclusion, it was necessary for Einstein to express gravity in terms of electricity. The formula needed for this purpose is so complex, that in order to explain its meaning he was compelled to create a new system of advanced mathematics.

Einstein's new system reconciles Euclid with Riemann. It restores parallel lines, which Riemann abolished.

According to Riemann, there can be no parallel lines in a curved universe. Einstein rediscovered parallel lines with the aid of the fourth dimension. Don't ask me to explain the process in detail. It is a thing that can be told in a series of intricate equations which no human being, not even Einstein himself, can visualize.

"No man," as Einstein said to me, sitting comfortably on the couch of the sitting room of his Berlin home, "can visualize four dimensions, except mathematically. We cannot visualize even three dimensions."

"But don't you," I said, "think in four dimensions?"

"I think in four dimensions," he replied, "but only abstractly. The human mind can picture these dimensions no more than it can envisage electricity. Nevertheless, they are no less real than electro-magnetism, the force which controls our universe, within, and by which we have our being."

"I am particularly interested in your new theory which proves that gravity and electricity are one. Surely no six pages ever written by the hand of any scholar have so revolutionized human thought?"

"Unfortunately," Einstein remarked, with a smile, which gave a touch of impishness to his face, "my last theory is only a hypothesis which remains to be proved. It is different with my theory of relativity, which has been confirmed by many independent investigators and may now be regarded as definitely established."

Again a smile played about his face, creeping from his eyes toward his cheeks and disappearing in his mustache, slightly darker in color than the tangled mass of hair on his head.

Mrs. Einstein, his wife and cousin, as well as his helpmate, filled our glasses with strawberry juice and heaped more fruit salad upon our plates. Einstein never takes alcohol in any form, but he cannot resist the temptation of tobacco. He smokes more cigarettes than he should, with the guilty enjoyment of a schoolboy sporting his first cigar. It thrilled me to share strawberry juice and fruit salad with the man whose name is on every lip and whose thoughts hardly anyone understands.

The close relationship between Einstein and his spouse expresses itself in the similarity of their foreheads. Their fathers were brothers and their mothers were sisters. "I am," Mrs. Einstein said quietly, "almost everything to my husband that it is possible to be." Mrs. Einstein resembles a portrait of her sister, Mrs. Gumpertz, painted some years ago by Sir John Lavery, called The Lady with the Sables.

Einstein grew up with his cousin. They were friends from the very beginning. When fate separated them early in life, Einstein married a brilliant woman mathematician, a native of Serbia. Einstein has two children by his first wife. His childhood companion, the present Mrs. Einstein, also married and became the mother of a family. Her husband died after a few years of marriage. Then some force, stronger than those which Professor Einstein imprisons in his dynamic equations, drew the two cousins together. Albert Einstein secured a divorce from his mathematical wife and married his widowed cousin. Perhaps it is a mistake for a physicist to marry a mathematician. There is,

(Continued on Page 113)

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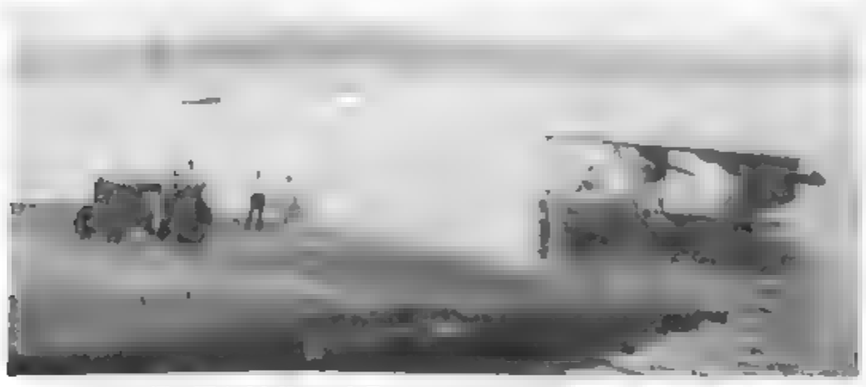
Write for the illustrated booklet "Tractor Power in Industry"



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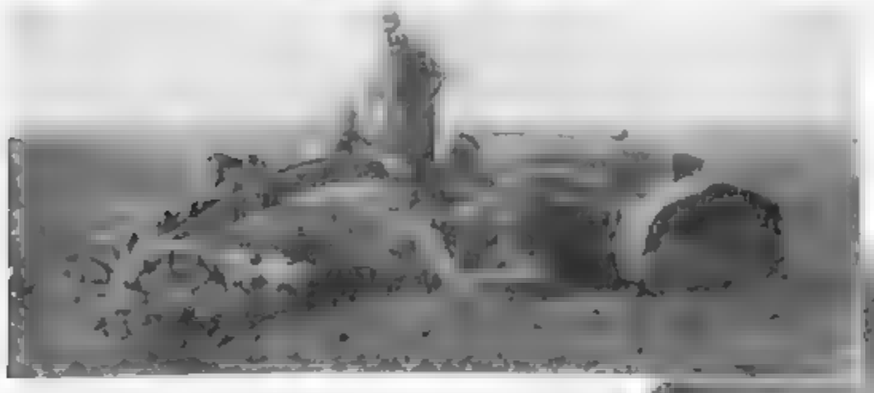

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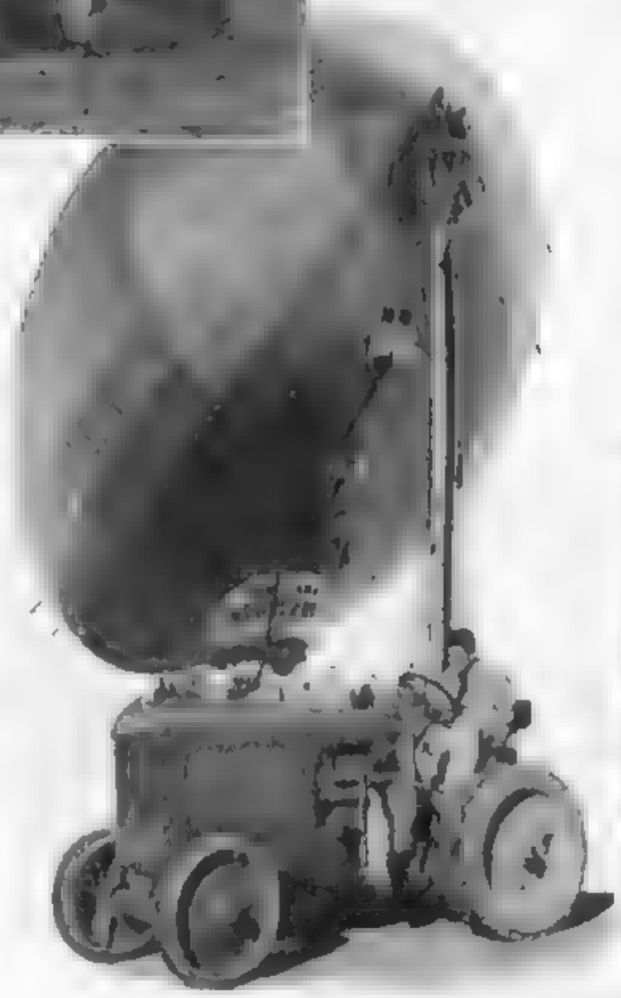

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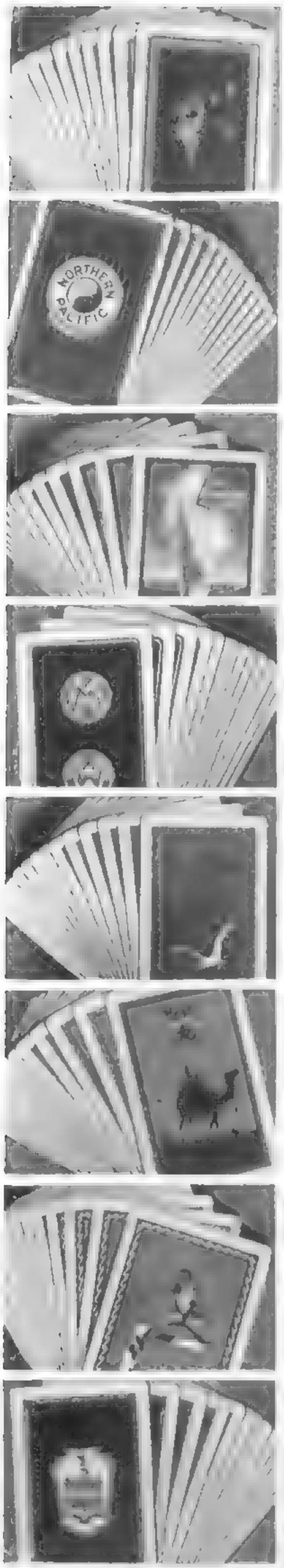
One of several McCormick-Deerings playing various roles at the St. Louis Municipal Airport.



Nationally famous clubs and fraternal organizations have memberships who are used to the best and will accept no substitutes. They prefer Brown & Bigelow playing cards.

Here are a very few of the beautiful cards produced for corporations whose names are famous everywhere. Organizations like these cannot afford to compromise with quality...so they use Brown & Bigelow playing cards as Remembrance Advertising.

In Business ALL these cards take tricks

GREAT corporations prefer Brown & Bigelow playing cards for their superior beauty and quality ...use them to sell their names and their services.

Leading concerns in almost every business field . . . automobiles, tires, radio, banking, insurance, railroads . . . are using Brown & Bigelow playing cards to keep their names constantly before the men and women from whom their sales must come.

They buy Brown & Bigelow cards because they want the finest cards that money can buy...more beautiful cards, with the smart appearance, perfect accuracy and longer wear that mark the very best, yet priced no higher. Now these better cards are available for the small individual business as well as the great corporations. The demand for Brown & Bigelow playing cards has resulted in the development of a great manufacturing unit, equipped to produce a product second to none! And for the first time it is possible to accept and deliver small orders of a hundred packs and up with the advertisement or trade mark imprinted on the back of each card.

In every sales plan there's a place for *Remembrance Advertising* to plug the gap between selling calls.

Here playing cards have proved their value. They do for you what no salesman can do. They go home with your prospective customer . . . linger within the family circle . . . reach the women, who control 80 per cent of all sales these days. And they carry with them the message *you* choose...repeat it a thousand times until sales are closed.

The Brown & Bigelow representative will show you exquisite and artistic designs from which to choose your own playing cards...will present tested plans to distribute them where they will deliver the maximum amount of business.

Simply write us on your business stationery for complete information on Brown & Bigelow playing cards ...or how this particular type of *Remembrance Advertising* is producing extra sales for businesses in many fields.

BROWN & BIGELOW

PLAYING CARD DIVISION

St. Paul, Minnesota

SALES OFFICES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 110)

James Huneker once remarked to me, no room in one family for two prima donnas.

The storm and stress of this period has graven its mark on Einstein's features and in his heart. Einstein's relations with his former wife are still friendly. He is deeply interested in the children of his first marriage, and he has adopted as his own the children sprung from his cousin's first union.

One of his commentators, Alexander Moskowski, calls Einstein a masculine sphinx. When Einstein speaks, his animated face reminds one somewhat of Briand, except that his features are more refined and more intellectual. If Briand espouses Pan-Europe, Einstein's vision embraces the world.

Einstein's struggles with fate have left no bitterness on his tongue. Every line of his face expresses kindliness. It also bespeaks indomitable pride. Some friends and admirers learned that he had decided to build a summer house with his hard-earned savings. They offered him a princely gift of land. But Einstein shook his head. "No," he said; "I could accept a gift from a community. I cannot accept such a gift from an individual. Every gift we accept is a tie. Sometimes," he added with Talmudic wisdom, "one pays most for the things one gets for nothing."

His Attic Retreat

Although the most-talked-about scientist of the world, Einstein absolutely refuses to capitalize his reputation. He laughed when he was asked to indorse an American cigarette. The money offered for his name would have paid the expense of his summer house. Knowing that fame has set him apart from other men, he feels that he must preserve at all cost the integrity of his soul. He escapes the interviewer by every possible device. His shyness dictates and his wife abets his seclusion. Unable to check the avalanche of offers and requests which overwhelm him, he leaves most letters, even from celebrities, unanswered. But he never ignores even the smallest note from a friend. He turned down princely offers to exploit his theories and his life in a book for popular consumption. "I refuse," he said again and again, "to make money out of my science. My laurel is not for sale like so many bales of cotton."

It is not generally known that Professor Einstein is not merely an expert in the upper regions of higher mathematics but that he takes a special delight in the practical solution of technical problems, such as confront the builder of machines and the electrician. His mind almost instinctively comes to conclusions which escape the ordinary engineer. He owes his training in this practical work to the fact that he was for several years an adviser to the Swiss patent office. It is through work of this type that Einstein has built up a modest fortune which enables him to build a house for himself without relying upon the munificence of the city of Berlin.

Einstein solves the mathematical and technical problems which are submitted to him in the solitude of his attic on the top floor of the apartment house in the Haberlandstrasse, where he lives. He furnished the little attic exclusively with the rather primitive furniture which he bought many years ago with his first savings.

I expected to see queer utensils and rare tomes in Einstein's secret retreat. I should not have been surprised if his den had resembled the laboratory of a medieval magician. I was doomed to disappointment. Einstein does not emulate Doctor Faust. There are a few books, also a few pictures. Faraday, Maxwell, Newton. I saw neither circles nor triangles. Einstein's only instrument is the head. He needs no books. His brain is his library.

From his desk Einstein sees only roofs - an ocean of roofs—and the sky. Here he is alone with his speculations. Here, Pallas-like, leaped from his head the theories which have revolutionized modern science. Here no human interference impedes the flight of his thoughts. Even his wife does not enter this holy of holies without trepidation.

Albert Einstein does not bury himself in his studies uninterruptedly. He is not a mollycoddle physically. He loves aquatic sports. His favorite toy is a sailboat with all modern technical improvements, in which he enjoys himself on the lakes and the rivers near his country place, Caputh. A towel wrapped fantastically around his head, he looks more like a pirate than like a professor of a great university. Battling with the wind, he forgets relativity and the fourth dimension. When the spray glistens in the silver of his hair and the sun strokes his cherublike features, his thoughts are far from curved time space.

Our Intellectual Democracy

A speculative thinker, a practical engineer, a sportsman and an artist, Einstein comes close to the Greek ideal of harmonious development. When he neither sails his boat nor permits his mind to meander through fourth-dimensional space, Einstein enjoys himself with his violin. While I waited at the door of his apartment, it seemed to me that I heard strains of elfin music. Perhaps it was Einstein playing. When I entered, he was wrapping up his violin for the night like a mother putting her child to bed.

Professor Einstein looks more like a musician than like a mathematician. "If," he confessed to me, with a smile that was half wistful, half apologetic, "I were not a physicist, I would probably be a musician. I often think in music. I live my daydreams in music. I see my life in terms of music."

"Perhaps," I remarked, "if you had chosen to become a musician you would outshine Richard Strauss and Schönberg. Perhaps you would have given us the music of the spheres or a fourth-dimensional music."

Einstein gazed dreamily—was it into the far corners of the room, or was it into space—that space which his investigations have robbed of infinity?

"I cannot tell," he replied, "if I would have done any creative work of importance in music, but I do know that I get most joy in life out of my violin." As a matter of fact, Einstein's taste in music is severely classical. Even Wagner is to him no unalloyed feast of the ears. He adores Mozart and Bach. He even prefers their work to the architectural music of Beethoven.

A Sunset Scene on the Mississippi Gulf Coast

President Hindenburg hardly ever appears in public, because he is immediately recognized wherever he goes. For the same reason, Professor Einstein refuses all invitations to the more popular restaurants. Although his world fame compels him to seek isolation, he is a sociable being. He loves quiet chats over his own dinner table with such friends as Gerhart Hauptmann and Professor Schrödinger. He reads only little. Modern fiction does not seduce him. Even in science he limits himself largely to his special field. "Reading after a certain age diverts the mind too much from its creative pursuits. Any man who reads too much and uses his own brain too little falls into lazy habits of thinking, just as the man who spends too much time in the theater is tempted to be content with living vicariously instead of living his own life."

In his own field of thought Einstein follows every development with keen interest. He has the gift of reading at a glance a whole page of equations. Einstein can master a whole new system of mathematics in half an hour.

"Who," I asked him, "are your greatest contemporaries?"

"I cannot reply to this question," Einstein answered, his eyes twinkling humorously, "without compiling an encyclopedia. I cannot even discuss intelligently the men who labor in my own field without writing a book.

"Our time," he added, "is Gothic in its spirit. Unlike the Renaissance, it is not dominated by a few outstanding personalities. The twentieth century has established the democracy of the intellect. In the republic of art and science there are many men who take an equally important part in the intellectual movements of our age. It is the epoch rather than the individual that is important. There is no one dominant personality like Galileo or Newton. Even in the nineteenth century there were still a few giants who outtopped all others. Today the general level is much higher than ever before in the history of the world, but there are few men whose stature immediately sets them apart from all others."

"Whom do you consider the most conspicuous worker in your own field?"

The Contemporary Great

"It is not fair," Einstein replied, "to single out individuals. In Germany, I consider Schrödinger and Heisenberg as being of special importance."

"Schrödinger?" I said. "What has he done?"

"Schrödinger has discovered the mathematical formula for the fact that all life moves in waves."

"And Heisenberg?"

"Heisenberg is a sovereign mathematician who has formulated a new definition of mathematical magnitudes. Then there is, of course, Planck, the exponent of the quantum theory."

I did not ask Einstein to explain the quantum theory. I know that it is even more difficult to grasp than relativity.

"Would you say that Eddington is your most brilliant interpreter?"

"Eddington," Einstein replied, "is a great mathematician, but his supreme achievement is his discovery of the physical constitution of the stars."

"Is there," I asked modestly, "anyone in America whose importance is commensurable with that of the men you have just discussed?"

"In America," Einstein replied quietly, "more than anywhere else, the individual is lost in the achievements of the many. America is beginning to be the world leader in scientific investigation. American scholarship is both patient and inspiring. The Americans show an unselfish devotion to science, which is the very opposite of the conventional European view of your countrymen. Too many of us look upon Americans as dollar chasers. This is a cruel libel, even if it is reiterated thoughtlessly by the Americans themselves. It is not true that

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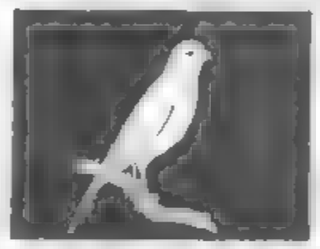

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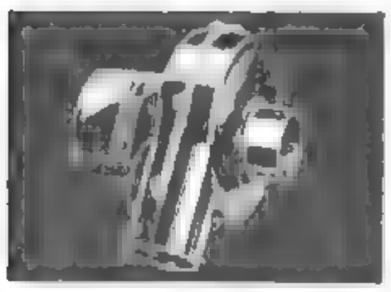

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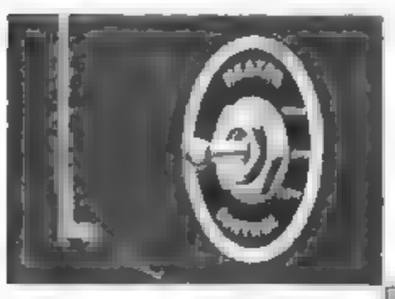
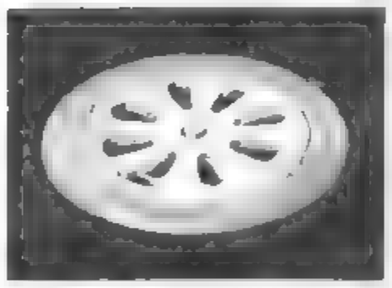


The ... heater switch controls the ... of the heating system ... temperature of the car



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"What," I asked, "have been our most outstanding accomplishments in your field?"

"America," Einstein replied, "has been especially successful in increasing our knowledge of the fixed stars. But in Holland and elsewhere there are men who have done remarkable work.

"The Americans," Einstein continued, "are idealists. Wilson, notwithstanding the collapse of his Fourteen Points, was inspired by high ideals. America entered the war for idealistic reasons, in spite of the fact that material interests were exerting the utmost pressure in the same direction."

"We are inclined"—Einstein inclined his head lightly to one side like a bird—"to overemphasize the material influences in history. The Russians especially make this mistake. Intellectual values and ethnic influences, tradition and emotional factors are equally important. If this were not the case, Europe would be today a federated state, not a madhouse of nationalism."

Born in Ulm, Germany, in 1879, educated partly there, partly in Italy and partly in Switzerland, a Swiss as well as a German citizen, Einstein regards international jealousies with the serenity with which a teacher looks upon quarreling schoolboys. In politics he leans to Socialism. He looks upon pacifism as the ultimate ideal. Poor, a Jew, a Socialist and a pacifist, Einstein carried four handicaps like millstones around the neck. Einstein conquers all obstacles, including his own shyness, by the sheer force of his cerebration. He does not reject any form of government except absolutism. He is tolerant, but by no means uncritical, in his attitude toward Russia.

"What," I inquired, "is your attitude toward Bolshevism?"

"Bolshevism is an extraordinary experiment. It is not impossible that the drift of social evolution henceforward may be in the direction of communism. The Bolshevist experiment may be worth trying. But I think that Russia errs badly in the execution of her ideal. The Russians make the mistake of putting party faith above efficiency. They replace efficient men by politicians. Their test stone of public service is not the accomplishment but devotion to a rigid creed."

"Do you believe in the German Republic?"

"Undoubtedly. The people have the right to rule themselves. Now, at least, our mistakes are our own."

We Can Do What We Wish, But——

"Do you blame the Kaiser for the downfall of Germany?"

"The Kaiser," Einstein replied, "meant well. He often had the right instincts. His intuitions were frequently more inspired than the labored reasons of his Foreign Office. Unfortunately, the Kaiser was always surrounded by poor advisers."

"It seems to me," I interjected, "that there are two parties in Germany. One blames the Kaiser for the German debacle, the other attempts to saddle the responsibility upon the Jews."

"Both," Einstein remarked, "are largely guiltless. The German debacle was due to the fact that the German people, especially the upper classes, failed to produce men of character, strong enough to take hold of the reins of government and to tell the truth to the Kaiser.

"It was partly," Einstein added somewhat hesitatingly, "the fault of Bismarck. Bismarck's philosophy of government was wrong. Besides, there was no one to succeed to the giant. Like many men of genius, he was too jealous to permit any other man to walk in his footsteps. In fact, it is doubtful if any other man could have followed the tortuous path of Bismarckian politics.

"In a sense," he added, "we can hold no one responsible. I am a determinist. As such, I do not believe in free will. The Jews believe in free will. They believe that man shapes his own life. I reject that doctrine philosophically. In that respect I am not a Jew."

"Don't you believe that man is a free agent at least in a limited sense?"

Einstein smiled ingratiatingly. "I believe with Schopenhauer: We can do what we wish, but we can only wish what we must. Practically, I am, nevertheless, compelled to act as if freedom of the will existed. If I wish to live in a civilized community, I must act as if man is a responsible being.

"I know that philosophically a murderer is not responsible for his crime; nevertheless, I must protect myself from unpleasant contacts. I may consider him guiltless, but I prefer not to take tea with him."

"Do you mean to say that you did not choose your own career, but that your actions were predetermined by some power outside of yourself?"

The Danger of Too Much Analysis

"My own career was undoubtedly determined, not by my own will but by various factors over which I have no control—primarily those mysterious glands in which Nature prepares the very essence of life, our internal secretions."

"It may interest you," I interjected, "that Henry Ford once told me that he, too, did not carve out his own life, but that all his actions were determined by an inner voice."

"Ford," Einstein replied, "may call it his inner voice. Socrates referred to it as his *daimon*. We moderns prefer to speak of our glands of internal secretion. Each explains in his own way the undeniable fact that the human will is not free."

"Don't you deliberately ignore all psychic factors in human development? What, for instance," I asked, "is your attitude toward the subconscious? According to Freud, psychic events registered indelibly in our nether mind make and mar our lives."

"Whereas materialistic historians and philosophers neglect psychic realities, Freud is inclined to overstress their importance. I am not a psychologist, but it seems to me fairly evident that physiological factors, especially our endocrines, control our destiny."

"Then you do not believe in psychoanalysis?"

"I am not," Einstein modestly replied, "able to venture a judgment on so important a phase of modern thought. However, it seems to me that psychoanalysis is not always salutary. It may not always be helpful to delve into the subconscious. The machinery of our legs is controlled by a hundred different muscles. Do you think it would help us to walk if we analyzed our legs and knew exactly which one of the little muscles must be employed in locomotion and the order in which they work?

"Perhaps," he added with the whimsical smile that sometimes lights up the somber pools of his eyes like a will-o'-the-wisp, "you remember the story of the toad and the centipede? The centipede was very proud of having one hundred legs. His neighbor, the toad, was very much depressed because he had only four. One day a diabolic inspiration prompted the toad to write a letter to the centipede as follows:

"*Honored Sir:* Can you tell me which one of your hundred legs you move first, when you transfer your distinguished body from one place to another, and in what order you move the other ninety-nine legs?

"When the centipede received this letter he began to think. He tried first one leg, then the other. Finally he discovered to his consternation that he was unable to move a single leg. He could no longer

(Continued on Page 117)

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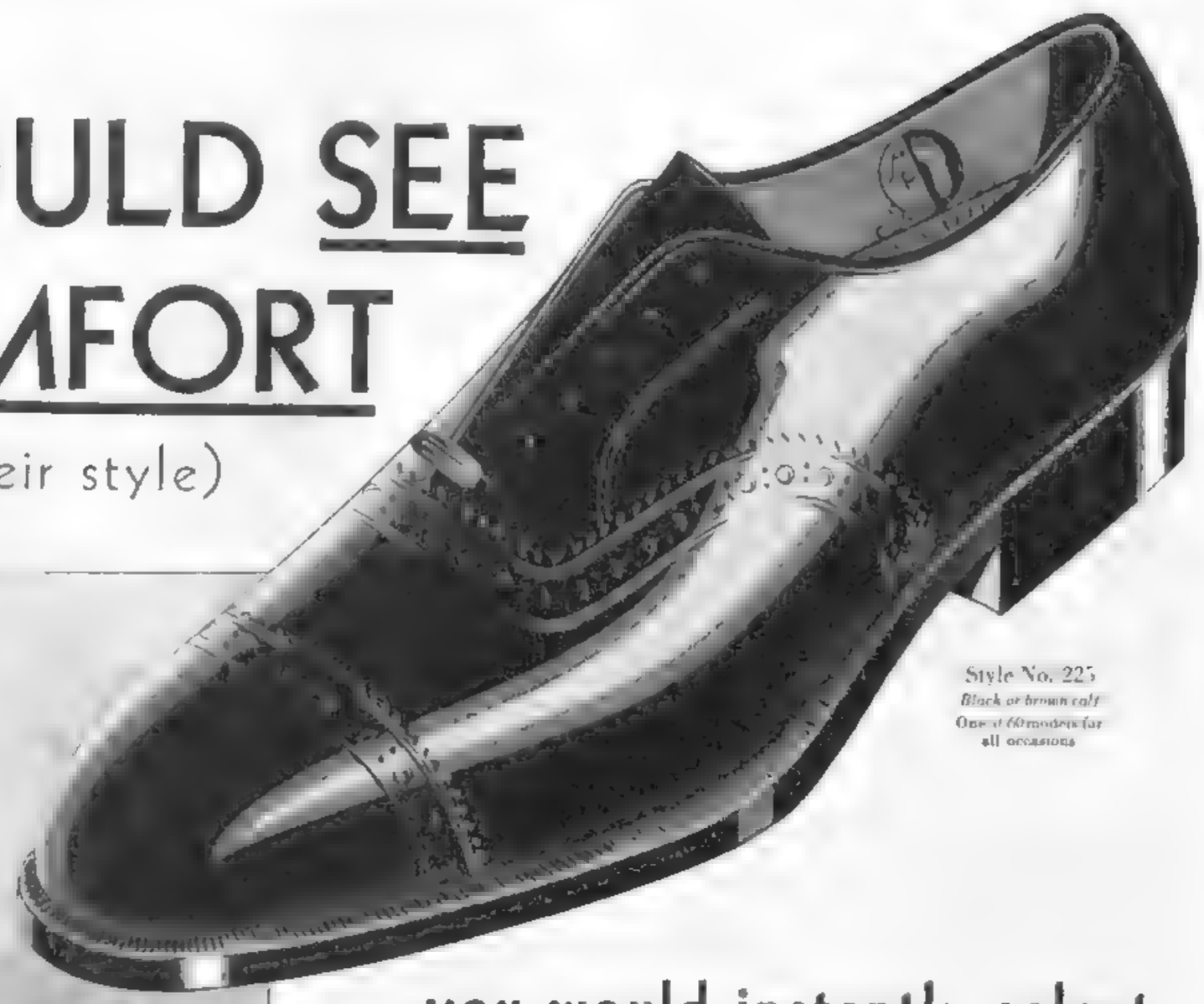

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A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING

Continued from Page 114

walk at all! He was paralyzed! It is possible that analysis may paralyze our mental and emotional processes in a similar manner."

"Are you then an opponent of Freud?"

"By no means. I am not prepared to accept all his conclusions, but I consider his work an immensely valuable contribution to the science of human behavior. I think he is even greater as a writer than as a psychologist. Freud's brilliant style is unsurpassed by anyone since Schopenhauer."

There was a pause, filled by more fruit salad and strawberry juice.

"Is there," I resumed the conversation, "such a thing as progress in the story of human effort?"

"The only progress I can see is progress in organization. The ordinary human being does not live long enough to draw any substantial benefit from his own experience. And no one, it seems, can benefit by the experiences of others. Being both a father and teacher, I know we can teach our children nothing. We can transmit to them neither our knowledge of life nor of mathematics. Each must learn its lesson anew."

"But," I interjected, "nature crystallizes our experiences. The experiences of one generation are the instincts of the next."

"Ah," Einstein remarked, "that is true. But it takes Nature ten thousand or ten millions of years to transmit inherited experiences or characteristics. It must have taken the bees and the ants aeons before they learned to adapt themselves so marvelously to their environments. Human beings, alas, seem to learn more slowly than insects."

"Do you think that mankind will eventually evolve the superman?"

"If so," Einstein replied, "it will be a matter of millions of years."

"You don't agree with Nietzsche's sister that Mussolini is the superman prophesied by her brother?"

Again a smile illuminated Einstein's features, but it was not so jovial as before. A pacifist and internationalist, Einstein is the very antithesis of the dictator.

Although he denies the freedom of the will philosophically, Einstein resents any attempt to circumscribe still further the limited sphere within which the human will may exert itself with the illusion of freedom.

"If we owe so little to the experience of others, how do you account for sudden leaps forward in the sphere of science? Do you ascribe your own discoveries to intuition or inspiration?"

The Measles of Mankind

"I believe in intuitions and inspirations. I sometimes feel that I am right. I do not know that I am. When two expeditions of scientists, financed by the Royal Academy, went forth to test my theory of relativity, I was convinced that their conclusions would tally with my hypothesis. I was not surprised when the eclipse of May 29, 1919, confirmed my intuitions. I would have been surprised if I had been wrong."

"Then you trust more to your imagination than to your knowledge?"

"I am enough of the artist to draw freely upon my imagination. Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world."

"To what extent are you influenced by Christianity?"

"As a child, I received instruction both in the Bible and in the Talmud. I am a Jew, but I am enthralled by the luminous figure of the Nazarene."

"Have you read Emil Ludwig's book on Jesus?"

"Emil Ludwig's Jesus," Einstein replied, "is shallow. Jesus is too colossal for the pen of phrasemongers, however artful. No man can dispose of Christianity with a *bon mot*."

"You accept the historical existence of Jesus?"

"Unquestionably. No one can read the Gospels without feeling the actual presence of Jesus. His personality pulsates in every word. No myth is filled with such life. How different, for instance, is the impression which we receive from an account of legendary heroes of antiquity like Theseus. Theseus and other heroes of his type lack the authentic vitality of Jesus."

"Ludwig Lewisohn, in one of his recent books, claims that many of the sayings of Jesus paraphrase the sayings of other prophets."

"No man," Einstein replied, "can deny the fact that Jesus existed, nor that his sayings are beautiful. Even if some of them have been said before, no one has expressed them so divinely as he."

"Gilbert Chesterton told me that, according to a Catholic writer in a Dublin Review, your theory of relativity merely confirms the cosmology of Thomas Aquinas."

"I have not," Einstein replied, "read all the works of Thomas Aquinas, but I am delighted if I have reached the same conclusions as the comprehensive mind of that great Catholic scholar."

"Do you look upon yourself as a German or as a Jew?"

"It is quite possible," Einstein replied, "to be both. I look upon myself as a man. Nationalism is an infantile disease. It is the measles of mankind."

The Standardization Peril

"How then," I said, "do you justify Jewish nationalism?"

"I support Zionism," Professor Einstein replied, "in spite of the fact that it is a national experiment, because it gives us Jews a common interest. This nationalism is no menace to other peoples. Zion is too small to develop imperialistic designs."

"Then you do not believe in assimilation?"

"We Jews," Einstein replied, "have been too adaptable. We have been too eager to sacrifice our idiosyncrasies for the sake of social conformity."

"Perhaps assimilation makes for greater happiness."

"I do not think so," Einstein replied. "Even in modern civilization, the Jew is most happy if he remains a Jew."

"Do you believe in race as a substitute for nationalism?"

"Race, at least, constitutes a larger unit. Nevertheless, I do not believe in race as such. Race is a fraud. All modern people are the conglomeration of so many ethnic mixtures that no pure race remains."

"Do you," I remarked, "look upon religion as the tie which holds the children of Israel together?"

"I do not think," Einstein replied thoughtfully, "that religion is the most important element. We are held together rather by a body of tradition, handed down from father to son, which the child imbibes with his mother's milk. The atmosphere of our infancy predetermines our idiosyncrasies and predilections. When I met you, I knew I could talk to you freely without the inhibitions which make the contact with others so difficult. I looked upon you not as a German nor as an American but as a Jew."

"I have written the autobiography of the Wandering Jew with Paul Eldridge," I told him. "Nevertheless, it so happens that I am not a Jew. My parents and my progenitors are Nordics from Protestant Germany."

"It is impossible," Professor Einstein observed, "for any individual to trace every drop of blood in his constitution. Ancestors multiply like the famous seed of corn on the chessboard which embarrassed the sultan. After we go back a few generations, our ancestors increase so prodigiously that it is practically impossible to determine exactly the various elements which constitute our being. You have the psychic adaptability of the Jew. There is something in your psychology which makes it possible for me to talk to you without barrier."

"Why should quickness of mind be only a Jewish characteristic? Is it not also possessed by the Irish and to a large extent by the Americans?"

"Americans undoubtedly owe much to the melting pot. It is possible that this mixture of races makes their nationalism less objectionable than the nationalism of Europe. Nationalism in the United States does not assume such disagreeable forms as in Europe. This may be due partly to the fact that your country is so immense, that you do not think in terms of narrow borders. It may be due to the fact that you do not suffer from the heritage of hatred or fear which poisons the relations of the nations of Europe.

"But to return to the Jewish question. Other groups and nations cultivate their individual traditions. There is no reason why we should sacrifice ours. Standardization robs life of its spice. To deprive every ethnic group of its special traditions is to convert the world into a huge Ford plant. I believe in standardizing automobiles. I do not believe in standardizing human beings. Standardization is a great peril which threatens American culture."

"Do you consider Ford, then, a menace?"

"Ford is undoubtedly a man of genius. No man can create what Ford has created, unless the life force has provided him with conspicuous gifts. Nevertheless, I am sometimes sorry for men like Ford. Everybody who comes to them wants something from them. Such men do not always realize that the adoration which they receive is not a tribute to their personality but to their power or their pocketbook. Great captains of industry and great kings fall into the same error. An invisible wall impedes their vision.

"I am happy because I want nothing from anyone. I do not care for money. Decorations, titles or distinctions mean nothing to me. I do not crave praise. The only thing that gives me pleasure, apart from my work, my violin and my sailboat, is the appreciation of my fellow workers."

"Your modesty," I remarked, "does you credit."

"No," Einstein replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "I claim credit for nothing. Everything is determined, the beginning as well as the end, by forces over which we have no control. It is determined for the insect as well as for the star. Human beings, vegetables or cosmic dust, we all dance to a mysterious tune, intoned in the distance by an invisible player."

Mrs. Einstein on Guard

Einstein rose and excused himself. It was nearly midnight. We had been talking for nearly three hours.

"My husband," Mrs. Einstein remarked, "must attend to important work. But there is no reason why you should go. Will you not stay here and talk to me?"

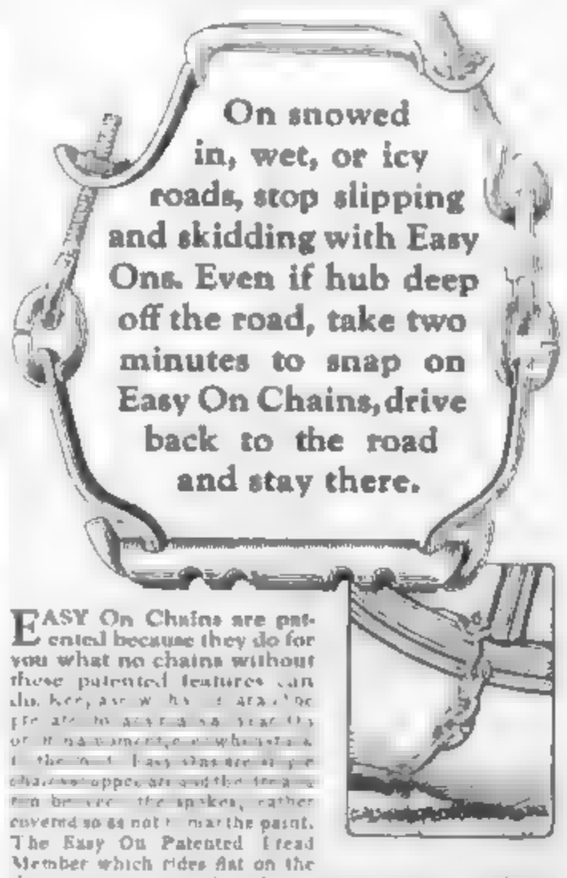
We talked and talked.

A little while later I saw the figure of Einstein, wrapped in a bathrobe, on his way to his daily ablution.

He smiled at me with the same droll smile which had captivated me from the beginning. It is something to have seen the sage in his bathrobe! The touch of common humanity in no way detracted from his dignity.

Mrs. Einstein's eyes followed her husband adoringly when he vanished, and again when he reappeared from his bath. She adjusts herself to her husband with a tact that is rare in wives of great men.

When he ascends to his attic, she does not cling to his coat tails. When he wishes to be alone, she completely eliminates herself from his life. She spares him disharmonious contacts and protects the serenity of his mind with the devotion of a vestal virgin guarding the sacred fire. It is by no means impossible that with a less-sacrificing mate, Einstein would not have made the discoveries which link his name with the immortals. Thus love, that moves the sun and all the stars, sustains in its lonely path the genius of Albert Einstein.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CHICAGO, THE AMERICAN PARADOX

Continued from Page 9

almost hopeless. For the right of way of the Illinois Central Railroad extended along the beach and widened into a brutally uncompromising freight yard by the river You couldn't get round those tracks or round the noisy locomotives that belched out smoke by day and by night.

But Chicago, unable to get round them, calmly went over them. They disappeared into a cut between walls of built-up land. They are crossed by splendid bridges. Smoke and soot are rapidly giving way to electricity. Within a few years the very yards, up there by the river, are to disappear beneath great buildings and streets. Air rights again; for the tracks are needed and must stay. The thought arose, as I gazed about me, that the engineers, like the architects, must be having a wonderful time in Chicago these days. For they are working out incredible dreams in steel and stone

From the Art Institute, with its guardian lions, at the northerly end of the park, the eye ranges southward, past those rather overpowering bridges and the fine fountain, to the Aquarium, the wide-spreading Field Museum, the vast new Stadium. While far beyond, off lakeward, lies the Outer Drive, protected from the inroads of the lake by an apparently endless embankment of solid masonry; the drive that will soon be joined with the other sections of that twenty-six-mile lakeside boulevard.

A City of Superlatives

I am writing this very inadequate description with somewhat the sensations of one who has lost his head and finds himself wallowing in a perfect bramble thicket of superlatives. Glancing back over these pages, my eye is caught by the clusters of "fines" and "splendids" and "monumentals." But, really, I am at a loss to find other and quieter means of expression. The only ringing superlative I don't seem to have used so far is "superb." Perhaps I'd better throw it in here. For it belongs. Chicago—the new Chicago—is superb; even as it stands, hardly half rebuilt. To one who sees it freshly and, in so far as the motor car will permit, all at once, it is exciting. I know of nothing quite like it in the world. It hasn't, of course, the mellow historical charm of Rome or Paris, but it has, already, a considerable measure of splendor. It is new, all of today; but today at its best. Perhaps the fact that not all the towering business buildings are or can be things of beauty adds a touch of variety, a play of contrasted values not so different, in a slightly remote sense, from the elusive, fascinating variety, the texture, in fine old Gothic work. The sharpest criticism I have heard of our American cities, particularly through the West, is that they look alike, as if everything there had been purchased in some Gargantuan five-and-ten. But the new Chicago isn't like that. It is a stirring, living city where men and women work and prosper and aspire to civic splendor.

I voiced my bewilderment, and my friend smiled happily.

"Rather wonderful, isn't it?" said he.

"But I don't understand it!" I broke out "This isn't the Chicago I remember. And it certainly isn't the Chicago I've been hearing about and reading about since the war. Where does it come from—all this order and beauty?"

"It is, I think," said he musingly, "the spirit of the city "

I found myself throwing in a protesting, "But—but ——"

Building Islands for the Fair

He went on, however: "The people have simply made themselves felt. They are getting what they want. They have had leaders, of course—inspired men like Burnham and Wacker. But there has been a popular surge that simply could not be stopped. It was bigger than all the corruption in the city and the state. It simply had to be. And it is going straight on. In five to ten years more it will stand out among the beautiful cities of the world. I think you'll have to turn to Paris or Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro to find a place at all comparable. It has been developing twenty years or more, you see. Even longer, for in a sense it dates from the World's Fair of '93. Burnham's city plan of 1907 was what first gave real form to the big dream."

By now we had circled the Field Museum and were speeding along the Outer Drive. I reflected that every square foot of this splendid park area was made ground. It had all been Lake Michigan in my day. Still farther out, beyond a blue lagoon, a brand-new, sandy island was in the making.

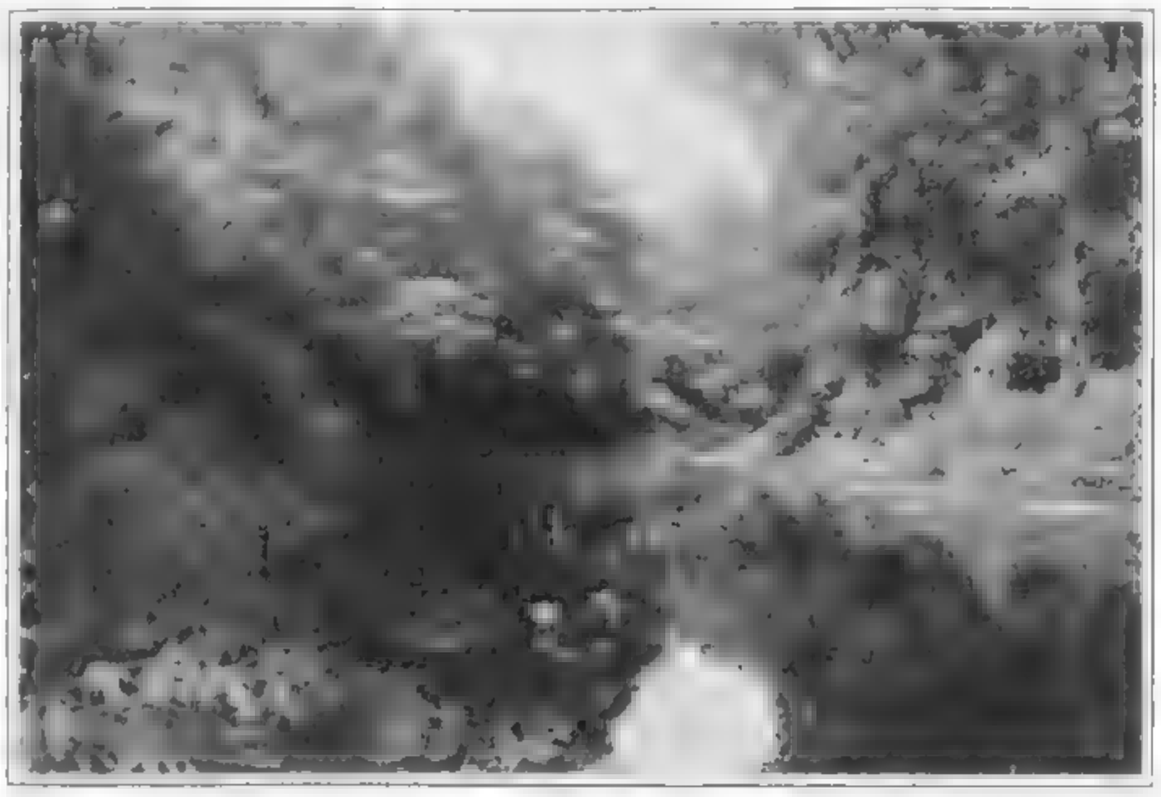
"That's the first of a string of islands," explained my friend. "They'll reach off a few miles to the south. They're for the new Centennial World's Fair of 1933."

So! A new fair, to be built right up from the bottom of the lake! Well, why not?

"You said," I remarked, "that it is going right on. What did you mean by that? How far is it going?"

"You'd better ask the Chicago Plan Commission people. They can tell you. The Plan Commission, you see, is now an

Continued on Page 121



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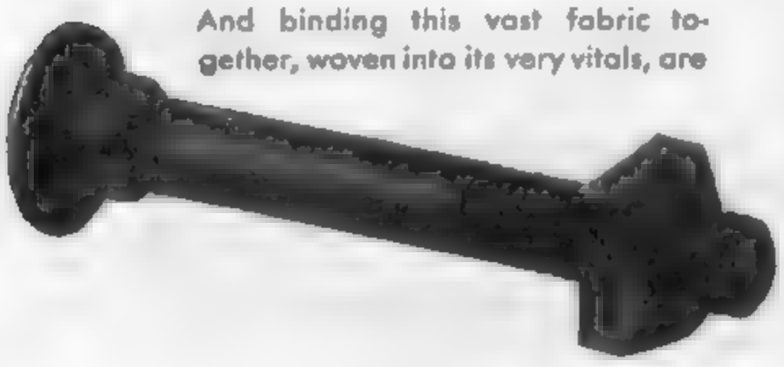

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(Continued from Page 118

integral part of the city government. They are guiding the whole development."

"But how about all this murdering?" I asked.

My friend smiled. "Oh, the gangsters and racketeers shoot one another up, in some of the outlying places. The problem seems to be taking care of itself. They kill one another off. But not in the city here. We don't know any more about that than you do. We read about it in the papers now and then. But, speaking for myself, I've lived here more than fifty years—I'm all over the city—and I've never in my life heard a shot fired in anger."

"Are you actually trying to tell me that it is safe to walk about the streets?"

"Certainly. Safer, decidedly, than in your New York or Boston."

"But but ——"

"We handle our traffic better, you see. And I think that our police work, on the whole, is better done."

The Chicago Plan

We drove on, southward. "I am going to show you," he remarked, "what I believe to be the most beautiful building in America—Goodhue's chapel at the university."

It was raining a little by this time. The day was anything but propitious for sightseeing. But shortly the car drew up before a church built daringly in modern but living Gothic. We stepped out.

"Take a glance," he said, "and then come inside for a look at the interior." I glanced, and then stood rooted. The rain beat down, but before the beauty of that western front with its great rose window I forgot that. I took off my hat. It was, at the moment, an unconscious tribute to an architectural masterpiece.

I took my friend's advice and got into touch with the Plan Commission that is directing the work, that is turning the dreams into durable steel and stone, into esplanades and greenery, into an ordered beauty.

The Plan has grown vastly, I found, since Burnham gave it its original impetus. It has grown with the city. I talked with the men who are putting tireless energy into the vast enterprise, with engineers and architects. I found myself, as an observer, attending committee meetings, studying further civic developments, listening to arguments, noting final agreements on fact and policy. The Commercial Club, a group of 100 men who might be characterized as Chicago's elder statesmen, began to appear as a force. Committees from the Association of Commerce met with city and county officials and police experts, and with the managers of the city and the regional planning associations, to study every conceivable detail of new developments. Already, in carrying out the plan—this by way of coming straight down to earth—wholly apart from routine work on streets, they have spent a little more than $470,000,000. The further work immediately projected will add considerably more than four hundred new millions. A cool $900,000,000! Doesn't that touch the imagination up a bit? Most of the men concerned in this work are young. All seem to have that breath-taking extent of vision as well as the most intelligent spirit of coöperation it has ever been my privilege to witness. Those stirring words of Burnham's—"Make no little plans"—appear to have been burned into their minds.

The Wacker Drive along the river is to be extended—all the way with two levels—around the south branch of the river, encircling the Loop, and back to the lake a mile or more to the south. That is to be what the planners term the Inner Square. A few blocks outside this another double boulevard is to be built, the Outer Square. From this the new superhighways are to be constructed, radiating in every direction out through Cook County to connect with important state highways. Here the Regional Planning Association enters the scene and coöperates.

All these super-highways will be on two levels, 100 feet and more in width, with ramps to and from the ground-level streets. It will be possible, when these are completed—and the plans, like everything in Chicago, are developing with energy and speed—to drive at forty or fifty miles an hour from anywhere in the state, west, northwest, southwest, from Wisconsin and from Indiana, into the very heart of the city and out again without crossing a single street intersection at grade.

To Move the Traffic

They have quite outgrown the earlier notion of traffic control as a problem in scolding, as something punitive in its nature. Modern cars are built for speed with safety. They have figured it out, in Chicago, that traffic stops, in the matter simply of wear and tear on the vehicles, cost one cent per car minute—up to nearly two and a quarter cents for trucks and busses—and this wholly apart from the cost of such

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delays to personal and general business. Figure it up, with millions of cars moving constantly about, and you'll find that it runs into considerable sums of money, far more than enough to pay the interest on the entire cost of the superhighways. They have decided, in Chicago, to do away with such losses. Their main interest now is not to punish the traffic but to move it. Their one hope is to catch up with modern traffic requirements. And in their detailed as well as their imaginative grasp of the problem, in vision and vigor and courage, in the actual work going forward, Chicago—and I honestly believe that this is a perfectly fair statement—is many jumps ahead of every other city in the world.

There have been several hundred more or less pretentious city plans launched out in these United States. But only a few have progressed any distance out of the region of dreams and hopes. The Cleveland Plan has, I understand, and the Philadelphian. But most of them, after a glowing moment or two, either stray into the dubious hands of the politicians or flicker and die altogether.

The Chicago Plan Commission, however, has saved the day, really, for all Northeastern Illinois, by fighting its way out of mere vision and theory into the realm of practical accomplishment. Attend, as I did, a meeting of the officials of three different communities to consider a rather simple street widening. Chicago, Cicero and Berwyn were involved. As a matter of course, the managers of the city and regional plans came and advised. They are felt everywhere in civic and community activities. Fifteen and twenty years ago the city planners set their propaganda at work in the public schools. As soon as the children of that era came of age they voted handsomely for the bond issues sponsored by the commission. Representatives of the commission went out then, as they go out now, to lecture in neighborhood after neighborhood.

The Other Chicago

Their lantern slides show young and old what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. They have met with thousands of discouragements, with apparently insurmountable difficulties, but they have never let go. Their attitude is traditionally militant. And their official status as part of the city government has given them influence.

The Regional Association, carrying on outside the city limits, is building up a green border of forest preserves about Cook County and laying out new highways through and about them. The present extent of the forests is about 35,000 acres, and it is growing. The forests are designed neither for show nor for tree cultivation as such, but for the use of the people, for park and picnic grounds, if you will. On Sundays and holidays hundreds of thousands of people swarm there. Just as the beach of Lake Michigan is being kept open for bathers over all that twenty-six miles of shore front within the city limits, so the strip of forests about the rim of the county is being kept for picnickers. The regional group figures also in every sort of development among the outlying communities—highway building, street widening, zoning, airports, traffic control, sewage disposal, parks, and all such matters. A statement from D. H. Burnham, the younger, announces the functions of the Regional Association as: "First, the policy of merging the many city, village, county and state plans into a composite whole; and second, the policy of making independent investigations of planning principles, so that these many plans may be laid upon scientific foundations."

The result of all this activity appears to be a general cooperation based on an intelligent understanding of the needs and the proper development of the whole region. Like most of our curiously complicated ways of doing large things in this country, the work is largely extragovernmental. The leaders of all these different activities, some official, others not, meet as understanding friends. They lunch and dine together to discuss their interlocking problems. City and county officers lunch and dine with them. And it is all Bob and Eugene, Bill and Tom. They know one another; they know what they are about and where they are going. The ablest big business men of this big and able city join in. It seemed to me that those business men exhibited less of the familiar turning away from politics than has been the case in other cities I have happened to know something about.

A word as to the cost of all this reconstruction. Will Chicago ever get its money back? All these men seem to believe that it will. They cite the incalculable cash value to Paris of the immense job of reconstruction carried out by Baron Haussmann under Napoleon III. There is undoubtedly

North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

graft. So was there graft in Paris. But when they've built their beautiful new city they'll have it. And I can raise no question—after a busy week among them, watching the great wheels go round—that Chicago will be, within ten to twenty years, our one greatly outstanding city. They convinced me.

Looking back, now, to that other Chicago—the Chicago of popular, or, rather unpopular, legend—we have, it seems to me, a pretty complete paradox. For both are real Chicagos. There is no doubt about that. I shall make no attempt to explain the paradox away. But it may be permitted me to offer a casual remark or two.

I am inclined, for one thing, to believe that my friend spoke truly when he said that the streets were safer than those of New York or Boston. Possibly they are even freer from promiscuous shooting. How about those bold, daylight burglaries of jewelry stores in New York—robbers dashing right up Fifth Avenue, with police pursuing in commandeered cars? Years back the jewelers of New York were forced to band together for mutual protection. The long series of silk and fur robberies in the same city has been ingenious and successful out of all reason. In Boston recently there was a gang or racketeer murder in a hotel that presents no clews whatever to the police. In my own delightful village of Concord, Massachusetts, I have sat in my study late at night and heard our local policemen shooting it out with gangsters bent on burglary. Bootleggers and highbinders not infrequently battle to the death on our New England highways.

It is true that most of the shooting in Chicago is confined to two or three outlying places. And it is true that the gangsters confine their more murderous activities to shooting one another. They have never yet turned on the public. And every American city has its bad spots.

As for graft? A question is raised that millions of healthy and fairly decent American citizens have as yet made no determined effort to answer. I suppose they've been too busy.

It may be that some day we will discover that this queer business of municipal misgovernment—a national habit, really, if we'll only face it honestly—will gradually be shouldered off by the rising forces of improved business ethics—that is coming—and a more intelligent and more interested citizen body. Obviously, emotion and indignation can't accomplish much. The reformers will never do it. I used to be a reformer—a very earnest one—and believe now that I see why they can't. But if these new and vital forces ever do actually supplant graft and crime, I must confess that Chicago, as I see it now, is likely to appear in the lead.

For the Defense

As for that ugly legend—and here is the last personal notion I shall offer for the defense I can't help believing that Chicago is suffering not so much from any actually widespread murderousness—the statistics issued by the Prudential Insurance Company on crimes of violence in 1928 place the city pretty well down on the list; certainly not at the top—as from unfortunate publicity. They have a habit there of doing everything, good and bad, in a picturesque, bold way. Everything they do turns out to be news. Kill gangsters one at a time, as we do in Boston or Brooklyn, and it isn't particularly entertaining: but kill seven at once, against a wall—put, by way of a neat touch, police uniforms on the assassins—and a whole world shudders.

No, I don't believe that anybody need fear to attend that approaching fair of 1933. Not really. From what I've been able to gather, it is going to be a new and bold and beautiful show, based on a wholly new concept. Quite Chicagoan, in fact. If I'm living, and able to be about, I shall be there. And I really don't think there'll be much danger of murder.

There is an utterance of Daniel H. Burnham's—already referred to in this article, and first given in an address he made in London many years ago—that seems to me just about to sum up this new Chicago. Out there it is an old story. It hangs over thousands of desks. More important, it dwells in hundreds of thousands of minds. And it is worth repeating here. In fact, I'm inclined to believe it is worth repeating to oneself at least once a week—if only mumbled over as we used—a rather confused lot of us—to mumble over prayers. It might do a little good. Here it is:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans. . . . Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

And there you have, I'm really inclined to believe, the spirit of Chicago.

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A cut finger brought tearfully to you for first-aid. The busy sound of small feet clumping down the stairs. A tousled head and one bright eye peeping from the bedclothes. He seems so little now—but the years hurry by.

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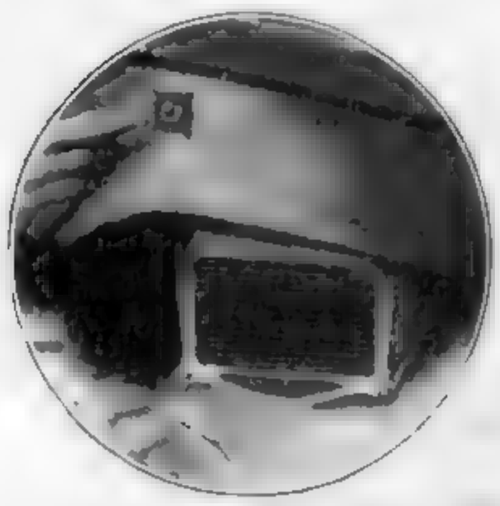


"For Those Who Don't Go South"

SECRET ENVOY

(Continued from Page 26

"Try it! You like fighting anyway, don't you?"

With an unexpected swing he turned her toward the other corner. "Here comes your young man trying to cut in."

He found a small cleared place near two unoccupied tables and refused to move into the center of the room.

"Do you always change the location of the battleground?" she asked.

"Not always." It seemed to her that he held her just a little closer as he said: "When it's serious I meet the enemy on their own ground."

The music stopped. She was absurdly disappointed. As they made their way back toward her companions, Mrs. Adriance hailed them:

"Do sit with us for a moment!"

The men rose. Diane shook hands with Senator Elder and Farrell, and the stranger was introduced as Mr. Kincaid. She got up to go as soon as she could.

On the way back she asked Cross, "Where have I heard Kincaid's name before?"

"It's not generally known, but he's the new steel king. He's really down here to find out all he can about the extent of the Army and Navy expansion, though he doesn't say so, of course." He lowered his voice. "It's one of the things an unscrupulous person—of the kind we were discussing on the train—could use to good advantage."

She wondered if he knew that Nan Adriance was aiding this man in what Phil had described as a dangerous game. She looked over as Cross rejoined his party and Nan made a place for him next her. She resented Mrs. Adriance more than ever. She was just the wife for an ambitious beginner in the political game.

"Yet he's coming to tea on Tuesday," she comforted herself.

All the life of the place seemed to depart when she saw Cross and his companions leave. The big double doors which closed behind them seemed to shut out all the gayety and amusement which the evening had furnished.

Shortly afterward she insisted, despite the others' protests, that she must go home. But it was long before she could sleep. She thought over everything that Jerry Cross had said and done since she had first met him, trying to piece them together to make a pattern which would in some way have significance. It occurred to her that her mind was like the hit-or-miss quilts of colored silk which she had seen her grandmother make. None of the big new pieces were important, but only the small frayed scraps to which sentimental associations clung—a bit from a gay necktie, the fragment of a flowered waistcoat. She wondered if the women of a more leisurely era had not, unconsciously, put into tangible form the eternal secrets of the feminine heart.

The next day or two she devoted to reorganizing her household. In accordance with Reagan's desire to have her entertain, she secured a new cook and waitress and began to make preparation for three or four luncheons and dinners. In the meantime she attended other people's parties, but up to Sunday evening none of them seemed worth the effort to dress and make herself agreeable.

Before going out, on each occasion, she experienced the hope that she might see Jeremiah Cross. Upon returning home without having done so, she felt definite disappointment. She refused, however, to draw any conclusion from these unusual emotions.

"He's interesting," she told herself. And although her wit was active enough in turning a searchlight upon the incongruities of others, she saw nothing humorous in her own failure to accept as interesting other men who were equally accomplished and equally good-looking.

When Mrs. Adriance telephoned on Sunday morning and asked Diane, as a special favor, to fill in at her supper party that night, the girl accepted. It meant breaking another engagement, which she rarely did, and it involved an apparent desire to please a woman for whom she had no liking. Nevertheless, Diane said that she would be delighted to do it

Filling last-minute vacancies was a regular part of the Washington social régime. In no city in the world was it such an accepted part of daily life. Usually it was men who were asked to do it—younger men whose official positions were not at the top. Rarely did any hostess succeed in assembling at her dinner table the guests whom she had expected. Sometimes, only a few minutes before the stated hour, the secretary of the very man upon whose presence she had counted most would telephone to say that his chief was in a committee meeting, or had been called to confer at the White House. One could not go behind these excuses, although Diane sometimes wondered if the weary recipients of so much entertaining did not occasionally use them as a pretext for a quiet evening at home in carpet slippers, substituting for the terrapin and champagne of a formal dinner a substantial supper of ham and eggs.

"At least that's what I would do if I were a man," she wrote to Felix, to whom she gave minute account of her daily life, with the inevitable omission of everything that was significant in it.

This unceremonious dropping out had now extended to the wives of public men. Rearranging the seating of even thirty guests was such an everyday occurrence that a woman who developed a slight cold or a headache, or had decided to run up to New York to do some shopping, had none of the compunction about discommoding her hostess which she would have felt in any other place.

But when Diane arrived at Mrs. Adriance's handsome, dignified house that evening and learned that the informal supper which the widow had told her she was giving was indeed an informal supper, she wondered why it had been thought necessary to secure an extra woman. She moved through the chattering crowds, realizing that there must be at least sixty people, with probably others to come, and beyond the second drawing-room she saw the dining table laden with the massive silver service and piled-up plates of a buffet meal. Three footmen in dark blue livery aided the butler, but it was necessary for the men to provide food for the ladies of their choice.

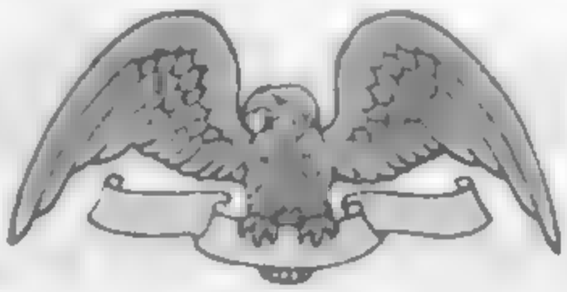
Phil Lamond made his way into the corner where Diane stood, surrounded by the several young men with whom she had gone to the night club.

"You're to sit in the other room with the lions."

"I feel just like Daniel," she said.

She felt an unreasoning sense of uneasiness as she traversed the long rooms with him. They crossed the hall into the library and found there a round table set with eight places, with two waitresses in dark blue uniforms in attendance.

Having greeted them, Mrs. Adriance turned to speak to the maids, and Diane had an opportunity to look around. The beauty of the room depressed her. Between the paneling of well-aged oak, shelf after shelf of books extended up to the ceiling. A fire blazed on the hearth beneath a fine Rembrandt portrait. Pink roses and fragrant narcissuses were everywhere. The



hangings and upholstery of deep red damask added warmth and counteracted the note of austerity. The luxury and excellent taste of the owner were evident in every piece of furniture, in every color which combined to make the setting perfect.

Mrs. Adriance herself added to the girl's feeling of her own inadequacy. She looked better tonight than she had ever seen her—younger and more alive. Her red dinner gown was of the flowing feminine type designated tea gowns by an older generation, to whom sport dresses and cocktails were unknown at five in the afternoon. The dark hair of the older woman was worn short, but it was waved becomingly around her face.

When Jeremiah Cross came in, the girl admitted, in spite of her desire to believe the contrary, that Nan's warm brown eyes might promise much of sympathy and tenderness to a susceptible man. Diane began to chat animatedly with Lamond. Their hostess moved toward the other end of the room and the young congressman followed. Never had Phil's devotion been more gratifying.

The British ambassador and Lady Patricia Hammond were the next to arrive, and close behind them followed Eric Beadlestone, the owner of one of the most powerful anti-administration newspapers in the country, and his wife.

"This is going to be amusing," thought Diane as they were all introduced and took their places.

Mrs. Adriance put Sir John Hammond on her right, Phil at her left, with Mrs. Beadlestone next to the British ambassador, and Lady Patricia next to Mr. Beadlestone. This made Diane's place opposite the hostess, between Cross and the famous journalist.

She had ample opportunity to develop her own theories as to the reasons underlying this peculiar assemblage, for Beadlestone plunged into conversation with the joyful vitality of a swimmer plunging into the sea. No one interrupted him for at least twenty minutes.

The maids passed toast and caviar, removed the plates and served the most savory of mushroom soups. Diane noted the look of surprise and then of bewilderment on Sir John's thin well-bred face as the rush of words went on unceasingly. All the others, with the exception of the speaker's wife, were listening with undivided attention. Beadlestone had just come, he said, from an interview with a man of great importance in the South American country with which our Government was momentarily embroiled.

"Of course he'd be someone of great importance," Diane reflected. "If one is to believe Beadlestone, he never sees anyone less than kings and prime ministers."

Suddenly the newspaper proprietor brought his fist down on the table with such violence that the entire table shook. The maid who had been holding a platter of fish before Lady Patricia jumped. The serving spoon and fork fell to the floor.

Sir John, apparently embarrassed by the bitter denunciation of American foreign policy, of which Beadlestone's gesture had been the climax, attempted to be conciliatory. Immediately the newspaper magnate switched his attack to the attitude of the British Foreign Office.

To Diane's surprise, Jeremiah Cross turned to her in the midst of the dynamic little man's tirade, and said, "I hope you have good news from your brother."

"I haven't heard for several days, but he sounded very cheerful in his last letter."

Glancing toward the other side of the table, she perceived Mrs. Adriance's eyes upon them in disapproval. Beadlestone paused, glared at Cross as if defying him to speak again, then went on: "I told Lloyd George, I told Baldwin, such a policy was criminal ——"

(Continued on Page 126

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The new La Salles—as well as new Cadillacs and Fleetwoods—are presented as the most highly perfected of all motor cars.

You will especially appreciate this statement (and this is a point women in particular are advised to note) when you test the new La Salles for handling ease in parking, in traffic manipulations and in cross-country driving. For the new harmonized steering mechanism makes them easier to handle than ever before—just as easy, in fact, as the smallest, lightest runabout.

Then, too, gear shifting has been brought to a still higher degree of perfection in the refinements and improvements of the Synchro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission.

It is a great delight—enjoyed in no other car save Cadillac itself—to make a quick, silent shift almost unconsciously in an even, uniform motion and slip ahead of the procession when the traffic light flashes green. No effort, no time lost, no clashing.

Try also the exclusive Cadillac-La Salle Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes—see if they are not, in truth, the most powerful as well as the easiest to operate of all braking systems. They have been materially simplified and improved. Together with the new harmonized steering system and improved transmission they assure complete mastery under all driving conditions.

These exclusive features, plus the protection of Security-Plate Glass (standard equipment in all windows, doors and windshields) add immeasurably to your peace of mind.

In no other cars, except Cadillac, can you find all these advantages and yet only a portion of what the La Salle owners enjoy has been enumerated. That is why you, too, will agree that in their lower and wider price range they exceed in value more strikingly than ever all other cars with which they can be legitimately compared.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

A Health and Protective Food—Sauerkraut

Mrs. Leona A. Malek — one of the outstanding Dietitians of the country

"ONE of the very first foods that should come to mind as a health and protective food is Sauerkraut. Almost since the memory of man Sauerkraut has been one of the accepted beneficial foods of the human race. Every nation has recognized the health value of Sauerkraut in the diet."

The National Association of Kraut Packers has cited in these columns the opinion of many world-famous doctors and nutrition experts in praise of Sauerkraut. We are glad to add that of one of the outstanding women dietitians of the country, Mrs. Leona A. Malek, "Prudence Penny," of the Chicago Herald & Examiner. For years, Mrs. Malek has made foods a specialty and talked of them in lectures, in the press and over the radio. She has sensed the ever-growing interest of women in Sauerkraut, thousands of whom throughout the country, owing to its health and tasteful properties, have added it to their home bills of fare. Mrs. Malek has encouraged this at every opportunity because of her belief in the virtues of Sauerkraut.

"To the family of moderate means," adds this expert, "Sauerkraut has ever been a versatile friend. It will serve as an appetizer, as a vegetable or a salad. In fact Sauerkraut even finds itself as a basis of a health candy.

"The chief cause of our susceptibility to colds is perhaps what the physicians would term 'intestinal putrefaction.' Lactic ferments are of the greatest help in cleaning up and preventing this condition. Sauerkraut juice is teeming with the friendly lactic acid bacilli made to fight your health battles for you. The value of Kraut will be recognized when you recall the stabilizing food elements it contains—vitamins and phosphorus, lime, potash, iron and calcium

One of Mrs. Malek's favorite Sauerkraut dishes

Baked Tomatoes and Sauerkraut Drain the contents of a can of tomatoes, reserving the liquid Grease a baking dish, put in a layer of solid tomatoes, sprinkle with salt, pepper and dots of butter Cover with alternate layers of cracker crumbs, sauerkraut and tomatoes. Pour over the tomato liquid, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Emblem of First Quality

This Emblem on can or [illegible] means Sauerkraut in rigid accordance with U. S. Government Standards—uniform shredding, proper color, and correct lactic content. Only Associ[illegible] to use it. Look for this Emblem on the label when buying Sauerkraut.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 8 Persons

The National Kraut Packers' Ass'n, Clyde, O.

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes

Name

Address

City and State

Continued from Page 124

"A young man from my former office is at the same sanitarium," Cross continued.

"Is he by chance interested in detective stories and contract bridge?" There was a certain exhilaration in ignoring the endless dissertation which none of the others were courageous enough to disregard.

"Yes. Did you meet him?"

"No, but Felix described him to me." She recounted the stories in his last letter.

Cross laughed. Up to this time their conversation had been carried on in a low key, but at the sound of his mirth Beadlestone boomed at the congressman:

"Apparently you aren't interested in international affairs!"

"On the contrary, I should be delighted to know what Sir John has to say about his country's policy."

Diane was unable to control a smile of pleasure. Cross resumed his conversation with her. The British ambassador turned to his hostess, obviously relieved by the opportunity of checking the monologue. Lamond spoke across them to Mrs. Beadlestone, and the publisher was deprived of all audience except the ambassadress.

Lady Patricia was a beautiful woman. Her dark blue eyes, beneath lashes as black as her abundant long hair, regarded her neighbor with amusement.

"Are you going to quarrel with me too?"

"I never quarrel with lovely ladies." For the first time that evening Beadlestone's voice was not strident. Next to politics, he was most interested in charming women—especially if they were sufficiently distinguished so that he could bring their names into his next conversation.

During the rest of the dinner Diane was free to talk to her other partner. They seemed to get back to the same basis of easy friendliness which had made their ride on the train so memorable for her. She even felt, before coffee arrived, that a more personal plane had been reached. Her spirits soared.

She was brought back to earth when Nan Adriance rose. "I'll leave the men in your charge, Jerry, while we look over the rest of the party."

The three women followed her out of the library and closed the door on the curiously combined quartet.

In the other rooms servants were whisking the white covers off the innumerable small tables and removing empty plates and glasses. Later there was to be music, and the guests were rearranging themselves in new groups. The boys who had failed to secure Diane's presence now made places for her and Lady Patricia.

"What an extraordinary person!" the ambassadress began. "But is he really so important?"

One of the men answered a little pedantically, "He capitalizes the inevitable discontent which even the best administration produces."

"Capitalizes it!" Diane exclaimed. "He manufactures it'"

"Ah, yes, of course. I see what you mean. We have newspapermen in England who do that sort of thing."

"But Beadlestone goes further than your men usually do. He not only uses our internal discords to his advantage, he stirs up trouble in our foreign relations."

"I should say so!" said one of the permanent members of our diplomatic corps. "I shall never forget the conference when he intercepted the instructions the State Department had cabled our delegate and printed them all over the world before the delegate himself could act on them. After the plan had been published, of course it was impossible to put it through."

"Is he just a mischief-maker for the sheer fun of the thing?"

"Not at all! If it were possible to follow up all the trouble he makes you'd find that in each case he had feathered his own nest. That's why he's such an enormously rich man. For instance, in this South American thing he's so bitter about, I've no doubt that he or his friends have a lot of property in that country, which, if the old régime had kept in power, would have doubled or tripled in value. Now that we're upholding the new government, his paper publishes vitriolic editorials about 'the crime of interference,' and so on. If one man is killed he plays it up on the front page and gets his reporters to write a lot of sob stuff about it. Then he talks about patriotism! He doesn't know what the word means!"

The more Diane reflected upon these comments, the more determined she became to discover why Mrs. Adriance had invited Beadlestone, in company with the British ambassador and Phil and Cross. She was to get no definite clew, however, until, at the arrival of the famous violinist who was to play for them, Phil appeared and suggested that they find a cooler place in which to listen to the concert. They settled themselves in comfortable wicker chairs in the conservatory beyond the dining room.

"That's been a strenuous performance," he declared, disregarding the distant music.

"With Beadlestone?"

"Yes, combined with Sir John. There's a rumor that the British have commercial interests in Zuetania, too, and wouldn't be at all sorry to see the present government fail."

"But if Beadlestone and Sir John are both interested, why would they want Jerry Cross and you there?"

"Because we're both strongly in favor of our Government's present policy. You know how I feel about Pan-American affairs. Cross is strongly opposed to letting the interests of individuals or corporations influence our international relations. If Beadlestone engineered the party, as I assume he did, he might have picked us just to get our reactions. Well, he got them! I gave him facts and figures to back up everything I said."

"But if he's on the British side, why would he have jumped on them so?"

"Partly acting. He would be too smart to let us know he was working with the British. Furthermore, he could be with them on one question and against them on another. He's the greatest opportunist the world has ever known. I'm exhausted. He's like a steam roller."

"This gets more and more exciting," Diane thought.

She did not see Jerry again except across the room. When she said good night to Mrs. Beadlestone, the publisher's wife gave her a fragile hand weighted down by magnificent emeralds.

"We're planning to be down for several days. Could you lunch with us Tuesday?"

"I'd love to."

The place and hour were arranged and Diane found her hostess and slipped out before Phil knew that she had gone.

The butler procured a taxi. As she rode home she decided that she would telephone Justinian early in the morning and tell him exactly what had occurred. When she called up New York, after an unusually refreshing night's sleep, her news took on coherent significance.

"You say the men who know are strong for support of the present government?" Justinian asked.

"Absolutely."

"That's what Beadlestone wanted to know, of course. In Beadlestone's paper this morning he's running a long story about some alleged outrage committed by the new government. But you think, do you, that no matter how much pressure is brought to bear, our Government won't weaken?"

"I'm sure it won't."

"Well, I trust your judgment. We'll sell Zuetania stocks short—sell some for you too. They're fairly high now, chiefly because Beadlestone's papers have convinced lots of people that we'd withdraw our support. But if your guess is right and we uphold the present government, they'll drop."

She had never been able to understand before the technic of selling stocks hoping they would decrease in value, but now self-interest quickened her intelligence.

"That's what's called being a bear, isn't it?"

"Right. The lower they go, the more money we make. . . . I want to tell you that the chief is awfully pleased with your work so far. And if this latest information is worth what I think it will be, you may be able to redeem your pearls."

After she had hung up the receiver she leaned back against the cushions, wondering why she had no reaction of pleasure to the prospect of wearing jewels again.

"Something has happened to me," she thought. "I don't seem to care for the same things that I did last year, even last summer."

The private telephone beside the bed rang just as Maggie came in with her breakfast tray. Diane could not tell her to go out, but she hesitated to speak to Justinian when she was not alone.

As the bell rang again she answered it.

"I forgot to ask you," he said, "if you had any possible idea as to who could have called me up just after you phoned me last week about the senator's plans?"

"N-no, I haven't "

She remembered vividly that she had left the number on the telephone girl's desk and someone had claimed it. She could not tell him this, however, while the maid was in the room.

"Well, it probably doesn't amount to anything," he went on, "but it was rather queer. Just after you'd spoken to me Central called and said Washington was on the wire. I thought of course it was you. Then a man's voice asked me if this was Exchange 0777, and when I said it was, he asked me who I was. I asked him who he wanted and then he said he had the wrong number. But I don't think he had. Oh, well, there's nothing serious about it, one way or the other."

"No, of course not," she echoed.

But as she drank her coffee and looked over the letters and newspapers, she was uneasy. It seemed clear now that someone was trying to find out definitely what she was doing and with whom she was communicating. Yet when she tried to find a motive for such spying she could fix on no one who could have enough personal interest to sustain it. Phil was in love with her, to be sure, but even jealousy would not suffice to make him resort to trickery.

The problem weighed on her mind all during the day. At Mrs. Procter's, where she lunched, the older woman told her that she looked tired. Diane herself, glancing into the mirror of the breakfast room where the table for two had been set, saw that there were violet shadows beneath her eyes and that, in spite of having walked briskly in the winter sunlight, she was pale.

"You ought to go away," her hostess insisted. "Just have a good rest."

"Oh, I couldn't afford it," she answered involuntarily.

"Don't be ridiculous, my dear. Everyone knows your aunt has provided handsomely for you. Of course you can afford it."

"How do they know that?"

"Why, the way you live, my dear, for one thing. Everyone knew that before the will was probated you were hard up. Didn't Nan Adriance get your cook for Mr. Cross? You know how servants talk. Then of course when you came home and got new maids and new clothes and began to look so much better, it was as plain as day."

Diane experienced that painful emotion which comes with the realization that one's friends have left no part of one's affairs undiscussed. She herself, in common with the rest of mankind, gossiped about her neighbors' incomes and households, but she shared the universal ostrichlike delusion that they in turn did not dissect hers.

"Yes. Of course, it's much better now," she said lamely. She hated the deception these words implied, but it was obviously impossible to tell the truth.

"I wouldn't have been sorry if your aunt had cut you off," Mrs. Procter went on. "Because then you would have married Phil. And he's the perfect husband

(Continued on Page 128)

Bon Ami

MODERN housewives now order their Bon Ami several packages at a time. And it's not a bad idea! Of course, in the old days, when Bon Ami came only in cakes and was used only for windows and mirrors, a cake at a time was all right. But now that this magic cleanser is made in powder form, too, and women have discovered so many uses for both powder and cake, they like to keep a reserve supply always on hand.

Bon Ami speeds up housework. It cleans and polishes at the same time—quickly and easily. The way it *blots up* dirt and impurities is really magical. And it never reddens or roughens the hands.

In millions of homes the Bon Ami way is the favorite way of cleaning bathtubs, basins and tiling, painted woodwork, windows, mirrors, fine kitchen utensils and dozens of other things.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

POWDER and CAKE

Every home needs both

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

A Fairy Book for the Children

The adventures of the funny Bunny Knights and the beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send 4 cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy.

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 126)

for you! He's the most dependable, loyal soul in the world, and think what a fascinating life you'd lead with him."

All the way home these words kept repeating themselves in Diane's mind. Loyalty, dependability, a fascinating life—what more could any woman ask? What, indeed, was she seeking? Marriage with Phil would put an end to all this nerve-racking game of serving Justinian. It would give her security, money, a background not only stable but intensely interesting. For what phantasy of imagination was she refusing even to consider these material benefits?

The new waitress, who opened the door, gave her a message.

"Mrs. Beadlestone telephoned, madam. She said she was very sorry, but they were leaving unexpectedly for New York, so she couldn't have you to lunch tomorrow."

"I suppose he got what he wanted last night," she thought.

On the table was a letter from the lawyer who was the executor of her aunt's estate. She carried it upstairs with her.

Its first words arrested her complete attentiveness: "My dear Miss More: I am writing to you not only as a lifelong friend of your aunt but also as one who has your best interests at heart. I hope, therefore, you will pardon what might otherwise seem an unforgivable intrusion into your personal affairs.

"At the time that I wrote you and your brother, a month ago, that the will of my late client had made no mention of you beyond the legacy of an income of six hundred dollars a year, I received no reply from either of you."

"So he wrote Felix too!" she cried aloud. And Felix had not told her that he had heard. He had cross-examined her about the source of her money, but he had finally accepted her fiction that their aunt's estate had provided it. This was calamity indeed!

"Two weeks after that time I received a telegram from your brother, sent from some place in Colorado, asking me to go to see you at a New York hotel. Upon my arrival at the hotel I was told that you were not staying there and had not been there for more than a year. Naturally I communicated these facts to Felix."

"And I wrote Felix on that note paper!" Disaster seemed to be piling up.

She forced herself to read the remainder of the typewritten sheet: "Today I have received a call from a colleague of mine—James F. Russell—who says that the case has been placed in his hands. He tells me that his clients—which I assume means you and your brother—desire to try for a new interpretation of the will on the grounds that in the county designated by its terms there are no orphan girls with the qualifications specified therein. As this type of work is somewhat out of my province, I can understand why you may have thought it advisable to seek other legal assistance, but I am at a loss to comprehend why I should have learned of the matter from someone outside the family. I trust you will forgive this lengthy letter, and believe me, as always, Faithfully yours ——"

Diane was unable to move from her chair. Astonishment and fear paralyzed her movements. That Felix could have taken these steps unknown to her, that he could have concealed his knowledge of her subterfuge, yet even at this distance have set in motion machinery inimical to her well-being, stupefied her brain.

If her engagement that evening had been with anyone except Chauncy Dean she would have broken it. But this delightful old friend of the family, who for many years had been a powerful force in the political and social life of the capital, had asked her, as a special favor, to dine informally alone with him. There was a tradition that he had never married because he had been in love with her mother. Whether or not this was true, he had always been devoted to Diane and Felix.

The atmosphere of the house, with its beautiful paintings and fine old furniture, the deferential attitude of the white-haired butler, whom she had known since childhood, and especially the charm and wit of her host would have made the evening delightful for Diane at any other time. But now her inner turmoil was so great that it made her impervious to all outside influence.

She kept up her end of the talk as best she could. She told him the current anecdotes and stories about people, which she knew he enjoyed, but she was only acting a part.

She thought, "I've cast myself in the rôle of a woman having a good time at a party. This isn't me at all." Reality seemed far from her, and as the minutes passed, it receded farther and farther.

Mr. Dean apparently found her performance satisfactory. When they had gone back to the drawing-room for coffee, the butler gave him a message which plainly disturbed him.

"I don't see why this should have to come up tonight!" he exclaimed. "I've been looking forward to a quiet evening with you for weeks!" He clipped the end of his cigar impatiently. Then he said to the man: "Very well. Tell them I'll come down. And order the car, Jackson." After the servant had left the room he turned to the girl: "I'm afraid I'll have to go back to the office. They've just called me up. And aside from my regret at having my evening with you spoiled, I hate this part of my work. I suppose it's ridiculous, after all the years I've been doing it, but there's something about the failure of a bank that always depresses me. It means tragedy for so many people. In this case it's peculiarly trying, for it's the bank where I got my first job."

"Out in Carrara?"

"Yes. Since my day it's grown to be a powerful institution. Everyone's been prosperous—they found gold near there, you know—and it's changed from a little wooden building to a big marble place with columns. . . . Well, I suppose it can't be helped. The other crowd at the Phoenix Bank will be as pleased as a hungry pack of wolves who've found a flock of lambs to devour."

Jackson announced that the motor was waiting.

When she had been dropped at her own door Diane stood for a moment looking up at the starlit sky. She felt infinitesimally small and unimportant in the cosmic scheme. Yet she knew that if, instead of standing there alone, Jerry Cross were beside her, contemplating the deep blue heavens, they would seem to her a friendly background.

"I am an idiot," she told herself. "I can't even look at a star without thinking about him."

Maggie was turning down her bed when she went upstairs. "I didn't expect you back before eleven."

"Mr. Dean had to leave." She sat down at the desk without taking off her evening coat.

"I'm going to bring you some hot milk, Miss Diane. You look peaked. You need a day or two in bed." The maid removed the wrap from her mistress' shoulders, then told her to undress, quite as firmly as if she were still the recalcitrant child of nursery days. Despite the precautions to insure sleep, Diane was still awake when her private telephone rang at midnight.

"I didn't want to call you too soon," Justinian's voice said. "I supposed you'd be just about coming in now."

Because she had felt so alone and unhappy, she found herself telling him where she had been and how she had happened to come back so early.

"This is great stuff!" he exclaimed. "Carrara National is about to fail?"

"Yes, but this is not business. There's nothing in this for us."

"Don't you believe it! We can work the market both ways on this! Bear on National and bull on Phoenix, don't you see? As soon as the news is out the stock in one will go sky-high and the other drop. This is immense!"

"But I won't let you use it! I didn't know there was any money to be made from it or I wouldn't have mentioned it! This is personal. I said I'd never use my friends—and I won't!"

"It's gone out of your hands now." His voice was terrifying in its coldness.

It was maddening not to be able to defy him, face to face. "Don't you dare use it! If you do, I'll—I'll expose you!"

He laughed aloud. She had never heard a more complete expression of ruthlessness. "And what about yourself, dear lady? Where would you come in if you started any exposure?"

"I've not done anything dishonest!"

"Who's to prove that? And what about those canceled checks of yours? How would you explain them? We get information from a dozen sources. How could you convince anyone that you'd only given us part of it—and the harmless part at that? Besides, didn't you tell me this bank story yourself?"

She slammed up the receiver, trembling with rage.

It was four o'clock the next afternoon before she emerged from the state approaching stupor which had clouded her mind all day. It was as if her thoughts, like a horse that knows there is an insurmountably high fence beyond, refused to go ahead.

Then suddenly, as she looked at the clock, the fog lifted. Jeremiah Cross was coming to tea.

Nothing else mattered now. She even sang as she bathed and dressed. She rearranged her hair a dozen times before the results satisfied her. She tried on three gowns, then chose the most becoming, of soft gray velvet embroidered in silver. She experimented with tinting her cheeks, then washed off every bit of color. The string of artificial pearls was put back into a drawer. She wanted to be honest with him. She wanted his eyes to regard her with approval, to see in her all that he most admired in women.

In the library the tea table had been placed near a crackling wood fire. She took the red roses from the mantel and put them on the opened desk. She adjusted the curtains of faded yellow damask so that the daylight would not conflict with the glow from the shaded lamps. This was the first time he had ever been in her house. She scrutinized every detail; she hoped it would seem attractive to him.

At half after the hour, when she had glanced at the clock a dozen times to make sure it had not stopped, he came in. An evening paper was in the pocket of his brown tweed coat. After they had exchanged greetings he took it out.

"This may amuse you." He stood beside the table while she read the headlines: AMERICAN BOY BUTCHERED IN ZUETANIA. "Read the text," he urged. "See if you can find any evidence of butchery."

Toward the end of the second column of sensational reporting she read in fine print:

It is not known definitely how this man met his death, but someone close to the highest sources of authority gives it as his belief that he was attacked by natives who resent American interference, which has destroyed the peace and prosperity enjoyed under the former régime.

"Is this Beadlestone's paper?"

"One of them."

Skillfully she made a transition to less serious subjects. He must not discuss politics with her. Never would she get information from him, even inadvertently. She asked him about Julia's prowess. He related the climax of his colored cook's solicitude about his diet and his career.

"She's made me promise to take her to the White House with me."

She laughed. Then she remembered Phil's conjecture that Nan Adriance would be the perfect wife for an ambitious man.

"Is that your goal?"

"No. I've got one much higher than that, Diane."

The tea had steeped exactly five minutes. She poured out a steaming cupful before she could trust herself to say casually:

"Will you tell me what it is?"

Then, as she met his eyes, her heart leaped. Surely in them was the approval of which she had dreamed, the admiration, the — But as if it were indeed a dream, Maggie came in with a plate of hot buttered muffins.

"You're private telephone's ringing and ringing."

Regretfully the girl excused herself and ran upstairs. Her one thought was to hurry back to Jerry Cross. "He called me Diane!" It was like a strain of incredibly beautiful music. "He called me Diane!"

She picked up the receiver. "I'm sorry I spoke so hastily last night"—Justinian's tone was conciliatory—"but no doubt you see my point, now that you've had time to think it over."

"I can't discuss it."

"Well, I don't want to, either. I just called up to say that the tip you gave us on Kincaid worked out splendidly. Ginsbrouck's got a check waiting for you."

"Oh, Kincaid"—she remembered now. He had been the man with Mrs. Adriance, about whom Jerry had told her—"the steel king."

"Steel king nothing! He's the biggest rubber man in the country."

She bit her lips to keep from crying out. Jerry had lied to her!

The words that came into her ear telling of the profits that had accrued on their deal might as well not have been uttered.

"Hello! Hello!" he said sharply. "Are you listening?"

"Yes." Her voice was faint.

"I'm coming down soon. I've got something bigger than anything we've ever done to talk to you about. If we can put it across we won't have to bother about anything else. It would be just as well to go easy on the other things until I see you. We can count on you, can't we?"

"Yes." She would have agreed to anything in order to end this conversation.

"Fine! I'll see you soon. By the way, have you seen today's quotation on Zuetanias? That was a lucky break too."

Slowly she walked to her dressing table. Her cheeks were drained of color. The rouge which she had scorned before now partially effaced her ghostlike appearance, but the gray eyes which looked back at her seemed twice their natural size.

Eventually she went down. Jerry was pouring himself a second cup of tea. It was impossible to talk to him as she had ten minutes before. Mechanically she relighted the alcohol lamp under the silver kettle and urged him to eat a small frosted cake, but even these words were difficult to say.

The newspaper lay open beside her. Without considering what she was doing, she turned the pages until she found the section filled with stock-market reports. Her eyes, unaccustomed to this task, searched for some time before they discovered Zuetania. Thousands of shares sold today. It had dropped twelve points already. That meant a large profit, due entirely to her prophetic belief that the State Department would not be affected by the criticism flung at it by Beadlestone and his allies.

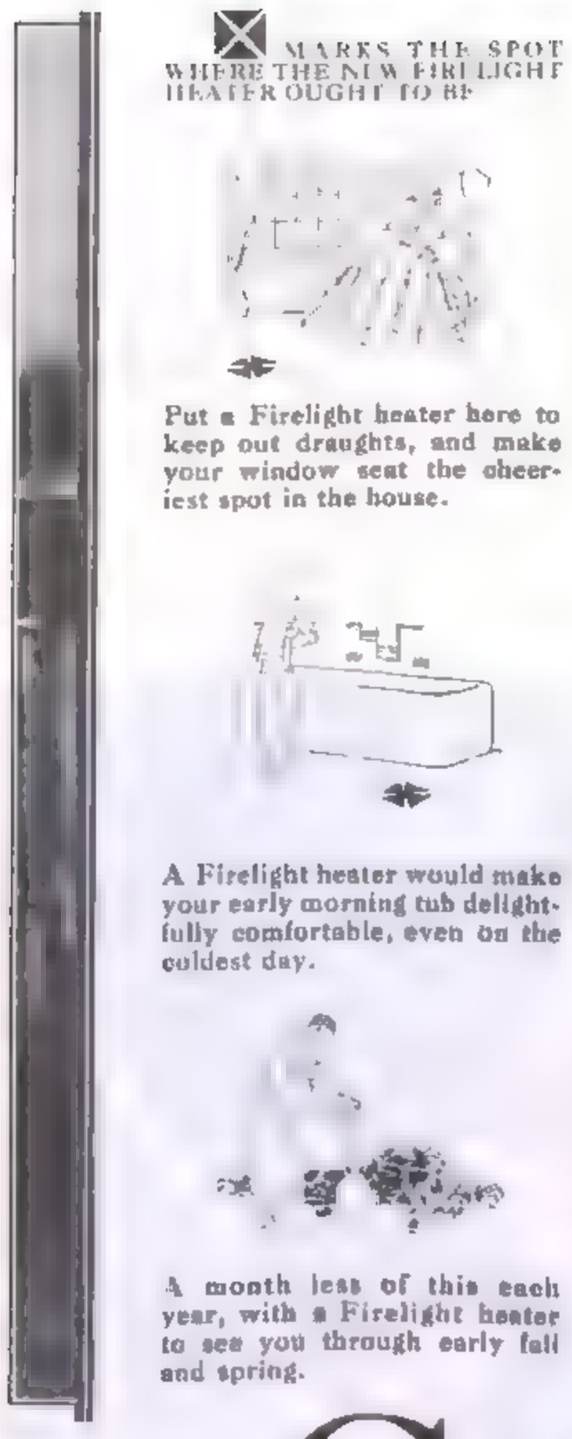
"A curious way to earn money," she thought, when suddenly Jerry's voice broke in. "Are you interested in the market?"

The skepticism of his tone confused her. "Oh, I own some American Chemical," she answered hastily. This was literally true, she told herself, and besides, she owed him no honesty now.

He stayed for perhaps half an hour longer, but the spell of enchantment was broken. It was torture to sit there and talk as if they were two strangers forced to make perfunctory remarks only to avoid a silence. When at last he rose he looked down at her almost sorrowfully.

"If you really care about speculation, Diane," he said, just before he closed the door, "you ought to know that you'll never find American Chemical listed under Z."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)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Put a Firelight heater here to keep out draughts, and make your window seat the cheeriest spot in the house.
A Firelight heater would make your early morning tub delightfully comfortable, even on the coldest day.
A month less of this each year, with a Firelight heater to see you through early fall and spring.

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Now for a comfortable winter with the new FIRELIGHT HEATER

The new Firelight heater brings you something you never hoped to have: family good nature and cheer at the two most trying hours of a winter day . . bedtime and getting-up time.

No more hugging the living room fire because it's too cold to go to bed. No more snuggling under the covers because it's too cold to get up. The Firelight, with its widespreading warmth and ruddy glow, makes any room . . wherever you carry it . . the most delightful spot in the house.

Plenty of Light

This new heater has a transparent firebowl of durable Pyrex, through which shines the cheeriest light imaginable. Plenty of light to undress by. You can even read by it, close up.

It gives abundant heat. And it is so built that this heat spreads in every direction, warming an entire room in a few minutes. You will find it especially useful in rooms with cold floors.

Economical to Use

The Firelight, like all other Perfection heaters, costs absurdly little to operate. Use it this fall instead of beginning your regular fires so early, and you will save substantially on heat bills. It burns kerosene, which probably costs less than any other fuel you can buy.

All-Enamel Models

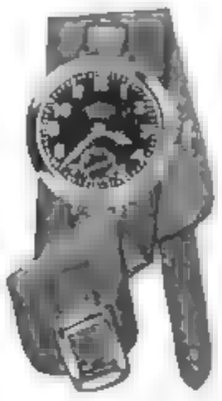
The Firelight has a finish of apple green enamel, golden-sand enamel, or satin black, with shining nickel trim. There are beautiful all-enamel models, without Pyrex firebowls, in snow-white, sea blue or brown. Other models in satin black. All have new features which make them easy to fill, easy to keep clean, easy to re-wick. Prices, $6.25 to $17.75. See them at any dealer's.

Perfection Stove Company, Cleveland, Ohio. Sold in Canada by General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

PERFECTION

Oil Burning Room Heaters

The watch that signalled *Zero Hour* in the Argonne is still going strong . . . .



Crouched in their trench . . . tense and grim . . . they waited for the whistle that would plunge them into the great adventure. The captain's eyes were fixed on his wrist watch. Three minutes . . . two . . thirty seconds. Slowly the second hand crept around the glowing radiolite dial. A shrill, thrilling whistle . . . Zero Hour! Deafening, the massed guns burst into their crescendo of death. The Battle of the Argonne had started

That was eleven years ago, but the watch that recorded that historic moment is still going strong. Captain..... recently wrote us to say that it still ticks off the minutes as dependably as when its second hand sent that far-flung line of doughboys into the maelstrom of battle.*

THOUSANDS of letters in our files bear testimony as striking as the captain's These letters tell us of Ingersolls that have penetrated the upper reaches of the Amazon, climbed Mount Everest, recorded the passing minutes in the Arctic night, or just kept time for men and women through the ordinary routine of an average life

Your Ingersoll probably will never be subjected to these extremes of service. But it's comforting to know that it, too, would probably come through just as dependably should you ever put it to test

And each and every Ingersoll watch is backed by Ingersoll service. The responsibility of the Ingersoll Company to its product lives as long as the product exists

Ingersoll watches must give satisfaction

Ingersoll watches are guaranteed free from mechanical defect But should you damage your Ingersoll, send it direct to our Service Department, Waterbury, Conn.

We will find out what is wrong, and either repair it for you or send you a new watch of the same model, at unusually moderate cost.

When you buy an Ingersoll you buy more than a watch . . . you buy a dependable *time service!*

* Name on request

ING

INGERSOLL

NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . SAN FRANCISCO

Now . . . THE MITE . . . .

a new Ingersoll wrist watch, stylishly small, sturdy and dependable . . . signalling thousands of *Zero Hours* each day ' ' '

HAVE you ever realized the demands of an active wrist on a wrist watch? Have you thought of the many jolts and jars as you hold steady the wheel of an automobile, drive a golf ball, or during the stress and strain of workaday hours? *We* thought of all those wrist motions when we perfected the new Mite Wrist Watch.

We realized that wrists were incessantly and vigorously in action. We realized that the Mite must be sturdy and strong to meet such tests and ride your active wrist successfully.

In the Mite the small parts, which sometimes give trouble in a wrist watch, are of extra size. An extra-rugged movement nestles within its case. The Mite "stands up." It ticks off the minutes and records the hours dependably. Men all over the country already are discovering what a serviceable watch it is. But they're yet to discover how long-lived it is!

And the Mite is small—very small—and thin. This makes it a favorite with women, too, and with boys and girls who find it ideal for school use. Its chromium finish case is of simple design and of platinum-like brilliance which does not tarnish, dull, or mark the wrist. In either plain or engraved design. Plain dial, $5.00. Radiolite, $5.50.

INGERSOLL

WATCH CO., INC.

MONTREAL . . . SERVICE DEPARTMENT—WATERBURY, CONN.

THE YANKEE—*The fine performance of the Yankee has made it the world's most famous watch. It continues to lead our line. Plain dial, $1.50. Radiolite, $2.25.*

THE WRIST—*This sturdy and dependable wrist watch is splendid for outdoor use. It stands up under existing conditions. Plain dial, $3.50. Radiolite, $4.00.*

Prices slightly higher in Canada

CANDY,* quickest of energy foods

WHY ATHLETES AND HARDWORKING PEOPLE TURN TO CANDY AS AN EMERGENCY RATION

You just can't imagine a jolly Hallowe'en without Candy

IF YOU formed your ideas about candy a generation ago, the modern nutritional viewpoint will seem bewildering. The modern verdict is in many respects a complete reversal of that of a few years ago.

Today we know that more than half of the driving energy of men, women and children comes from sugar. That is to say, out of all the food you eat (which is your only source of energy) more than half is turned into sugar and burned in the body as sugar.

Athletes in training now regularly use sugar in some form—candy or other. Soldiers use it. Hard working men and women instinctively turn to it, as they should, when the fires of energy burn low—for candy is a quick-action ration.

And in every-day life

All this information is not meant to clutter up your natural enjoyment of this greatest of palate-thrillers. It is only to show you how candy works as a food, so you can enjoy it with a clear conscience. For candy contains such wholesome foods as sugar, chocolate, milk, fruits, nuts, etc.

The one thing to avoid in eating candy is simply the eating of it to the exclusion of other foods, which are necessary to health.†

If you eat what you should, no amount of candy that you are likely to eat will hurt you. If you don't eat what you should, excluding candy from your diet altogether will avail you nothing—will not add one essential salt or vitamin!

And as to children

If you want to know the sensible, scientific, modern viewpoint on candy for children, send for the book "The New Knowledge of Candy." It is a complete discussion of candy as a food, when it belongs in the modern diet. Use the coupon.

Mail Coupon to
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION
111 West Washington Street, Chicago

Please send me
The New Knowledge of Candy

Name _____

Address _____ *10*

*In strict accuracy, this statement applies rather to the sugar in candy (the chief ingredient).

†To maintain health at the highest level, what you *do* eat is infinitely more important than what you *don't* eat. Thus, most nutrition scientists are agreed that every normal person should (1) drink a quart of milk, (2) eat one raw fruit and one raw vegetable, (3) eat one "potherb" every day.

BLONDIN—PRINCE OF MANILA

(Continued from Page 36)

his chest. Another moment of suspense; then a feat of appalling rashness. He turned a back somersault upon the rope, came upright upon his feet, and walking rapidly to his landing stage, arrived as coolly as if he had no more than alighted from a bus.

The entire journey, with its stop-overs, had occupied about five minutes.

In the pauses of the deafening shouts on either bank of the river, a Canadian band could be heard playing the Marseillaise.

Thereafter there was an interval of about twenty minutes, at the end of which the performer reappeared at the Canadian end of the rope with a camera and tripod on his back. That, too, was a novelty in those days.

Advancing upon the cable to a point some two hundred feet from shore, he lashed his balance pole to the rope, unstrapped his burden, adjusted it in front of him, and took a picture of the crowded shore line. This achieved, he shouldered his machine, unlashed his balance pole, and returned whence he had come, quickly to reappear again with another and heavier burden.

"What under the sun?" asked the gaping people.

In no time at all, the little man was seen coming toward America with a lumbering chair. When about a third of the distance had been covered, he placed his chair upon the rope, seated himself, and, crossing his legs, gazed around him with magnificent unconcern. A moment later he had adjusted two legs of the chair upon the rope and again seated himself. Coming closer to the American shore, he readjusted his chair and stood upright on it. At this point women began to faint.

When it was all over, Monsieur Blondin, still bland and smiling, came ashore at his original point of departure, and was seen to be in no wise fatigued by his adventure. The entire performance had occupied perhaps an hour.

What the spectators thought and said may be imagined—or perhaps it is beyond conjecture, since idiom changes rapidly within as short a period as seventy years. What the newspapers in England said was, in our own idiom, plenty. Metropolitan editors printed the tale, as they would then have printed any good fable, and poohpoohed it editorially and in private. In time there crossed the Atlantic an apparently well-authenticated story contradicting the whole episode. There was, it appeared, no such person as Monsieur Blondin at all. He was as much a myth as the great sea serpent or, said the English, the Cock Lane ghost. Niagara had not been crossed, nor had any attempt been made to cross it.

Making it a Habit

This piece of iconoclasm was later said by some to have been the work of certain hotel keepers of summer resorts, who, playing to thinning houses, as it were, by reason of the counterattractions of Niagara, had resolved to denounce the performance as a hoax.

Corroborative evidence from thousands who had witnessed the performance confirmed the most colorful newspaper reports, however, and to make certainty certain, Blondin announced that he would cross the Falls again. He was not at all loath to do this. It was, indeed, part of his plan to keep alive the interest in his exhibitions by new and constantly more daring feats of intrepidity.

Therefore, he again walked across the river on his rope, this time blindfolded and in a heavy sack made of blankets. Later he crossed trundling a wheelbarrow, with which he performed a number of hair-raising tricks, and he crossed twice thereafter, the latter occasion marking the high spot of his sensational career.

For some time it had been in Blondin's head to carry a man upon his back across the swaying Niagara cable. The jealousy of a pupil and imitator, a fellow countryman, one Delave, now threatened to anticipate him. Delave, burning to distinguish himself, proposed to stretch a rope across the Genesee Falls, at Rochester—a shorter distance than at Niagara—and to cross that rope carrying, pickaback, any citizen who cared to volunteer for the journey.

It was an annoying situation and Blondin had to meet it quickly. He moved swiftly, and on the heels of Delave's announcement came his master's offer in the press. Blondin offered a large sum of money to any man who would volunteer to cross Niagara on his back.

At once a number of ambitious citizens, thirsting for distinction, visited Niagara intending to offer their services; but after being shown the swaying rope across the rushing flood, they thoughtfully retired and were not again in evidence.

A Pickaback Ride Over Niagara

There was in Blondin's train, however, a young man named Colcord—Harry Colcord. Young Mr. Colcord had been with Blondin for some time. He had voyaged on Blondin's back across a number of ropes—never, however, across any such pit or gorge as Niagara. In circuses and opera houses of the day, he had been Blondin's favorite burden—a reliable fellow, thirty-one years old and weighing only one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He had been toughened and hardened by four years of life upon a whaler; and for his services in risking his life on Blondin's shoulders he received the not-exorbitant salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

Blondin, failing to lure a rider outside the profession, made his proposition to Colcord; and Colcord, after witnessing Blondin's success with a wheelbarrow and a chair, agreed to test his luck. Both knew that considerable money had been and was being wagered on the possible failure and death of the ropewalker before he should have finished with his chapter of adventures, but it seems not to have occurred to either that a clique, facing a heavy loss, might attempt to make failure certain.

Announcement was made that Blondin would carry Colcord upon his back across the Niagara rope, and a day was set. If the crowds that had thronged to Niagara before had been large, they were now stupendous. White, the keeper of the opportune pleasure ground, grinned jubilantly as he gathered in the rain of box-office quarters, and on all sides the concessionaires were happy.

Skepticism, however, ran high. Would Colcord really allow the Frenchman to carry him across the maelstrom on his back? Would Blondin at the last minute refuse to take the daring rider? Was there actually a bona-fide intention on the part of either to attempt the outrageous feat?

John Travis, a famous pistol shot, wrote to Colcord to inquire. He was assured that the attempt would be made and that it would be successful. Mr. Travis, thereupon, took counsel of himself and saw no reason why the event should not be utilized for his own professional exploitation. Blondin had no monopoly of ideas. A man of ideas, also, was John Travis.

It is said that nearly three hundred thousand spectators were massed on the rocky cliffs of Niagara, and near at hand, on the appointed day. Nations have gone forth to war with fewer soldiers in the field. Railways, hotels and steamship companies plied their golden trade. Again from all points of the compass the movement of humanity seemed to be toward Niagara. The great cataract itself had witnessed no such spectacle in all the years that had passed since the first Indian paused in awe beside its fearful smother. It has seen nothing like it since.

The hour fixed for departure was two in the afternoon. As it approached, the murmur of the multitude died away. A hush fell across the scene—such a hush as falls in a death chamber before an execution. As the clocks struck the hour, the two adventurers appeared at the Canadian end of the rope and made their final preparations for the crossing.

Certainly there was something of the poet in Blondin. A mountebank, perhaps, but almost a divine one. It was a stupendous thing that he had planned, and unerringly he chose the proper stage. The dark background of somber pines and roaring water was as perfect and fantastic a *mise en scène* as a painting by John Martin. The whole episode somehow lifted itself out of the commonplace category of circus sensation and became a work of art. One likes to think that in the soul of Blondin, an authentic artist, there was as urgent a desire to triumph over natural law as to thrill a gaping concourse; that quite wittingly his effort was to accomplish a masterpiece that would be perhaps as great a shock to Nature as to man. It may be that it was so.

He wore his professional tights, however. Colcord, clad in a black dress suit of the *garçon* type, looked as if he were going to a social event or to a funeral.

Then Blondin stepped upon the platform and Colcord climbed upon his back. A practiced man-back rider, the American sustained his main weight evenly by placing his hands on the acrobat's shoulders and resting his feet in stirrups that hung at either side of Blondin's flanks. An assistant handed Blondin his balancing pole and the little Frenchman swung it to a horizontal line and stepped upon the rope. The crossing of Niagara had begun.

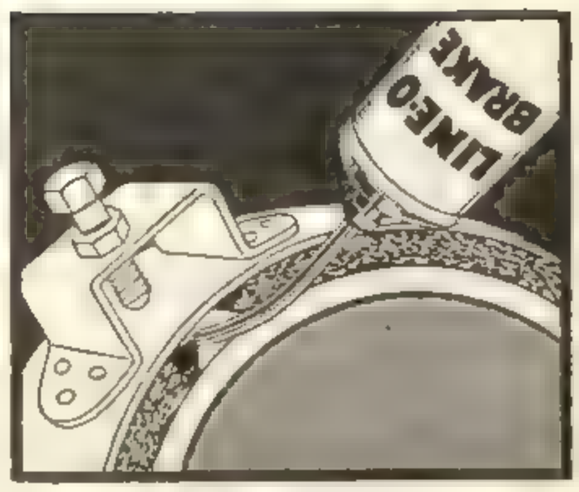
The Marksman Takes His Cue

At first their progress was slow. Carefully, a few inches at a time, Blondin felt his way. Then his stride lengthened, and steadily, foot by foot, he advanced upon the rope. Out over the pines on the shore below moved the incongruous pair, then over the rapid, lashing stream. Onward and outward, while the cable swayed lightly beneath their cautious tread and the ends of the balancing pole moved gently up and down. A fifty-pound pole upon the dexterity of whose handling depended almost utterly their lives. Far below them danced the venturesome little steamer called Maid of the Mist, from whose decks looked upward a score and more of bubble faces, unseen by the two upon the rope. John Travis, the pistol shot, was there, awaiting his cue.

After a time they halted. Blondin, tired by his burden, required a rest. Colcord, with infinite caution, slipped from his stirrups and stood behind the gymnast on the cable, supporting himself with a hand at either side of Blondin's body. The balancing pole moved lightly and did the rest. Then Colcord climbed back into his stirrups and they moved forward. To the people on either shore they were the merest marionettes now. The rope beneath them was invisible. They seemed to be suspended in the air. A miraculous spectacle.

Another halt was called. John Travis' time had come. Blondin, smiling, held a hat at arm's length from his body. A puff of smoke arose from the Maid of the Mist beneath. The sharpshooter had fired at the extended hat. But Blondin shook his head, examining the hat. Another shot, but the acrobat still shook his head, and for a third time the arm was extended. At the third shot, the Frenchman waved the hat above him. The shot had been true! "Hurrah!" cried the crowd. Hurrah for Blondin, and hurrah for John Travis, that enterprising marksman. Hurrah, hurrah!

Again the journey was resumed, and again and yet again Blondin had to rest



PLASTIC ASBESTOS

. . . the brake lining that comes out of a tube

SCIENCE has accomplished many miracles. By no means the least is Line-O-Brake — the plastic asbestos brake lining that comes out of a tube.

Line-O-Brake is applied to your present linings. The heat created by the spinning brake drum vulcanizes it into the lining, moulding it into a *perfect* circle that conforms exactly to each brake drum and forming a new, waterproof, heat-resisting braking surface.

Stops all slipping, squeaking, grabbing. Used by police departments, safety directors, and motor car dealers.

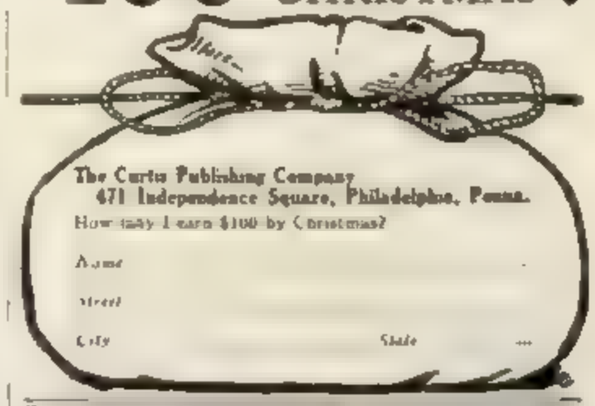
Try Line-O-Brake today. Your dealer has it in the handy $1.00 tube. Or, have him apply it. If he can't supply you, order direct. Write for FREE booklet: "True Circle Brakes and Braking Safety."

THE LINE-O-BRAKE CO.
Division of Liquid Veneer Corporation, 261 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Line-O-Brake is a product of the same laboratories which developed Radiator Neverleak, the permanent leak proofing compound; Purgo, the scientific radiator cleaner, and Washine, the new time-saving automobile cleaner-polish.

LINE-O-BRAKE
PLASTIC ASBESTOS LINING

$100 for YOUR CHRISTMAS !



STRAIGHT SHOOTERS/

. . . . Men who know what's good for boys

NOT only has the Daisy organization given to the world the most famous boy's rifle ever known, but it has also served by promoting a greater appreciation of the American tradition for marksmanship as a means of training in manly spirit and accomplishment.

In bringing home this message to the American Boy of today as well as his parents and instructors, the Daisy organization has had the hearty coöperation of many famous men whose influence as leaders in the world of thought and action has made them famous wherever the English language is spoken.

We now take great pleasure in paying tribute to these forward-looking men and the spirit they expressed in coöperating with this organization in promoting a greater appreciation of the value of the rifle and the practice of marksmanship in the development of a higher standard of manhood among the boys of today.

A few of these brief messages are repeated here, but they are but a scant handful of the entire list of famous names who have coöperated with Daisy in spreading this important message to the boys of America.

A complete roster of these men would include, besides those given, such names as Dan Beard, Chas. Buddy Rogers, Robert C. Zuppke, Tom Thorp, G. M. Bellanca, Gil Dobie, Warren H. Miller, Harry Heilmann, William Beebe and many others.

Unnecessary to say, perhaps, but not one of these men received any money consideration for the use of their letters and names in connection with Daisy advertising. Each letter is simply a sincere statement of the reasoned belief of the writer in each instance.

There is a world of inspiration in these letters for the boy who owns or wants to own a Daisy Air Rifle. Follow the advice of these men, practice with your Daisy Air Rifle, and learn to shoot fast and straight. In selecting the first rifle for your boy, remember that Daisy Air Rifles have set the standard of modern design and fine workmanship among boys' rifles for the past 40 years, and today represent the utmost development in air-rifle construction. Every Daisy is carefully tested for dependability and accuracy before it leaves the factory.

Go to your dealer today with your boy and ask to see the latest Daisy Models. Notice the "snappy" lines of the Daisy Pump Gun—fashioned after the high-powered magazine rifles of the big game hunters. Aim it—shoot it! Ask your dealer about its features of safety, accuracy and durability. The Pump Gun shoots 50 rounds without re-loading. It costs $5, and other Daisy Air Rifles are sold from $1 to $5. If your dealer hasn't all of them in stock, write to us for information

BULL'S EYE We recommend the use of Bull's Eye Steel Shot with Daisy Air Rifles

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

BERNT BALCHEN
chief air pilot of Byrd's South Pole Expedition
says "Boys start with the rifle are apt to be keen on the field of

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
America's most popular bandmaster and an experienced trapshooter
says, "The modern air rifle makes good marksmanship pos

Major JOHN W HESSION
world's champion marksman and an authority on firearms
says, "Target practice is more than good fun—it helps to make brain, vision and muscles work as

RICHARD DIX
the popular Paramount Pictures star
says, "Target practice is an invaluable training in the art of making your mind and muscles work

TRIS SPEAKER
veteran big league baseball player

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
famous explorer, marksman and novelist
says "The ability to [illegible] with it the development of [illegible]

himself. And at every pause Colcord climbed down and stood behind his mount upon the rope. An appalling exercise.

"And now," writes Jarvis Blume, "the passage is half accomplished. The middle of the rope is reached, when at once it begins to sway frightfully. The ends of the balancing pole move rapidly, frantic as the arms of a windmill in a whirlwind. Blondin breaks into a run; then comes to a halt; there is a sudden jerk and swaying; then, recovering himself, he runs again, and——"

A dreadful thing had happened.

But the rest of the story belongs to Colcord, the young man from Attica, New York, who participated in the horror of that crossing.

"Blondin," said Harry Colcord, "was not quite confident of the success of the undertaking himself. He had been across a few times, but without me on his back, and he did not know what effect the additional weight might have upon the rope. His earnest advice to me before starting was: 'Harry, be sure and let yourself rest all the time like a dead weight on my back. If I should sway or stumble, on no account attempt to balance yourself.'

"I determined to follow his advice. My first thrill occurred as we started. Over the pine trees, whose sharp tops bristled far below us between the cliffs and the river, it seemed far more terrifying than out over the water. My heart was in my mouth as we began to descend the rope, which from its weight had a depression of fifty feet in the center; but it was a matter of life and death, and I resolved to follow Blondin's advice implicitly. I had absolute confidence in the man beneath me and I believed he would get us both across all right. So on we went, though from the first our progress seemed to me dreadfully slow.

"The most serious risk and ordeal seemed to be getting on and off his back. Just think of the situation—getting down off a man's back, feeling with your foot for a taut, vibrating rope, then standing on the same while it swung to and fro some hundreds of feet in air, and holding onto a man in front of you clad in slippery tights, when the least false move or loss of presence of mind might plunge you both into eternity—and then climbing again upon his back! This had to be repeated seven times."

When the Guy Line Broke

"The sight of the rapidly flowing, seething, tumultuous current beneath us gave me a peculiar sensation. It was that we were moving at a great rate up the river and making but little progress to the opposite bank. From the immense depth, the roar of the water rose like the united voices of a thousand demons.

"The guy lines, placed twenty feet apart, kept the rope comparatively steady till we reached the space of forty feet in the center where there were no guy lines. We had made about ten feet of this forty when suddenly Blondin tottered and swayed in an effort to walk straight, his pole going furiously up and down. He had lost his balance and was unable to regain it!

"In that awful moment his advice most forcibly impressed itself on me, and I strictly followed it, resting passively, numbly, like a dead weight on his shoulders, to stay or fall with him as might happen. Discipline rose superior to instinct.

"Unable to regain his balance, he ran along the rope, the impetus keeping us up, the pole thrashing madly up and down, for thirty feet, when we reached the first guy line on the opposite side. On this line he stepped, when it immediately broke, and the main rope, pulled by the corresponding guy line, was jerked sidewards. This was the most critical moment of all. With his wonderful agility, he recovered himself just in time and won equilibrium enough to run to the next brace of guy lines, twenty feet away, where he halted.

"'Get off, quick,' he said, and I obeyed.

"He was like a marble statue. Every muscle was tense and rigid. Large beads of perspiration trickled from him. It was then I most admired his wonderful grit and coolness. Neither by voice nor sign did he manifest his knowledge of the fact that a dastardly attempt had just been made to kill us, probably by some unscrupulous and murderous gambler or gamblers, who adopted this method of trying to save their miserable stakes.

"Again I got on his back, and by and by we toiled up the incline of the rope toward the American shore, confronting a great sea of staring faces, fixed and intense with interest, alarm, fear. Some people shaded their eyes, as if yet dreading to see us fall; some held their arms extended, as if to grasp us and keep us from falling; some excited men had tears streaming down their cheeks. A band was trying to play, but the wrought-up musicians could evoke only discordant notes."

A Feint of Slipping

Blondin's official biographer, G. Linnæus Banks—Blondin: His Life and Performances, London, 1862—has nothing to say of this alleged attempt upon the adventurers' lives—indeed, Colcord is not even mentioned by name in the biography—and it is to be remembered, one supposes, that Harry was spinning his yarn many years after the adventure—Across Niagara Falls on a Man's Back, by Jarvis Blume, Chicago, *ca.* 1900. But it is a vivid story the American tells, and quite possibly something of the sort occurred. How the guy line was weakened by the would-be murderers, however, Colcord fails to conjecture. Linnæus Banks, in his rôle of admiring Boswell, merely asserts that, now and then, as Blondin carried his living freight along the rope, he made a feint of slipping "which, as often as it was repeated, sent a thrill of horror through the veins of many whose nerves were not of the strongest."

With reference to the surprising feat of John Travis, Colcord asserted that the public had simply been gulled. Sensible people might have known, he said, that a ball from a pistol of the period could not have carried to such a height, and that, if it could, Travis would not have ventured to fire it from the unsteady deck of the little steamer. "Neither Blondin nor myself would have agreed to stand for any such fool shooting." There was no ball in Travis' pistol, it appears, but Blondin, with a small iron instrument, punched a nice, convincing bullet hole in the hat, which later was sold to an enthusiast for fifty dollars.

Thus did Harry Colcord ride man-back across the Niagara River, and for a little time the slender American was as great a hero as the wiry Frenchman. It was Blondin, however, who received a medal from the citizens of Niagara—which he later lost.

Somewhat of the effect of the perilous crossing upon those who witnessed it is described by Colcord in his reminiscence. Curiously characteristic is the anecdote furnished him by Paxon, of the Buffalo Express. Throughout the crossing, the journalist sat in a small boat with several ladies. These latter were pale with apprehension, and one in particular seemed at intervals to be on the verge of hysterics. Yet when the adventurers stood at length in safety on their landing stage, the nervous one was heard to exclaim: "Pshaw! Let us go. It's all a humbug and a fraud!"

A second time that autumn Blondin carried Colcord across the river on his back, and again in September of 1860—the fourteenth day—the crossing was repeated in the presence of the then Prince of Wales and his brilliant following. The rope for this latter journey had been removed to a spot farther down the river, over the famous whirlpool, and newspaper accounts of the adventure featured the emotions of the young man who was later to be Edward VII of England. Great Emotion of the Prince of Wales, cried the more conservative headlines, and the yellow journals of the day shrieked: The Prince of Wales Faints!

(Continued on Page 137)

Fashion today

REQUIRES THESE luxurious linings -

THE American business man is paying attention, as never before, to refinements of dress. Good fit and good cloth are no longer sufficient in a suit or topcoat. He scrutinizes all details of the tailoring.

To be a style success, he knows that the garment should be silk lined. And the one lining he can depend upon to provide that greatly desired luxury, together with *long service*, is Skinner's Satin.

Skinner's lining satins are closely woven of the finest grades of silk—more silk to every inch of the fabric. That is why they have combined such beauty and wearing quality ever since 1848.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
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Skinner's Satins

SKINNER'S CREPES *and* CREPE SATINS

for women's gowns and linings, are styled to the newest mode, in many beautiful colorings. They have unrivalled softness and draping qualities.

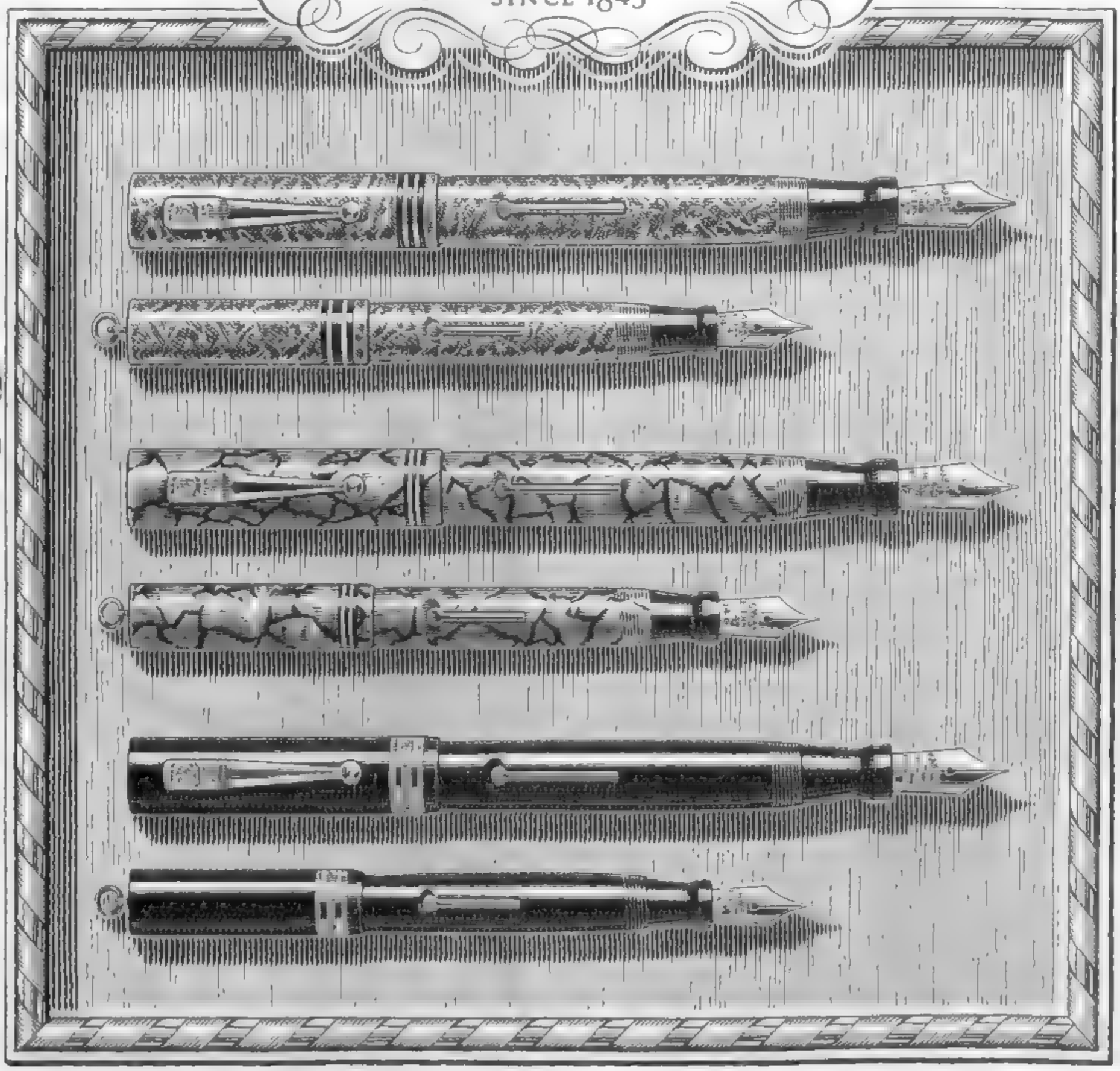
•

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

The SWAN Pen

Pen of the British Empire

SINCE 1843



Jade Swan Eternal Pen No. J46 Long, Clip Guaranteed Eternally.
SEVEN DOLLARS

Jade Swan Eternal Pen No. J54 Short, Ring. Guaranteed Eternally.
FIVE DOLLARS

Inlaid Pearl Swan Eternal Pen No. P46 Long Clip Guaranteed Eternally
TEN DOLLARS

Inlaid Pearl Swan Eternal Pen No. P54 Short Ring Guaranteed Eternally
SEVEN-FIFTY

Ebony Swan Eternal Pen No. E44 Long, Clip Guaranteed Eternally
FIVE DOLLARS

Ebony Swan Eternal Pen No. E54 Short, Ring. Guaranteed Eternally
FIVE DOLLARS

IN the Houses of Parliament, in the Senate of the United States, in embassies and consulates across the world—*Swan* PENS for years have given their unfailing service. Year after year they have been always ready to write at a touch—effortless, fluent, perfect with an enduring perfection. *Swan* ETERNAL PENS cannot fail. An exquisite refinement of craftsmanship has achieved their precision of adjustment and made it permanent. That is why they are guaranteed eternally.

Swan PENS

MABIE, TODD & COMPANY

NEW YORK: 243 West 17th Street CHICAGO: 209 South State Street

LONDON SYDNEY CAPETOWN BRUSSELS BARCELONA PARIS

(Continued from Page 134)

Edward did not faint, but he was genuinely moved. Before the crossing he shook the hands of the performers and said earnestly to Blondin, "For heaven's sake, don't do anything extraordinary because I am here." Blondin replied: "Your Royal Highness, I'll carry yourself across, if you wish!"

The passage was made without incident and was Colcord's last experience with the famous gymnast. The same day, with immense pain to all beholders, and in spite of the Prince's injunction against "anything extraordinary," Blondin crossed the cable, for the first time, on stilts. He did not carry Harry Colcord—that thankful young man watched the rash performance from the sidelines. "Thank God it is all over!" said the Prince of Wales when Blondin stepped safely ashore.

As for Colcord, whose courage one thinks to have been quite the equal of Blondin's, his final testimony is this:

"Although nearly forty years have elapsed since the thing occurred, the thought of it haunts me as closely as if it happened yesterday. Often in my dreams it all comes back to me. Again I sway from side to side and lay myself like a dead weight as Blondin goes onward step by step, the rope swinging and his balancing pole oscillating. Again I see the shores black with people, and look down upon the swirling river, far below, until we seem to be rushing upstream. Again I descend from his back and stand on the taut, vibrating rope, so near to Death that his skeleton head seems grinning at my shoulder. And again I feel Blondin stumble and sway as the ruffians try to upset us—and he breaks into a wild run for life—and I jump up in nervous terror and spring, coldly perspiring, from my couch. It is like living the horror over and over again."

No More Falls to Conquer

It is a good and well-told tale that Harry tells, but he does not mention the remark said to have been addressed to him by Blondin during the first crossing of the cable. Linnæus Banks records the incident—a masterpiece of grim humor. He refers to it as "Blondin's memorable caution to the nervous man whom he was carrying on his back across Niagara Falls: 'I must request you to sit quiet,' said M. Blondin, 'or I shall have to put you down.'" Perhaps it never was said. Colcord's own account leaves no place for it in the episode. But who could find it in his heart to blame the American if he was nervous?

Soon after that last ride, Colcord and Blondin parted and went their separate ways—Colcord to begin the study of portrait painting, a less reckless and exciting means of livelihood; Blondin to astonish Europe with his daring, until, tricked and robbed by those he trusted—according to Jarvis Blume—he died in poverty about the end of the century he had adorned.

But even before that pitiful final chapter, at the height of his success in Europe, when he was still the idol of the small boys of the world, Blondin's life had, for the thoughtful, taken on a certain pathos. It must have. He had climaxed a brilliant career at Niagara, with incredible success, yet he was still a young man, with years of life and achievement ahead of him. What was there left for him to do? He could not go on forever, crossing a cable at Niagara. He could not readily carry the cataract about with him, a portable property. His imagination had o'erleaped itself too early. After Niagara, it had to be content with less romantic flights, with sensations more nearly after the fashion of the traditional mountebank.

At the Top of His Profession

Yet how he worked it! He sought out perilous localities as a theater for his exploits until the novelty of it waned. He wore extraordinary costumes and surrounded his clever legs with difficulties. He walked his rope with bushel baskets upon his feet and chains upon his neck and ankles. He stood upon his head in the middle of his rope while fireworks exploded about him. He danced upon the cable, played a fiddle upon it while bounding in the air, cooked an omelet on a portable stove skillfully adjusted to the rope, wheeled his daughter across in a wheelbarrow. At the Liverpool Zoölogical Gardens, he substituted a lion for his daughter, but declined to consider the proposal of a Staffordshire publican that he walk upon an iron coil, at an altitude of fifty feet, over a succession of forty blast furnaces. R. Flemin Lowell sang:

"Of all the sights in England now,
And I've looked everywhere,
There is not one, of any sort,
With Blondin can compare."

And he proceeded to acclaim the acrobat as the eighth wonder of the world.

But Niagara, in time, was years away in the famous Frenchman's past, and that, perhaps, was the tragedy of his declining years.

A prodigious fellow, one supposes; combining somewhat of the hero quality of his Napoleonic father with the hard commercial sense of his peasant mother. Yet he was an artist, too, in his fashion, and, like many artists, required a manager to handle his finances. Perhaps he was a great artist, but it is difficult to be consistently great. An egotist, one supposes, also, yet withal a modest and inoffensive one, we are told. Altogether, no doubt, he was a bit of a genius, and certainly he stood at the very top of his profession—no light achievement, whatever one's profession may be.

Most of all, he was a precocious child. At five, he had witnessed the exploits of a company of traveling acrobats and equestrians, and had been particularly attracted by the showy appearance of a young man in a blue tunic, in gay fleshings and spangles, who exhibited great deftness and ability upon a rope. At the expense of bruised flesh and aching bones, he had imitated that young man and laid the foundation of his own career. In spite of his beard and mustachios, it was a little French boy, barely five, who dressed up and carried Harry Colcord across the gorge at Niagara while all the world wondered.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

IT is because FLORSHEIMS are made supremely well that they are so smart and so comfortable. Once having worn them, you will never be satisfied with any other

Most Styles $10

THE PRINCETON . . . *Style M 300*

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Manufacturers • *Chicago*

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Three-Fifty to Ten Dollars

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America's Standard Auto Heater, the Francisco, is *guaranteed to deliver pure, fresh air warmth in greater volume than any other heater built.*

Heat — at the Start of Your Motor

Instant heat—no need to wait or to drive several miles. The Francisco provides a flood of warmth almost at the start of your motor—no matter how bitterly cold the day may be. Fresh air heat too. No motor fumes. With a Francisco you do not re-breathe musty car air again and again. Clean, pure, fresh air, heated instantly, replaces air contents of car every two or three minutes. The Francisco also gives summer efficiency to motors—saves gasoline. Prepare now for colder days. Ask any dealer for the genuine Francisco. Or write to us for interesting booklet on modern car heating.

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Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

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AUTO HEATERS

Deliver More Heat—Refresh Car Air—Improve Carburetion

Make MONEY with COROZONE

a new electrical device that makes bad air fresh and destroys odors

A few exclusive distributorships now open to firms or individuals

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Corozone is a wonderful innovation . . . a compact, portable, moderately priced electrical utility advertised nationally in The Saturday Evening Post and other mediums and sold generally throughout the country.

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Corozone destroys bad odors electrically Rapidly dissipates gases, tobacco smoke, cooking odors, and all the pernicious odors peculiar to many factories, professional offices, stores and shops. Charges the air with ozone—like an electrical storm. Keeps indoor air fresh, clean, pure and easy to breathe. A scientific aid to health in winter.

Homes, offices, stores, theatres, restaurants, hospitals, banks, factories, brokers' offices and rest rooms need it. Hundreds of concerns of national repute are now using one or more Corozones

The Opportunity Is Here

Corozone is new . . . universally needed and easy to sell Any experienced distributor of specialty electrical appliances should find this a wonderful proposition

Our Requirements

Successful past experience in selling specialties to consumers and dealers. Must be financially stable. Those unable to meet these requirements should not apply. Sales quota to be based on population.

Write or Wire Us at Cleveland

If Corozone appeals to you as a sound proposition write us or wire at once. All questions pertaining to any feature of distributorship will be fully explained Complete selling plan furnished to those whom we consider particularly qualified

No Banking Quarters or Broker's Office complete without this device

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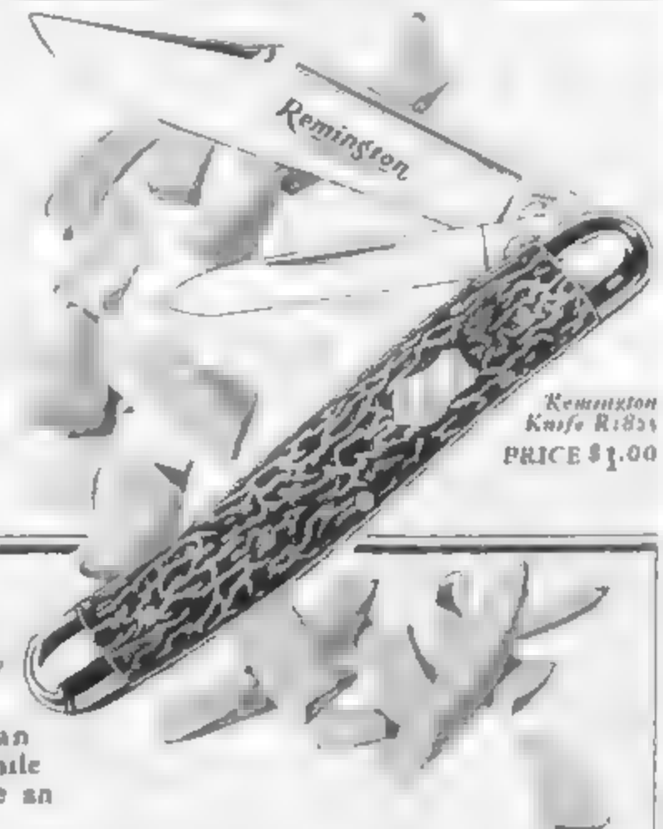
References—*The Midland Bank - The Union Trust Company - The Guardian Trust Company The Central National Bank - The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce - The Cleveland Trust Company*

As the Chips Fall



THE chips made by a knife blade tell the story of its quality better than the knife itself.

Smooth and clean chips mean true temper and keen edge, while rough and ragged chips indicate an entirely different condition.

When you take a Remington Knife in your hand, we don't ask you to judge it by its good looks (of which it has full measure), but we do ask you to put it to the "chip" test. Get a piece of pine or oak, soft wood or hard and whittle away. It won't take you long to find out that each blade lives up to the smooth, clean-cutting job its appearance indicates.

The R1823 Remington Pocket Knife is moderately priced, but it will turn out the cleanest and smoothest sort of a cutting job, that will convince you of its quality. It has the usual Remington finish—none better. It's a dandy in every way.

See R1823 at your dealer's, or if he hasn't it in stock, send his name with $1.00 and it will be forwarded promptly.

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Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
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Remington

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CHORUS GIRL

(Continued from Page 35)

Said Slag cheerfully, "Know how they kill those things? They grab hold of the head and yank it right off the pigeon. For a while the beak still opens and closes, and the eyes blink and the body flops around and tries to fly—all covered with blood too."

"Oh! I'd never have touched it! Oh!"

"Yes, sir. That's how they do it."

"Oh, I can't eat another bit!"

Slag looked at the drumsticks and reached for them.

"In that case —— "

"Not so fast," said Mr. Upjohn, taking one himself. "If they won't hurt you, I guess they won't hurt me either, eh, Stu?"

It was on toward eight o'clock when they came out of the dining room and stood for a moment in the lobby. Mr. Lauderdonk and his pals were nowhere in sight.

"Well," said Mr. Upjohn, "after a good substantial meal like that one, about all I feel up to is a bench in the park. There's a park down the street and there ought to be a moon. If there isn't, I'll write my congressman about it. Come on." He took Miss Charteris by the arm and started for the entrance. As he approached the revolving doors, they flew quickly around with the driver inside.

"You fellas ready? Tank's all fixed up and we gotta be gettin' back. I gotta meet the midnight at Berlin; it's my night on."

"Not tonight, you don't," said Slag. "You just pretend the tank isn't fixed up for another couple of hours, see?"

"Yeah, an' I seen somethin' else, too," said the driver slowly. "I seen them holes in the tank, see? An' it's funny, but the points of them spears ya got inside just fit into the holes. I shelled out nine dollars an' a half of me own money to get 'em plugged an' I had six gallons of gas in that tank. That's ten seventy-six."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Upjohn. "Are you accusing us of deliberately ——"

"Not me," said the driver. "I been hackin' around the college too long. I know them spears just jumped out an' smacked that tank themselfs. That's all. I'll just explain that to the boss an' he'll fix it up with the coach and the manager. No trouble at all and nobody the wiser, see?"

"Now look here," said Mr. Faulkner. "We don't want to see you get into any trouble with your boss. Maybe he wouldn't believe you."

"Well, I thought about that, too, and I guess mebbe the best thing is just to forget about it—that is, all but the ten seventy-six."

Mr. Faulkner looked pained for a moment. Mr. Nephews and Mr. Upjohn nodded.

"Well, all right. Perhaps you're right. I'll see you tomorrow about it."

"I was sorta countin' on cash," said the driver.

"Well, I haven't got the cash on me," explained Mr. Faulkner, "but I'll get it for you tomorrow."

"I just remembered," said Miss Charteris. Miss de la Montayne and Miss Glad looked at her.

"How much can you give me on account?" asked the driver.

Helplessly Mr. Faulkner looked at his two friends. They shrugged.

"The fact is, we can't give you a cent until we get back to school. We haven't got it."

"I just remembered," said Miss Charteris, "that I promised Sammy I'd come over to the theyater tonight and run that new number through. This has been awfully nice of you boys." She held out her hand.

"I guess if you have to go, Edythe and I'd better go over, too," said Miss Glad. "Well, good night. We had a swell time and I'm sorry your side lost."

"Well, if you're ready," said the driver, "we can get started back and fix up this little matter before I hafta go to Berlin."

"What am I—fish?" asked Mr. Faulkner.

"Fish," said the Messrs. Upjohn and Nephews. "Fish."

Silently they went through the doors and climbed into the car. Silently they sat down among the poles and suitcases.

There was a brake scream behind them and two headlights flooded the sidewalk in front of the hotel just as Georgia, Edythe and Marylyn came out of the entrance.

"Well, well, well!" said a familiar voice. "Just in time to buy the last chance on the genuine gold-plated, iridium-tipped, blue-eyed fountain pen. Hop right in, girls; we're giving away buggy rides tonight."

Mr. Faulkner turned around. Mr. Upjohn turned around. Mr. Nephews turned around

Mr. Lauderdonk, at the wheel of a quite dapper roadster, waved a cheery hand.

"So long," he called, "and thanks for the petunia bulbs." His two teammates waved their handkerchiefs gleefully. The three girls called good-by and climbed into Mr. Lauderdonk's car.

"Pass the hemlock," muttered Mr. Upjohn as he sank back in his seat. Mr. Faulkner said nothing. Mr. Nephews joined in, and the car drove off on the road to Hartford.

It was not quite ten minutes later when a quite dapper roadster roared down behind and, honking, pulled out and drew in alongside.

"Thanks again," called Mr. Lauderdonk, "for feeding 'em. See you some other Christmas."

Mr. Nephews reached quickly for a hammer and stood up with the triangle in his hand, but the roadster roared sweetly by and the red wink of its tail-light shrank in the darkness ahead.

"Chase 'em!" yelled Mr. Faulkner, leaning forward to the driver.

"Not me," said that worthy. "They're whoopin'."

"Chase 'em, I tell you—to the next gas station anyway."

"What for?"

"Never mind. There's another five bones in it if you catch up."

The driver let out a notch. Far ahead, four white circles loomed up at the side of the road.

"You with me?" asked Mr. Faulkner. "It's a dirty trick, but it's all we've got left. Pull in here, driver."

He vaulted over the side of the car and ran toward the door of the filling station, with Slag and Mr. Upjohn after him.

"Telephone?" he said to the man, and dodged into the booth.

"Hello. . . . State-police station at the border? Look out for a Rhode Island license, 121,462; making over fifty and headed your way."

"Right you are," said a voice at the other end.

"Slick!" yelled Mr. Upjohn. "Now for a ringside seat. Make it ten dollars if the driver catches 'em."

"Charge it and I'm with you," said Slag as they ran back to where they had left their car and hopped in.

"Ten bucks," said Mr. Faulkner, "if you catch the roadster."

The driver took up the chase. About two miles farther on, there was a parking light at the side of the road. He slowed down and pointed. "There's your car."

"Draw in alongside"—and the driver did.

"Well, well, well!" beamed Mr. Faulkner. "I'll bet if you play your cards right you can kiss that girl."

Mr. Lauderdonk scowled at him.

"First you point out the moon and then you tell her her eyes are beautiful. Then you hold her hand ——"

Miss de la Montayne laughed.

"Shut up," growled Mr. Lauderdonk as he started his motor.

(Continued on Page 141)

THE MOVIES
THE RADIO
THE TALKIES

AND

NOW THE CAPEHART ORCHESTROPE

STEP BY STEP, science has broadened everyone's opportunity for recreation and amusement.

First the "movies", which threw upon a silver screen the romance, the adventure, the realm of dreams which hitherto had been revealed only to the few who were privileged to see a performance upon the stage.

Then the radio which, by a miraculous discovery, brings the actual voices of premier artists and entertainers thousands of miles through the ether to our very hearthstones.

More recently, the "talkies" which bring to your door not only the voices but the very personalities of the great talents which were scarcely more than a name to all save the theatre patrons in the big cities.

And now—the Capehart Orchestrope.

This "musical marvel of the age", as it has been called, has made it possible for public places in your community to offer you the same type of musical entertainment which Broadway itself enjoys! Or to render concerts which will let you feel the thrill of a Carnegie Hall recital.

Establishments which serve the public—restaurants, hotels, refreshment parlors and amusement places of all kinds—whose patronage did not permit them the expensive luxury of an orchestra, are everywhere installing this new type of entertainment.

And thus the social life of many communities is being transformed. Now you may include in your program of pleasure an "evening out", with the prospect of having a good time. Dinner may be enhanced with a musical program by world-famous artists, if you go to a restaurant which has installed the Capehart. You may wish to dance—doubtless there's a Capehart owner right near you that has provided that opportunity to the strains of Broadway's favorite orchestras.

Look for the place that offers Capehart entertainment next time you go out to dine, to dance or for simple refreshment. If you don't find such a place readily, write us. We'll give you the name of a Capehart owner nearby.

The Capehart tone matches the original not only in its vibrant quality, but in *volume*. It is life-like and life size—not a miniature. That's why thousands of establishments are now able, for the first time, to provide continuous music for dancing and entertainment.

To proprietors of public establishments:

The Capehart offers you an opportunity to enlarge the service which you offer. Your patrons will be looking for Capehart entertainment. They will appreciate and reward your providing this new type of music. Sold exclusively through dealers everywhere.
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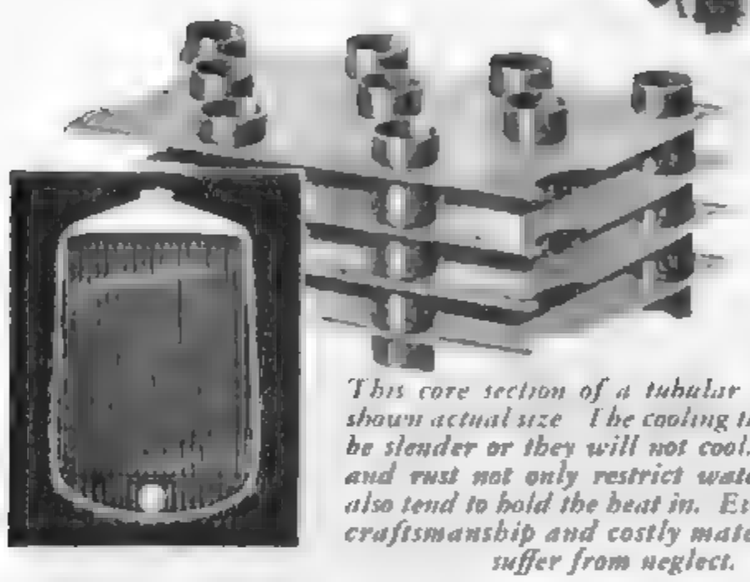
Dam *these* Rivers . . . . . and power is gone



This core section of a tubular radiator is shown actual size. The cooling tubes MUST be slender or they will not cool. Sediment and rust not only restrict water flow but also tend to hold the heat in. Even McCord craftsmanship and costly materials must suffer from neglect.

UP THROUGH the cylinder jackets in your motor block. Up through the cylinder head. Up into the radiator and down through half a hundred or more slender cooling tubes no larger than macaroni . . . . .

Flowing, flowing, flowing while your motor is running, running, running, the cooling water goes round and round and round.

Thousands of miles of travel every year. Rust forming always inside of the cylinder block. Different kinds of water, hard and soft, dirty and clean. Chemical action making calcareous deposits. Sludge, slime, silt, rust, working together day by day, mile by mile to dam these rivers on which your motor's power depends.

Beautiful outside, an essential performer inside—that is your radiator. Do not forget it because it works silently and unseen.

McCord, the largest independent radiator builders in the world, who have made radiators ever since there were automobiles, urge you to give it the same reasonable attention that you give to every other part of your car. It will reward you with years of unfailing cooling efficiency.

Prepare Your Car For Winter Driving

Regular radiator cleaning, the sensible new motor habit, should be adopted *now*, before you put in anti-freeze, again in the spring and whenever valves are ground. To insure safe, thorough and easy cleaning, McCord radiator experts have prepared an ideal preparation

The service man who has your interests at heart will advise you to prepare your car for winter driving, and remind you, too, that this includes a thorough McCord cleaning for your radiator.

McCord Radiator Cleaner costs a dollar a can. You can easily use it yourself or your garage man will do the cleaning at modest cost.

But remember, the only purpose of this preparation is to *clean*. If there are leaks in your radiator take it to a competent radiator shop for proper and permanent repairs.

McCORD

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Automotive Radiators • Gaskets • Lubricators • Condensers • Fuel Pumps

(Continued from Page 138)

"Oh, my goodness," said Mr. Upjohn, "Laudie's mad"—and he whittled his finger at the gentleman from Brown.

"Get that crate out of the way," said Mr. Lauderdonk, "and watch my dust"—and he roared off again down the darkened road.

"Chase him!" said Mr. Faulkner to the driver. For ten minutes they could see the tail-light far ahead, then a curve hid it.

"Let her out more!" yelled Slag, and the speedometer crept up to forty-five.

"They're fast, them cars!" the driver called back.

"Never mind! Get him!"

The car slid around the curve and picked up a tail-light again, far ahead. Down the cold darkness it roared, drawing the liquid red drop nearer and nearer, until finally they could see the rear fender and the tag.

"That ain't it," the driver called back as he passed the car.

"Nope, that must be the one," Mr. Faulkner pointed still farther ahead to another red light. The driver bore down upon it, bringing it slowly nearer, until once more they could see a license number

"No, that isn't it either. That boy's fast all right," said Mr. Upjohn. "There he is" and he pointed still farther ahead to another tail-light. "If he burns on at that speed we'll be just in time to hear the handcuffs click."

"I'll catch this next one for ya," the driver agreed, "but no more. I ain't hankerin' to hand over no fifty bones."

The car ahead kept the interval for almost fifteen minutes, then it slowed suddenly and let them pass. It was not Lauderdonk's car

"That's enough," said the driver. "There's a bad cop near Windsor Locks and I ain't takin' no chances." He slowed down abruptly and just as abruptly a motorcycle honked in beside him.

"Pull over, b'gosh. I ben chasin' you about long enough, young fella! Jest ease down to twenty and head right inta taown, b'gosh."

The driver jumped as if he had been shot. "Whad I tell ya?" he whined. Five minutes later they pulled up in front of the combination barber shop and pool parlor on the main and only street of Sipple Corners.

"Jest you wait right there till I find the jedge," said the constable. He was back in a minute with a middle-aged man in nickel-rimmed spectacles and an unbuttoned vest, who still clung to his billiard cue.

"Yer Honor, here they be. Forty-five miles an hour."

The man in the vest thumped the butt of his cue on the sidewalk.

"Guilty or not guilty!"

"We was makin' only thirty-eight," whined the driver

"Too much, son—too much. Guilty. Ten dollars, and two-fifty costs. . . . Make out the receipt, constabule."

The policeman scribbled while the driver reached dejectedly into his pocket.

It was sometime after eleven o'clock before the Messrs. Upjohn, Faulkner and Nephews had completed the rounds of their friends and collected the necessary ten seventy-six for the gas tank, twelve-fifty for the fine, and ten for a combination bribe and tip. As the driver turned around and started off to meet the midnight train at his post of duty in Berlin, Mr. Upjohn held out his hand to Mr. Faulkner.

"Stu," he said, "I want to thank you for a swell time. I feel like a million dollars. We lose all three places in the event. We get a baked potato for dinner. We get stood up. We get ringside seats at somebody else's petting party., We get pinched; and all it costs us is fifty-five dollars and twenty-six cents, or a little more than eighteen apiece. It was sure swell."

"Yeah," said Slag, "if you know any more chorus girls, give me a ring, will you? I'll be out."

"Oh, ye," said Mr. Faulkner, "of little faith! I suppose I'm to blame? I suppose I invited you over to meet them? I suppose I suggested dinner? I suppose you think that kind of stuff will make bond salesmen out of you? You had the fun, didn't you—what there was of it?"

"Sure," said Slag, "that's just what we mentioned"

"And now," said Mr. Faulkner, "you're going to get your rain checks, because Stuart knows an oat from a strawberry. Lauderdonk is going to take first in the high jump at the Intercollegiates Tuesday Does it mean anything to you?"

"Sure it does. It means the slob goes to the Olympics, probably."

"What do we care?" asked Mr. Faulkner "The facts are that the local yokels in Cambino's Barber Shop have never seen Lauderdonk jump and, if you ask me, they'll bet on Yale as they always do. For myself, I've got a judicious hunch that there is gold in them hills. Good night."

It was careful work that Mr. Faulkner did, but in the next two days he managed to get twenty dollars at even money and fifteen at two to one on Lauderdonk to take first over Torrance of Yale; two-thirds of the money being scraped, begged and wheedled in various quarters by the Messrs. Upjohn and Nephews.

Accordingly, at 4:30 on Tuesday afternoon he sat near his house telephone waiting for Jimmy Graham, who was covering the meet for the Courant, to call him long-distance.

At five minutes to five the phone rang "Springfield calling Mr. Faulkner."

"Speaking."

"Hello, Stu? Jimmy. Torrance got it at six-two."

"But listen. . Lauderdonk. . . Hey, Jimmy, Lauder "

"Didn't jump," said Jimmy. "He got pinched Saturday night by the state police—speeding, and he back-talked a cop He's in Boston at the hearing. Sorry. G'by "

Mr. Faulkner stood quite still as the receiver clicked. Slowly he placed it on its hook. Almost immediately it rang again.

"Hello, Stuart? This is Judith. Do you want to go to Hartford tonight? My brother has two tickets for Joy Ride. It's playing there three nights before it goes to New York, and they say it's pretty good He can't use the tickets, so he gave them to me. We can pick up an early supper here at the house and get the 6:30 car."

Behind him on the veranda, Mr. Faulkner heard two quick footsteps and Mr. Upjohn's and Mr. Nephews' voices calling

"Hey, frosh, where's that guy Faulkner?"

"I'm your man, Judith," he said softly into the telephone. "Be over in nothing flat." Quickly he hung up, and grabbed a hat from a hook, slid out through the kitchen and over the back fence.

Some hours later, as he sat in the third row with little Miss Knowles nestled comfortably beside him, watching the Misses Charteris, Glad, De la Montayne *et al*, kick their slim toes in rhythm and cadence across the footlights to the strains of Get Hot, Cold Papa, he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling.

It was with him still while they raced for the last car back and, finally, as they sat on the back seat with four ice-cream cones between them, whizzing along through the darkness, he gave vent to it.

"I never could understand why some fellows think it's smart to run around with chorus girls and actresses," he said.

"Oh, I can," said Judith. "They must be frightfully fascinating."

"Nope," said Mr. Faulkner. "Gold diggers, all of them. Superficial. Empty. Vapid. Say no more." He took her remaining ice-cream cone from her fingers, wiped her mouth elaborately with his handkerchief, wiped his own, kissed her gently and gave her back the cone.

"That," he said, "was for nothing. Let me catch so much as a peep out of you the rest of the way home and I'll discipline you properly!"

She laughed softly in the darkness beside him, and the car rattled on through the cool night air of the Connecticut hills.

keeps teeth white

IT keeps teeth white—that's what it was made for—but it does something else.

***It keeps the flavor in*—for Dentyne is packed in a small, compact form that prevents a single luscious bit of its delicious flavor from evaporating.**

No wonder Dentyne keeps the mouth happy and contented—it has the fine texture that can come only from the world's finest chicle.

Chew DENTYNE *..and smile!*

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A shoe that is different . . . sparkling with smart individuality. . . The "Corsair," styled for nineteen thirty. Genuine Scotch grain, livened by a saddle of smoothest calfskin. Broad, soft toe—snug fitting ankle—solid leather heel. A youthful shoe. Your shoe—at the famous friendly price of five dollars.

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The "Corsair"
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THE WORLD OIL ENTENTE

(Continued from Page 5)

It so happens that Deterding and Walter Teagle, president of the Standard of New Jersey, are old and close friends. Full mates they are in stature, energy and bigness of grasp and vision. They have hunted and fished together in this country and Europe Deterding carries his coöperation idea with him whether at work or at play. On a hunting trip with Teagle in Florida he broached the subject of an informal conference to discuss world conservation of oil. Teagle was willing and the initial step was taken.

The scene of the conference was Achnacarry Castle in the northwest part of Scotland, which Deterding rented for the grouse-shooting season. As most people know, this always begins on August twelfth Thus the August of 1928 became notable not only for the number of birds shot over the moors but also because this sport was interspersed with some highly significant conversation relating to the future of oil.

The third figure of the group was Sir John Cadman. He, too, requires a repicturization. When the World War broke out he was merely an academic authority on coal and oil mining, holding a college professorship. His talents were brought to the notice of Lloyd George and he became Oil Controller. At the San Remo Conference, where the oil spoils of war were allocated, he dominated the situation and brought about the entry of the French into the Turkish Petroleum Company, which has the famous Iraq concession. He joined the Anglo-Persian organization and is now its chief executive. Likewise, he is the outstanding European petroleum diplomat.

Here, then, was a trio of oil giants representing fully 40 per cent of world production, refining, transport and distribution. After days of discussion several principles eventually emerged as essential to any international conservation of petroleum Realizing that oil has become a staple like wheat, but, unlike wheat, incapable of reproduction in the natural form, and further appreciating the unnecessary and therefore uneconomic inroads being made upon it, they concentrated attention upon devising some means of safeguarding supply. It could only be through intelligent production to meet consumption, and a more economical treatment of the crude.

They also had in mind that a world conservation of petroleum, if established, would sit like a train dispatcher with his finger on the pulse of the international petroleum movement, routing the crude to the refineries and markets adjacent to the source of supply. By such a procedure South American oil, for example, would be consumed in South America; Persian oil would go to India; American oil to Europe.

In Nature's Reservoir

Behind all these suggestions—and such they must remain until the United States is actively involved is the fundamental determination to conserve world petroleum reserves.

The policy which appeals to every intelligent producer was summed up in an informal resolution proposed by Sir John Cadman in a speech delivered at the annual dinner of the American Petroleum Institute in December, 1928. Here it is:

"Resolved that we keep in view as a guiding principle one dominating factor—namely, the desirability of conserving deposits, once discovered, not in imperfect containers constructed on the surface of the earth, but, so far as practicable, in that great and perfect reservoir which Nature herself has provided."

The entire *modus operandi*—and I have merely given the high spots—is summed up in a single word: Rationalization. Rationalization is not merely a form of insurance of which posterity will be the beneficiary but it is destined to effect important economies which will be passed on to the consumer of this day. It is precisely what the Germans applied to their industry in 1924, once the mark was stabilized. It makes for elimination of waste, concentration of effort and standardized equipment and output

In commenting on the proposed world oil-conservation movement, one of the greatest of oil economists made a statement to me that clearly reveals international cooperation as the one hope of conservation. He said:

"Competition in the acquisition and the uneconomic development of petroleum areas has burdened the producing industry with excessive costs, which have left it without commensurate return on its investment, and which, in turn, have of necessity been borne by the user of the products. With elimination of the incentive to offset drilling, of the maintenance of surplus stocks of petroleum above ground, and of the innumerable other charges incidental to overproduction, the world's markets will ultimately share in the benefits of these reduced costs. The petroleum not required for the use of the present generation will be economically conserved in the ground for posterity."

A foul of the Sherman Law

"Conservation is an international problem, the neglect of which will react in varying degrees upon every producing area and consuming market. The benefits will not be the monopoly of any country or group of countries but will be the common heritage of all. Failure to check the too rapid and excessive development of existing fields means that the full economic value of their production is being lost to the world, and the requirements of the future menaced. It is beyond the power of any group of interests effectively to balance the production of petroleum in conformity with the world's needs without a general participation in these policies by a great preponderance of the producing industry."

That combination of oil and grouse in Scotland was not the first step in the cooperative conservation of oil. Ever since 1924 the Federal Oil Conservation Board in America had been calling the attention of the American oil industry to the importance of conservation. Early in 1929, under the leadership of R. C. Holmes, president of the Texas Company, an effort was made by the American Petroleum Institute, which represents 95 per cent of the industry in this country, to bring the 1929 production on the entire Western Hemisphere, by self-imposed restrictions, down to the 1928 output. This was the first informal manifestation of an international willingness to conserve oil supplies, because the Dutch and the British—especially the former—have large producing properties in South America and were included in this movement.

The proposition went by the board, because the Attorney-General of the United States expressed the view that if the movement should ripen into an outright agreement to restrain oil production, it might amount to a violation of the Sherman Anti-trust Law. This episode will be dealt with in detail when we reach the American situation. I inject it here simply because it shows the world-wide disposition to cooperate for the purpose of preventing wasteful overproduction of oil.

Meanwhile a more tangible consequence of the meeting in Scotland was registered. You will recall that the one reason why we were barred from official participation in world stabilization, and particularly the price and marketing end, was our failure to have a legalized coördinating export agent. This agency was set up early this year with the formation of the Export Petroleum Association, Inc., organized under the provisions of the Webb-Pomerene Act, which, as you have seen, enables

(Continued on Page 145)

The SYMPHONY

Beautiful cabinet of art moderne design. Front and sides veneered in highly figured East Indian Laurel-wood, with base rail of Macassar, decorated with inlays of Ebony. Inside panel of matched Oriental Walnut Veneer. The Amrad chassis in this set is especially designed for utmost selectivity and sensitivity and has built-in RCA 106 Electric Speaker mounted on a baffle board.

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(Continued from Page 142)

American manufacturers to combine for selling in the foreign field. The members include representatives of the greatest American oil-producing units, such as the Standard of New Jersey, the Standard of California, the Standard of New York, the Standard of Indiana, the Gulf, Vacuum, Texas, Marland, Cities Service, Pure, Shell Union, Tidewater, Union of California, Richfield, Sinclair, and Atlantic Refining.

The Export Petroleum Association is one of more than sixty similar export associations formed to enable the American producer to meet corresponding cartels abroad. It is modeled on lines laid down by the highly successful Copper Exporters, Inc. In some respects the provocation for each was identical. We produce or control two-thirds of the world's supply of copper and for many years Europe has taken two-thirds of it. The purchasing was largely in the hands of European metal-dealing firms who had no interest in the prices, whose risk was reduced in proportion as the ultimate price approached cost of production, and whose chief profits were made in trading against fluctuations in the metal market. There was also a speculative agency similar to that which obtains in our own grain markets.

Although we had set up individual copper-selling agencies abroad, we were faced with the consolidated buying power of Europe. The only way to combine against it was to organize under the Webb-Pomerene Act. Today all the American and foreign producers are consolidated into Copper Exporters, Inc., which controls 90 per cent of the total world production and distribution.

With oil there is no actual collective buying agency arrayed against us abroad such as was the case with copper, but the close affiliation of British and Dutch interests represented almost the same state of affairs in broad terms of production and marketing. By having an oil-export association of our own we can accomplish the same ends, generally speaking, as have been achieved in copper, and share in the larger benefits of coöperation to conserve supply.

Our principal oil-export problem is directly traceable to the evil of overproduction on this side of the Atlantic. At first glance you would assume that at the prevailing low price of crude we could easily undersell our foreign competitors, who stagger under no burden of excess output. But the American industry has the big overhead of long transport, taxes and all the other incidentals that pile up expense. The first job of the Petroleum Export Association, therefore, is to reach some understanding among the American exporters to bring about a stabilized oversea price of gasoline and other products, so as to enable the business to earn a fair degree of profit and at the same time end the costly competition that exists in so many areas. The British and Dutch have already done it in India and Africa. We are now in a position to share in this standardization.

An Oil War With Russia

Such was the purpose of a conference held in London this summer between a committee from the Petroleum Export Association, on the one hand, and Deterding and Cadman representing the Dutch and British interests, on the other. In a sense, it was a continuation, on a larger and more formal scale, of the meeting held at Deterding's castle in August, 1928. The principal matter discussed from both supply and distribution standpoints was the stabilization of foreign markets through a basic export-price schedule, equitable in its effect upon prices in every foreign market.

The London conference was almost as notable in its way as its forerunner. It meant that for the first time the American oil industry was officially and legally enlisted in an international movement to bring about stability. Furthermore, it represented a new unity of effort for distribution abroad, as permitted by the Webb-Pomerene Act—that is, in contrast with the lack of it in production at home. It is only fair to the American industry to say that this absence of cohesion is largely due to statutory obstacles placed by the Sherman Antitrust Law, which prevented close coöperation to restrict output.

There was still another indirect result of the Deterding-Cadman-Teagle conference in Scotland. This time political significance attached to market stabilization. I refer to the ending of the Anglo-Russian oil war. Most Americans, save those who have toured by motor car in Britain during the last two years, are probably unfamiliar with this highly diverting episode, without which any estimate of the world oil situation today would be incomplete.

Fully to understand just what happened, you must first know something about Russian oil. With the triumph of communism in 1917, the Soviet Government seized all national properties, including the oil fields, which are the richest in Europe. The principal areas are at Baku, Grosny, and Emba. The bulk of these petroleum holdings were owned by eighteen different foreign groups, headed by the Royal Dutch-Shell, the Nobel Brothers, and the Standard of New Jersey, which had acquired a large interest in Nobels. In June, 1918, the entire Russian petroleum industry was nationalized by a decree of the Moscow government, and all oil interests declared to be state property. The oil trade became a state monopoly. The rightful owners were stripped of their possessions without receiving a cent of compensation. This is why, especially in Great Britain, Russian oil is termed "stolen oil."

Cheaper at Any Price

Between 1917 and 1921 Russian oil production underwent the same demoralization that attended every other economic activity in the Soviet republic. The small and haphazard production was consumed within Bolshevik confines. In 1922, exports began to move again, and with them the mischief-making which so often is a part of Russian activity. In order to force an outside market, the Russians began the practice of offering their product at a fixed differential below the prices or terms offered by any other suppliers. In effect, this meant that no matter what prices might be quoted by foreign oil companies, the dealers handling Russian oil were in a position to undersell them.

The procedure worked a hardship within Russia as well as without. Since exports of petroleum products meant an important source of revenue to the Moscow government, they were expanded at the expense of products required for domestic consumption. In other words, it became the fixed policy to charge the most exorbitant prices for oil products sold at home so as to restrict the sale to the very minimum, and to dispose of the maximum amount for export. If this policy had not been adopted, a much greater proportion would have been required in Russia.

Behind this obvious economic injustice to the great mass of the Russian people was a characteristic Bolshevik motive. By flooding the European market with stolen oil, Moscow had a good selling point with which to proclaim stability and progress. In addition, the revenue obtained helped to swell the propaganda war chest.

It followed that, beginning in 1922, Russian production and exports began to mount. For the year 1922–23 the output was 5,271,300 tons, while for 1927–28 it had reached 11,544,600 tons, which was more than 1,000,000 tons in excess of the 1913 figure. Exports rose proportionately. From 310,000 tons in 1922–23, they increased to 2,728,300 tons for 1927–28. They represent approximately 12 per cent of the total European consumption of petroleum products exclusive of Russia.

With the one exception of Italy, Russian oil exports have been greater to Britain than to any other country. They increased

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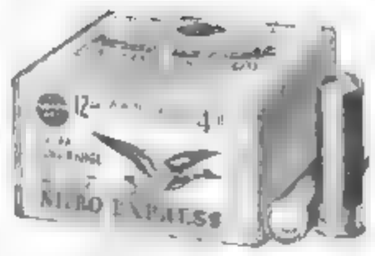

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from 141,800 tons in 1922–23 to 387,400 tons in 1927–28.

Now if the Russians had merely dumped their oil in England at low prices, it would have meant a temporary dislocation. In 1927, however, they began to sell gasoline, kerosene and other products in direct competition with the three big concerns doing business in Great Britain and Ireland. They are the Anglo-Persian, the Shell, and the Anglo-American Oil Company, formerly a Standard of New Jersey subsidiary, which still has a close affiliation with its one-time parent organization. To compete with these three companies, the Russians organized Russian Oil Products—it is more frequently referred to as R. O. P.—set up service stations wherever its competitors were established, and started in to slash prices.

The three British companies were compelled either to meet the situation or to withdraw to a great extent from the trade. They chose the former, and the greatest gasoline rate war that Britain has ever known ensued late in 1927. If the British companies sold motor spirit, as gasoline is called in England, at the equivalent of thirty-two cents a gallon, which represented actual cost plus all duties and other charges, R. O P. offered it at thirty. When the Big Three met this, the Russians made another cut.

Though this was fine for the British motorist, the element of patriotism asserted itself. The Daily Mail launched a campaign flying the slogan Do Not Buy Stolen Oil, and advocated a boycott on the Russian product. It printed and distributed thousands of posters bearing the words No Stolen Oil, which many automobile owners stuck on their windshields. In order to confute Russian penetration, the British companies offered what was called a loyalty bonus to every retail dealer who refused to sell the Bolshevik juice. The bonus was a reduction of from one to two cents on every gallon he bought. It meant just so much more velvet for him. There was also an economic aspect. Disastrous cutthroat competition changed company profits to loss, and shareholders suffered.

The troubles of the Royal Dutch-Shell group were not confined to Great Britain. The Standard of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company used Russian oil for their sales in India and the Near East, thus saving the long haul from their American sources of supply. Deterding now joined issue with them in the Near and Far Eastern markets. India soon vied with England as a cut-rate battleground.

Restitution Out of Profits

Up to the beginning of this year, Deterding, as his attitude in India showed, refused to have any contact with Russian oil except to combat it wherever possible. He maintained that the only basis for a trading agreement must rest upon compensation for the seized properties, which included his own large holdings. He stood out for a restitution which would take the form of 5 per cent rebate on all transactions—this amount to be paid to the former owners. Both the Anglo-Persian and the Anglo-American accepted his leadership, and the fight in Britain went on to the detriment of nearly everybody concerned. The Russians were the only gainers, in that they got propaganda and a considerable amount of unsound income out of it.

With the dawn of 1929 it became increasingly obvious that, in view of its growing proportion and movement, Russian oil could not be longer ignored as a factor by the big interests. If the British market was to be restored to normalcy some kind of deal had to be made.

Deterding had preached coöperation. Whether he was still inspired by the atmosphere of the Scotch conference or not, matters came to a head in February last. The Anglo-American signed a contract with the Soviet Naphtha Syndicate for large purchases of oil over a period of three years. The contract only covers gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil and gas-making oil. Though Deterding and Cadman did not sign this agreement, their subsequent actions proved that they assented to the arrangement, because the Royal Dutch is now taking a part of the Russian exports to Britain.

The agreement with Russia does not provide for compensation. Deterding assured me, however, that he has in no sense waived his claim for restitution. He accepts the Soviet view that the profits of future business with Russia will provide adequate reimbursement. This is practically the same arrangement entered into between the General Electric Company and the Moscow government in a deal for $25,000,000 worth of electrical machinery. The General Electric has a $1,500,000 claim against Russia for confiscated factories

The Anglo-Russian deal was consummated on February twenty-seventh, and on the following day the price of gasoline in Britain advanced five cents a gallon. The moment this advance was announced, patriotism, which had flamed against stolen oil, temporarily took a back seat. Questions were asked in Parliament about the rise. In an official statement made to His Majesty's Government, the Big Three showed that the increase only put the price of motor spirit back to where it was before the rate war started. The agitation therefore subsided.

Conservation in Iraq

The significance of the Anglo-Russian oil peace is that it helps to clear the way for much-desired international accord. So long as the Bolshevik product was literally gumming the game, it was impossible to bring about a rationalization program that would adequately cover world conservation in production and distribution. The concord does not imply any acceptance or recognition of Soviet political principles. It does show, however, that the mandate of economic necessity is the eventual stabilizer.

That international coöperation is possible in petroleum production is shown by the plan and procedure of the Iraq Petroleum Company, Limited—originally the Turkish Petroleum Company—which has established the open door in Iraq. For the first time in oil history, three great producing powers—the United States, Britain, and Holland, and a big consumer, France—are working together with the combined object of conserving a vast potential supply and at the same time aiding in the national development of a new country.

Iraq oil expansion, as represented by the operations of the Iraq Petroleum Company, contributes the most romantic chapter to the story of the industry. Two departed empires—the German and the Turkish—were involved in its creation. At the start it represented a significant outpost in the vanished Teutonic ambition to menace India and rule the Middle and Near East through economic and political suzerainty.

There is no need of rehearsing the evolution of the Iraq Petroleum Company here, because I have told it on various occasions in these columns. It may be well, however, to fix again the big facts, and especially the recent developments, because the latter bear directly upon the purpose of this article. Before the World War the Germans, British, and Dutch aspired to the Mesopotamia oil domain. Mesopotamia, including the much-discussed Mosul petroleum area, was then a part of Turkey The German influence in Turkey was strong, and it enabled the Germans to get the first concession. This concession immediately became involved in the devious and sometimes sinister politics of the old Turkish régime. The British and Dutch sought to break in on it. In 1914, the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who was the friend and banker of King Edward VII, united all the

(Continued on Page 148)

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But time goes on, the world moves, and new similes, new comparatives, must take the place of old. Already the Mauretania has been supplanted — the Woolworth Bu ld ng is soon to be eclipsed, and so, the scientist asks, "Is lightning really fast"?

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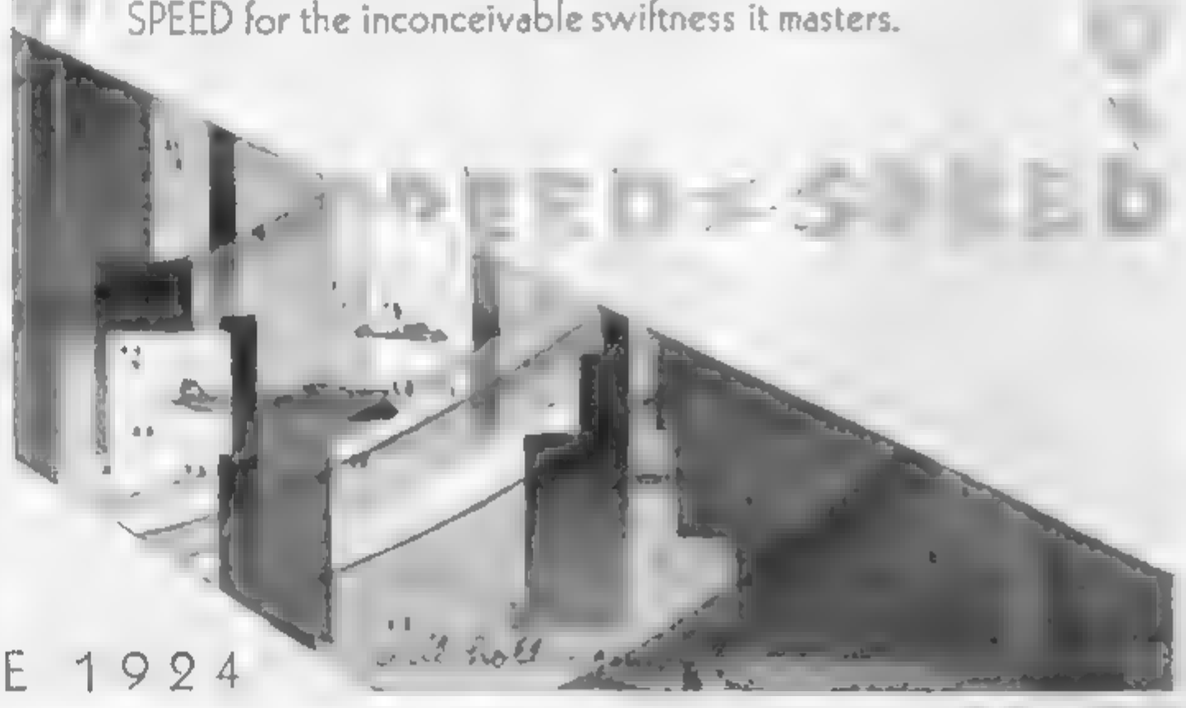
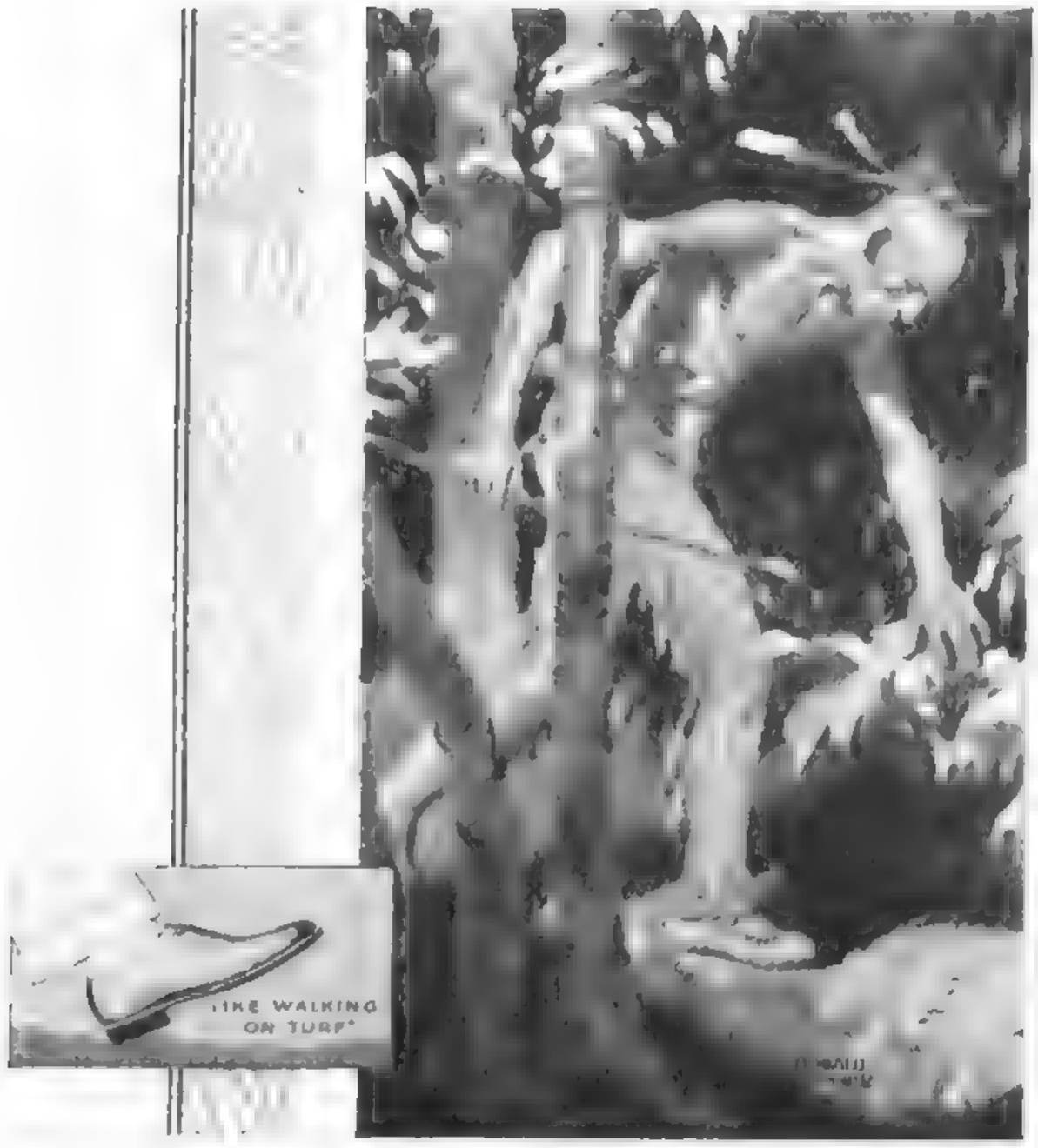


MAKERS OF RADIO TUBES SINCE 1924



Swift, Silent, Tireless Steps -- a Natural Cushion Underfoot

DAY after day on the trail—and back to his tepee with his burden of venison.

Tired? Yes, in muscle but not in nerve. His step was cushioned by soft turf—the forest's thick blanket of leaves—moss over the rocks.

His rest was complete relaxation, undisturbed by exhausted nerves. His energy flowed back swiftly.

Quite different today. This American Indian's descendants have come to know the pounding of hard pavements that jar the nerves at every step.

They see the white man striving to duplicate the cushioning of nature's soft turf—to overcome the penalty of pavements.

For man was never meant to walk continually on hard surfaces. The structure of his foot proves it.

Quit pounding your energy away—put springy cushions between your heels and the sidewalks—a pair of "U. S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

Step into a repair shop where you see the "U. S." Spring-Step sign. Have a pair put on. Wear them—you will feel better, have more energy and get greater enjoyment out of life.

Look for this sign on the shoe repairman's window. It assures you that he uses the best bottoming materials made —Usipide Soles —Spring Step Heels.

SPRING-STEP
Rubber Heels
Made by the Manufacturers of Keds

Trade US Mark

United States Rubber Company

(Continued from Page 146

conflicting interests into the then Turkish Petroleum Company, in which the Anglo-Persian had 50 per cent, the Royal Dutch-Shell 25 per cent, and the Deutsche Bank, which was one of imperial Germany's economic accelerators, 25 per cent.

The war put the German interest into eclipse. The Turks lost Mesopotamia, which emerged as the independent kingdom of Iraq, under British mandate. At the San Remo Conference, in 1920, the German share was allotted to France, the French interest being represented by the Compagnie Française de Petroles, a consortium of sixty-seven oil companies and financial concerns.

The allocation left the United States outside the fold. Washington made strong representations, with the result that the Anglo-Persian, in return for an overriding royalty, turned over half of its stock to what is known as the American Group, composed of the Standard of New Jersey, the Standard of New York, the Pan-American Petroleum Company, the Gulf and the Atlantic Refining companies. Thus four nations sat in on an equal basis of representation.

It was not until after the formal agreement had been entered into in 1925 between the Iraq Government and the Turkish Petroleum Company—the name was then changed to the Iraq Petroleum Company, Limited—that anything like development could begin. What is generally regarded as a model system of exploitation under international auspices went into operation. Rivalry among competitive national groups in securing potential oil production is eliminated.

The first task was to put down test wells. Four were marked out in the habitat of the Kurds, near the Persian frontier, and the remainder on the west bank of the Tigris not far from ancient Nineveh. Thus a militant, modern industry established itself in the cradle of civilization. In October, 1926, a great gusher broke on the Kurdistan section. It flowed 92,000 barrels a day. Other wells also registered big output.

All these wells have been capped—which means that they are shut in. The reason is that the area is isolated. To convey the product to the seaboard a 700-mile pipe line must be built. The French naturally want it to cross Syria, for which they have the mandate, to Beirut, Aleppo or Tripoli. The last is not to be confounded with the African possession of the same name. The alternative route is via Palestine to Haifa. The surveys are now being made.

Equal Opportunity in Iraq

Originally conceived as a monopoly, the Iraq Petroleum Company has become the exact reverse. It makes the open-door idea more than a phrase. All geological data obtained from test drilling and wells brought in will be available to any bona-fide applicant for a lease. Twenty-four leases are to be sold by auction once a year to the highest bidder. The plots offered will be advertised in the leading oil journals of the United States, Great Britain and Holland.

The Iraq Petroleum Company is not in on the ground floor, so to speak, because any outside individual or corporation may bid for a plot, having the same right to buy as the company itself. If the purchaser is not allied with any of the original concessionaires, he is obliged to abide by the terms of the concession. The same royalty—it is equivalent to ninety-six cents a ton, subject to modification based on the average market price and fluctuation costs after twenty years—will be paid by everybody.

The sublessee—that is, the outsider who leases a plot—also has the same transportation rights as the Iraq Petroleum Company. The parent company is required to reserve 30 per cent of the pipe-line capacity for the carriage of his product to the market or export point. This plan is modeled somewhat after the common-purchaser law in force in our midcontinent field. It requires the big purchasers to buy production from day to day from any seller The pipe lines are also required to convey it. Here you have the best possible antidote for discrimination. It is another manifestation of the open door in Iraq.

The world-cooperation idea is also expressed in refinery operations in France When the proposal for an international oil-conservation entente was first broached as a result of the conference in Scotland, the French went up in the air. Their apprehension was based on the fear that, being a nonproducing country, they would not receive an adequate allotment of oil products. The first French impulse for what they termed self-defense was to establish a petroleum monopoly. Poincaré, with his usual economic foresight, quashed the idea and the bill remains a dead letter.

More Overproduction

France wanted to exercise some degree of control over oil within her confines, so last year legislation was enacted which makes it necessary for all oil products sold in France to be refined there. At present 60 per cent of the oil consumed in the republic is from American fields, although only half of it is from American companies. The other half comes from foreign corporations, like the Royal Dutch-Shell, who have output in the United States. The remaining 40 per cent used is imported from Russia, approximately 354,800 tons having been shipped there during 1927 and 1928.

French insistence upon refining in France has led to a movement for coöperative refineries. The Compagnie Française de Petroles, which owns the French interest in the Iraq Petroleum Company, has organized a refining company. It will keep stock control, but the balance of the stock will be offered to the various distributing companies operating in France. Some of the American oil companies are also considering the erection of a coöperative refinery in France.

From this encouraging picture of cooperation and conservation abroad let us now turn to the situation in the United States, which is in striking contrast. When I last made an oil appraisal, at the end of 1927, it appeared that the limit of production compatible with economic soundness had been reached.

Seminole was producing a high of 527,400 barrels a day, having wrested supremacy from Smackover, in Arkansas, which had led with 390,000 barrels. The new West Texas area gushed at the rate of 361,000 barrels a day. Spindletop and California had staged come-backs, with the result that the production for 1928 reached 902,000,000 barrels, or 68 per cent of the total world output.

That this was largely in excess of demand was shown by the fact that at the close of the year we had 613,931,000 barrels in storage. The average price of midcontinent crude, in consequence, slumped from $1.36 a barrel in July, 1928, to $1.20 by January of this year.

The 1928 glut was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come. As 1929 struck its stride production again got a boost. Between January first, and the first of August, the total output was 579,442,450 barrels, which set a new record. July produced 91,327,000 barrels, or an average of about 2,946,000 a day. Compare this with the daily average of 2,464,482 for 1928 and you see that the deluge continues at full tilt. If the July rate of production continues, this year's output will be well over a billion barrels, which is beyond anything that the industry ever dreamed. By June thirtieth last, oil in storage had increased to 665,805,000 barrels.

The new overproduction results from the various factors that constitute the persistent nemesis of the business. Chief among them is competitive drilling. In 1928, 12,500 new producing wells were

brought in, as compared with 4800 in 1927. The 12,500 producers were only part of 22,331 wells drilled. Exactly 7200 were dry holes. The remainder were gas wells. The total drilling cost was $500,000,000.

Competitive drilling results from fractional ownership of the land. It seldom happens that one, two, or even three corporations own an entire area under development. It is usually the property of scores of small holders. The moment a well comes in, the oil begins to travel. Each owner, therefore, wants his little bit opened up for fear of losing some of the subsoil properties.

Another contributory fact is that modern science has made oil finding much easier through the use of such instruments as the torsion balance and the seismograph. A third is deeper drilling, which opens up areas hitherto inaccessible to the bit. Fourth come the advances in refining, which have reached the point where one barrel of crude does the work that two did a few years ago. Thus every phase of the business has been subject to some kind of expansion, all tending to force production to the last degree.

Existing overproduction is due to the opening up of so many new fields this year. Every important oil-producing state has had its domain widened. In Oklahoma fresh pools have been tapped in the Oklahoma City, Logan County and Seminole areas. Seminole is still giving forth an average of 868,000 barrels a day. In the salt-dome area of Texas big producers have been discovered, as is also the case in the West and Central Texas regions. The daily output in West Texas, for example, has increased to 373,000 barrels.

Producing wells have been added to the salt-dome region of Louisiana. California is to the fore with a new bonanza field on Kettleman Hills in the San Joaquin Valley. There is an increased output at Santa Fé Springs and some of the other Los Angeles Basin fields. Santa Fé, which declined from 334,600 barrels a day in 1928 to 30,000 barrels in 1927, has been brought up to 280,200 barrels a day by deep drilling. To cap all this, New Mexico and Michigan have joined the ranks of oil-producing states, with sections that promise to yield substantial quantities in the near future.

That a big American oil production is essential goes without saying. With 24,493,124 motor vehicles in the United States—an average of one to every 4.9 persons—gasoline consumption undergoes a constant increase. Last year we burned up 13,810,944,000 gallons for all purposes, for which the consumer paid more than $2,250,000,000. This does not include the gasoline tax, aggregating $304,871,766. Our per capita consumption registered more than 100 gallons, while for the rest of the world it was considerably under four gallons.

An Inevitable By-Product

The trouble is that overproduction, once sporadic, has become fixed. Practically since 1923, when the great Los Angeles Basin let loose with three flush pools—Santa Fé Springs, Long Beach and Huntington Beach—the industry has been in distress; never more so in the matter of output than at the moment I write. One consoling fact is that there is no acute demoralization in price. The average price of crude in the middle of September was, roughly, $1.45 a barrel. Another cheering symptom is that oil securities have not slumped, as was the case in 1927, when the stocks of thirty-four oil companies, traded in daily on the New York Stock Exchange and Curb Market, showed a loss of more than $1,000,000,000 in market value as compared with the high of the preceding year. The present firmness of oil securities is partly attributable to the general stock boom which has carried everything on its crest.

The inevitable by-product of overproduction is waste. This does not, of course, mean that oil is wantonly spilled. It does mean that in every avenue of the industry needless productive effort is matched by some kind of economically destructive consequence.

First on the indictment is the waste of gas. Underground crude is impregnated with gas which helps to propel it to the surface once the oil sands are reached. In the mad haste to extract the largest amount of oil in the shortest possible time an immense amount of natural gas, highly useful both in home and in factory, is dissipated in the air. In California alone the wastage in gas in 1928 was 77,000,000,000 cubic feet, while for the first seven months of 1929 it reached 128,000,000,000 cubic feet. This latter figure grew out of the opening up of so many new fields.

The second count is that overproduction has forced oil products into uses at prices below their intrinsic worth. Fuel oil is the most conspicuous case in point. Approximately 40 per cent of the crude petroleum output goes into the manufacture of gasoline. It is with the remaining 60 per cent of crude that the problem exists.

Between Refinery and Gas Tank

If you examine a cross section of the average forty-two-gallon barrel of crude oil, graphically showing what it yields in various products after refining, you will discover that approximately 46 per cent becomes fuel and gas oil. More than 375,000,000 barrels of it are used a year for steam making or other fuel purposes. The uneconomic phase of this is that nearly half the total output of oil is being sold for fuel for about 55 per cent less than what the crude actually brings at the well.

The bigger fact in the matter of this wastage is that hundreds of millions of barrels of fuel oil that might be converted into gasoline and lubricating oil go up the flue.

The third item in the waste indictment is where the consumer comes in. Gasoline at the refinery sells for from 7 to 8½ cents a gallon, yet the consumer pays anywhere from 15 to 25 cents a gallon, varying with quality, transportation charges, distribution costs, road and inspection taxes, and finally, the differential demanded by the retailer for selling. The variation in spread between refinery price and consumer price is largely due to overdevelopment of distribution facilities. There are considerably more than 250,000 service stations in the United States, when, in the opinion of expert observers, probably half would suffice. Competition between them has meant no reduction for the consumer, because many are more or less elaborate, and this overhead must be met.

All this waste is above ground. More important is the waste beneath the surface. Experts have estimated that we have in the United States 5,300,000,000 barrels of crude oil still available by the present flowing and pumping methods, and, in addition, 26,000,000,000 barrels recoverable from developed areas through the use of gas and air lift, mining and flooding. Whether or not this is true, the fact remains that we are squandering the natural supply of what has become in many respects our most precious mineral possession.

To be sure, we can always make oil from shale, coal and lignite, but it is still a process not fully developed and with the possibility of a high price of production. Obviously conservation is essential. The biggest problem of the industry, therefore, is how to bring this about and remain within the law. With it we reach the sequence of conservancy, or rather the lack of it, for the final phase.

In 1924, President Coolidge constituted the Federal Oil Conservation Board, composed of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce and Interior. It has no legal powers except over government lands, which produce a bare 10 per cent of the oil supply. Hence, conservancy had to develop from within the industry. At the outset the producers, handicapped by the Sherman Law, which prevents coördination in an interstate activity affecting price, turned to voluntary coöperation in various fields through so-called unit production.

Your Health Demands Dry Feet
Uskide will keep them dry

The waterproof sole....
that gives double mileage

THIS is the repeated warning of doctors everywhere—"*keep your feet dry.*"

For health's sake, for comfort's sake, avoid damp, cold feet during the months ahead.

That doesn't mean thick, clumsy soles. Uskide—the modern scientific shoe bottoming material—is *waterproof* yet not bulky.

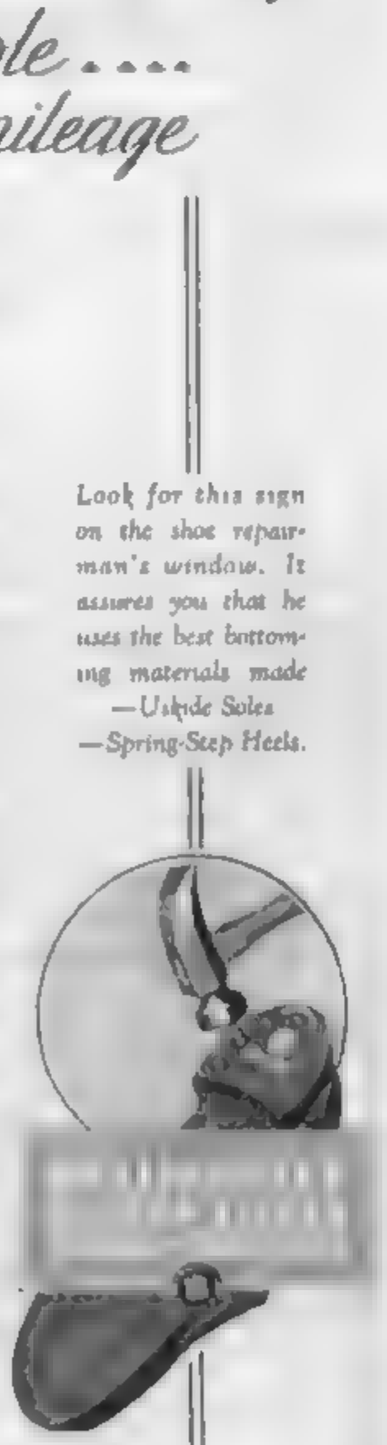
Uskide is the *super*-sole for hard workers and hard walkers. The sole that gives two—frequently three—times the service of ordinary soles. Comfortable, good appearing, money-saving.

Leading repairmen and many shoe manufacturers are putting Uskide or Ustan (the most durable tan sole made) on practically all types of shoes—heavy for the hard worker and hard walker—a lighter weight for those whose occupations are lighter.

You will recognize Uskide by the name on the sole. You will never forget it after proving that one Uskide sole will outwear two or three ordinary soles.

Uskide and Ustan Soles are produced by the manufacturers of "Keds"—everywhere accepted as the world's finest canvas rubber soled footwear.

Look for this sign on the shoe repairman's window. It assures you that he uses the best bottoming materials made
—Uskide Soles
—Spring-Step Heels.



USKIDE

Soles - Taps - Toplifts

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

THAT pounding, sizzling, spitting, leaking—"radiator static"—can be eliminated by installing these REMARKABLE NEW DOLE VACUUM VALVES No. 2-B on your steam radiators. Then you will enjoy silent operation and abundant heat. Your comfort will be increased, your fuel bill definitely reduced.

Entirely Different

Unique triple-action construction. A new application of principles. A new design. Good looking with modern non-tarnishing chromium plated finish.

They Do Your Heat-Thinking for You

The new Dole Vacuum Valves are automatic and foolproof. With them your radiators heat quickly and HOLD THE HEAT long after your fire is banked. That means more heat from less fuel, fewer firings, constant comfort, 70 degrees in zero weather. Each valve is fully tested and guaranteed; they will help you go through MANY winters free from radiator trouble day or night.

See your heating contractor NOW. Have him install these ECONOMICAL valves before cold weather sets in. Write for free booklet. Send us the name of your heating contractor.

THE DOLE VALVE COMPANY
1923 Carroll Ave., Chicago

Manufacturers of Dole Syphon Air Valves (No. 1)—also Dole automatic products adopted as standard equipment by leading manufacturers

Dole Vacuum Valve No. 2-B

Girl Reserves
Earn
Money-Prizes

What Girl Reserve doesn't want money for clothes, fall fun . . . her "hobby"? By our pleasant subscription plan you can earn not only a purseful of money, but dandy prizes such as a banjo uke, a camera, a watch and dozens of others. Your work will be pleasant and easy and can be done in spare time! Write now for details to The Saturday Evening Post, 468 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

SAVE COAL—STOP DRAFTS
Keep Heat in with
DENNIS
DOUBLE CUSHION
WEATHER STRIPS

Easily Installed
Without Removing
Sash or Doors
Saves ⅓ Fuel

Patented "S" fold gives double spring action. Stops cold air leaks. Makes snug weatherproof seal conforming to all warping, shrinkage and expansion of sash and doors. Spring bronze lasts forever. Strip, nails and directions come in handy sets. Accept no substitutes. Get the genuine DENNIS strip with the "S" fold from your dealer. Or, if he can't supply you we will ship direct, postpaid, with full directions.

····· CUT AND MAIL SAMPLE OFFER ·····

Send .....Sample Window Sets at $1.75 each
Send..... Sample Door Sets at $2.00 each
I am enclosing my Check ☐ Money Order ☐
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

W. J. DENNIS & CO.
2110-30 WEST LAKE ST. CHICAGO

Expressed in simplest fashion, it means the pooling of leases under communal operation, thus obviating competitive drilling and its consequent waste of gas and oil.

This did not turn the trick. Fractional ownership still led to competitive effort. In addition, the various regulatory bodies in oil-producing states were inclined to look upon voluntary agreements as a violation of their antitrust laws. Wherever the industry turned—and the constructive leaders were sincerely desirous of conserving supply—some legal obstacle rose up to confute their best intentions. Meanwhile the oil avalanche continued with little restraint.

In February, 1928, a committee of nine, consisting of three representatives designated by the Federal Government, three representatives appointed by the American Bar Association, and three named by the American Petroleum Institute, after exhaustive consideration of the entire situation, recommended to the Federal Oil Conservation Board the enactment of Federal and state legislation which would legalize agreements for the coöperative development and operation of single pools. Up to date no definite action has been taken to legalize the recommendations.

Hoover Closes the Door

Throughout 1928 voluntary coöperative conservation, as expressed in prorating agreements, was partially in effect in the Hendricks and Yates fields in Texas, Seminole in Oklahoma, and Ventura in California. These measures, though helpful in the particular fields, did not of themselves solve the overproduction problem, because state restrictions almost invariably set up some barrier.

On December 26, 1928, a Committee on Conservation of Mineral Resources, appointed from its membership by the American Bar Association, reported on its study of the need for uniform state legislation to permit coöperative or unit development and operation of oil and gas pools, and presented drafts of two laws recommended for enactment. One measure was designed to legalize voluntary agreements for conservation by removing the obstacles raised by state antitrust laws; the other provided for compulsory unit and coöperative development and operation by invoking state police powers.

With 1929 things began to happen. President Hoover was scarcely in office before he announced that "there will be no leases or disposal of government oil lands, no matter in what category they may lie, of government holdings or government controls, except those which may be mandatory by Congress. In other words, there will be complete conservation of government oil by this Administration." It meant the closing of the door on any Tea Pot Dome episode.

In December, 1928, Cadman made his plea for world conservation at the annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute at Chicago. In March of this year, Sir Henri Deterding attended a meeting of oil executives in New York at which he promised coöperation in the foreign field as well as in the Royal Dutch-Shell holdings in the United States. For the first time conservation assumed an international aspect.

The upshot was that the American producers made a suggestion to the Federal Oil Conservation Board to restrict 1929 output in the more important producing areas to the 1928 figure. The Conservation Board had to put it up to the Attorney-General of the United States, who threw a monkey wrench into the machinery by declaring that it was in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Law. The industry was back at the point where it started.

Capping California Wells

The Federal Oil Conservation Board now suggested compacts between the oil-producing states. In order to thresh this out, President Hoover convened a conference of governors of the oil states, who met with representatives of the oil industry last June at Colorado Springs to consider the possibility of framing an interstate compact in coöperation with the Federal Government to control oil and gas well drilling and prevent waste. Mark L. Requa, who was oil controller during the war, presided as the President's special representative.

No action was taken at this conference, but the seed for an interstate agreement to curtail output was sown. Indirectly attributable to President Hoover's calling of the meeting is one of the most significant conservation measures yet enacted. It is the new California gas-conservation law, signed by Governor Young on May twenty-eighth of this year. The teeth are in this section:

The unreasonable waste of natural gas by the act, omission, sufferance or insistence of the lessor, lessee, or operator of any land containing oil or gas, or both, is hereby declared to be opposed to the public interest and is hereby prohibited and declared to be unlawful. The blowing, release, or escape of natural gas into the air shall be prima facie evidence of unreasonable waste.

This law aims at the basic evil of the industry. Gas, as you have seen, is the propulsive force which lifts crude oil to the surface. Reckless operation means waste of gas merely to obtain the maximum of petroleum. If you restrict the flow of gas you automatically curb the flow of oil. In no state has there been such a prodigal waste of gas as in California—one-half of the 850,000,000 cubic feet of daily production has been blown into the air—and no

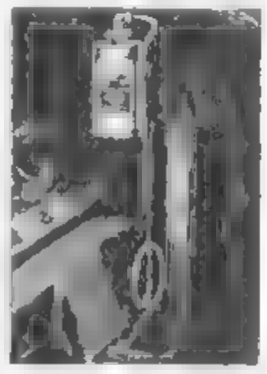
(Continued on Page 154)

PHOTO BY WILLIAM B. RITTASE

THE SENTRY THAT PREVENTS THE ESCAPE OF MOTOR POWER

AS the miles roll under the wheels of your car power is swiftly stealing away. Laboring under terrific explosion heat—choking with accumulated deposit—valve parts and compression rings cease to fit with the exactness and glide with the freedom that gave the new motor compression and snap. Heat resistant Opco will stop this loss—will provide a lubricating film of protection that will enable vital valves and rings to function freely, without friction or deposit. Guarded by Opco, the old power and speed and quiet will return to stay, indefinitely. Try it!

THE
OPCO
LUBRICATOR



feeds Opco automatically. Easily mounted under hood, this lacquer and aluminum finish unit distributes Opco direct to combustion chambers. Equipped with combination choke and slow feed valve—calibrating dial—dash control—and fittings for installation. The Lubricator outfit, with quart of Opco, $5.00 (Canada $6.50). At your dealer's or write direct.

OPCO COMPANY, INC.
1894 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

YOUR NAME and address, mailed with this ad, will bring Lubricator outfit, parcel post, C. O. D.

Opco has been adopted and is recommended by:
Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.
Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

DISTRIBUTORS, JOBBERS, SALESMEN
Write for protected territory proposition.

Ingrown Nail

Turns Outward Naturally!

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly, so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Thousands of grateful users. Drug stores sell "Outgro." If unable to get it, send $1 to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. B, 578 Madison Ave., New York City.

Everybody is talking . . . .

about Steinite's Amazing Price for Fine Radio

STEINITE'S price has come as a revelation to the radio buyers of America. In the new Steinite, they see the perfected product of an organization famed for its long research and its advanced engineering. They hear a tone of sparkling, humless clarity, they experience a new, breath-taking performance, and they feast their eyes upon a cabinet of gorgeous woods, richly finished.

No wonder, then, that thousands of radio buyers are thrilled—startled—when they learn that the price of this radio is only $118!

You Can Get No More Than This At Any Price!

1. THREE (3) SCREEN-GRID TUBES—a total of 7 tubes.
2. Four condensers.
3. Linear power detection with automatic grid bias.
4. Push-pull audio power stage, using the newest "245" tubes.
5. Real humless reception.
6. "Battleship" chassis construction; completely shielded.
7. ELECTRO-Dynamic speaker.
8. Glorious tone.
9. Magnificent consoles.

(Licensed under the patents and patent applications of Radio Corporation of America and associated companies and the Radio Frequency Laboratories.)

$118

LESS TUBES

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

The word has gone out that you can get no more real radio value at any price, and that you cannot match Steinite's imposing list of features at lower prices.

The features of the new Steinite are listed in this advertisement. Check them. Note that every important radio advance is among them. Three screen-grid tubes, in a SUPER screen-grid circuit. Power detection—push-pull amplification, an electro-dynamic speaker glorious in tone! Your Steinite awaits you at some Steinite dealer's. And when you buy, you will have the knowledge that your judgment has been confirmed by millions of other buyers.

DEALERS! *Protect yourself now by making application for your franchise at once*

Steinite Radio Company
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Steinite Radio of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Model 80
A richly carved high-boy console with the popular half-swinging doors
$149.50
less tubes

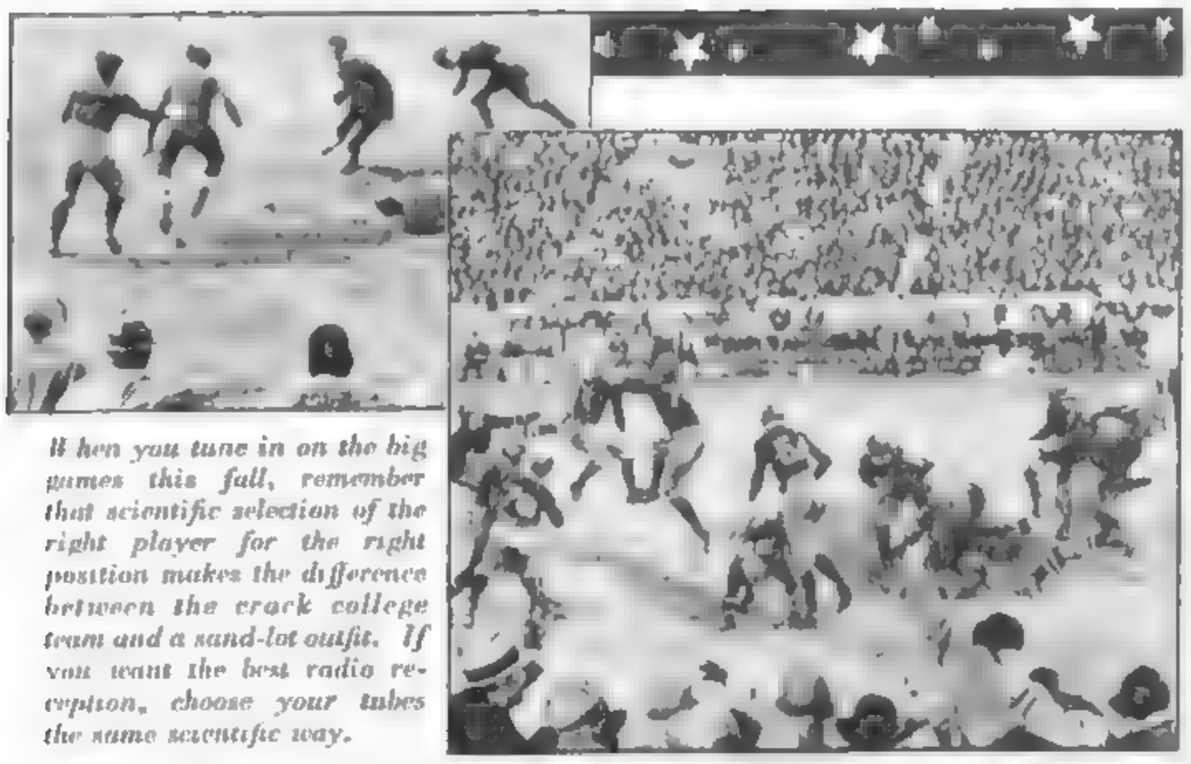
Amazing? Yes! Steinite's price for fine radio is a wonder even to shrewd, experienced radio men. But to the millions who already know Steinite, this new set at this low price is simply another step forward for Steinite—another demonstration of the tremendous facilities and the modern mass-production which have enabled Steinite to offer—year after year—America's Greatest Radio Value!

Today, this new price is on everybody's lips. It has set a new high point in value-giving.

Steinite

SUPER SCREEN-GRID RADIO

© Steinite Radio Co.



When you tune in on the big games this fall, remember that scientific selection of the right player for the right position makes the difference between the crack college team and a sand-lot outfit. If you want the best radio reception, choose your tubes the same scientific way.

FOOTBALL TEAMS AND RADIO TUBES

Are At Their Best When Scientifically Selected

THE coach of the top-notch college team chooses his men with care. He compares the work of individual players and decides which man is best for each position. He gets results by scientific selection.

CHOOSE YOUR TUBES THIS SCIENTIFIC WAY

THE SPEED TEST

5 seconds! That's how fast programs come in with Arcturus Tubes. Time them yourself.

THE HUM TEST

Listen carefully to any set equipped with Arcturus Tubes. Try to detect a hum. There's not a suspicion of outside noise — nothing to mar the clear beauty of any program.

THE LONG LIFE TEST

Arcturus Tubes hold the world's record for long life because they resist the current changes that often burn out tubes. Your dealer will show you that Arcturus Tubes easily withstand almost twice the current they are designed for.

You will get the best results from your radio set if you select tubes the same scientific way. Forget claims, leave technical facts to the engineers, and *hear the tubes in action* before you make your choice.

There are just three performance features to check: *Quick Action, Clear Reception,* and *Long Life.*

Drop in at your dealer's store today, make the simple tests shown in these photographs. See for yourself what Arcturus has done to give you better performance from your radio set.

ARCTURUS BLUE A-C LONG-LIFE TUBES

for Every A-C Radio Set

ARCTURUS RADIO TUBE COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

The things you *Should* have said . . . but didn't

SOME of the most potent sales arguments ever drawn up are thought of by salesmen after they have left the buyer's office.

"Taxicab" or "street-car" speeches, some men call them. When you are on the way back from an interview they pile into your mind, replete with ringing phrases and well-turned sentences—points you meant to cover but didn't think of at the time.

"*That's* what I *should* have told him," is the post-mortem that many a man tacks onto a conversation hours later.

This is not so strange. The salesman seldom gets a perfect setting in which to tell his story. Telephones ring . . . there are complaints of service and shipments to be discussed—questions to be answered that are off the main line of argument.

And, anyway—barring professional politicians, train announcers, and circus barkers—there are *darn* few men who *can* think of everything they want to say about their subject while on their feet. That is why manufacturers are using more and better printing both to precede and to follow their salesmen's calls.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Co., write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's (STANDARD) Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

The printed broadside has its speech all thought out before it is shown into the buyer's office. Days devoted to careful writing, careful pictures, and careful printing have made it complete.

It spends just as much time on important major points as you want it to spend. It gives as little space to a minor argument as you decide in advance the argument is worth.

A good booklet talks with all the fire of the sales-speech that was never allowed to get fully going. It isn't upset by the buyer's indifference. It won't let the subject get changed, won't discuss your competitor's prices or stock, and isn't discouraged at being laid aside if the buyer's mind doesn't happen to be free at the moment.

There are good salesmen who place before every buyer a well-printed portfolio that pictures and describes their line—and then they make their sales-talk from it.

Often this printing is left behind when they leave. It's a kind of printed insurance that there will be no things they *should* have said—but didn't.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper, better printing}

ALL TOBACCO SMOKE CONTAINS

Tobacco Yello

take it **out** . . .

SMOKE from any cigarette contains Tobacco Yello Coal Tar
Smoke from this Drinkless holder has 66.1 per cent of Tobacco Yello removed —no change in taste

. . . with a

Drinkless

"TOBACCO YELLO" HOLDER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

All tobacco smoke carries "TobaccoYello" (coal tar). You can see how this brownish, resinous compound stains teeth and fingers. Unfortunately, you can't see its effects on your throat, lungs and stomach. There's no longer any need to risk the results of deadening your appetite for food—besides spoiling your enjoyment of tobacco—by absorbing quantities of Tobacco Yello. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder removes 66.1% of this foreign element—proved by impartial laboratory test—and leaves only the satisfying, full flavored taste of your favorite tobacco.

A Physician Has Written a Booklet on Tobacco Yello—Send for It

In this little booklet "Healthier Smoking," a doctor looks at tobacco and its effects, and presents valuable information that every smoker should read.

Get a Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder Today

See how cool and pleasurable its smoke is. Use it all day long. Then take off the mouthpiece and see how the Drinkless attachment has collected the Tobacco Yello that ordinarily enters your mouth with the smoke. Only the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder has this attachment, which removes 66.1% of the tar from cigarette smoke. At all dealers.

$1

Every genuine Drinkless Cigarette Holder is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello," indicating that it removes this substance. Be sure the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.

SEE 1930 MODELS

of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.

Established 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York

Continued from Page 150

state needs gas more, because there is no local coal supply. It is estimated that rigid enforcement of this law will bring about a daily curtailment of at least 100,000 barrels.

That California is determined to bring about drastic curtailment is shown by the movement in the new Kettleman Hills Field. This area comprises three oil domes. Part of it is owned by the United States Government, and the rest originally deeded to the Southern Pacific is in private hands. Early this year drilling on one dome was stopped through voluntary coöperative action. On September twenty-third Secretary of the Interior Wilbur approved a similar agreement to desist from production on the second dome. A corresponding check on the third is in prospect.

Another cheering phase of conservation is in the Yates pool in Texas. Although the average daily aggregate potential output of the field is more than 1,000,000 barrels, production has been kept down to 135,000 barrels through prorating—which means that individual properties are permitted to produce pro rata.

The 15,000-acre field is divided into 100-acre producing units, each of which is entitled to an outlet regardless of the number of wells which may be drilled upon it. Moreover, the area is not to be drilled closer than one well to forty acres, which minimizes the competitive element. At the present rate it will require another three years of operation to produce the first 200,000,000 barrels from the 375 wells put down. Compare this with the record of Seminole up to January 1, 1929, where 2300 wells, drilled on 20,000 acres, produced 300,000,000 barrels at a cost of $350,000,000, or just one dollar per barrel more than the estimated unit cost of the first 200,000,000 barrels from the Yates pool.

This conservation is made possible through coöperation by the Texas Railroad Commission, which supervises oil production. The Oklahoma State Conservation Board has authorized coöperation through voluntary agreement. California's gas law is bound to curb output there. Intrastate regulation, therefore, through unit production, seems to be the key to the puzzle.

Various difficulties remain to be overcome before this procedure can be generally effective. The present form of lease compels an operator to drill regardless of the market for the product. It is likely to be superseded by a new standard form which pools the interests of royalty owners and operators through unit operation and keeps output within reasonable bounds

Despite the handicap of statutory conflict and the welter of competitive interests, the American oil industry is beginning to see the way to a solution of the costly overproduction problem. It thus becomes part of the larger movement for world conservation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1 00 the year (U S and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U S and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

SCHOOL DAYS ARE INDOOR DAYS—

Give your children the precious *sunlight vitamin* in this delicious nourishing drink

They're back now in school, those youngsters of yours. Less time to play in the sunshine, less sunshine to play in . . . So now, more than ever, you must see that they get the sunlight vitamin—*Vitamin D*—they need, if they are to have the straight sturdy bodies that Nature intended for them.

For it is this precious sunlight vitamin that guards against rickets and underdeveloped bone structure. Without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in the diet which go to make strong bones and sound teeth are not efficiently utilized by the body.

Now . . . Vitamin D is contained in this delicious natural food drink • Make sure that every day your youngsters have their Cocomalt—for breakfast, after school, for supper. Make it a part of their regular diet.

For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building strong bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

No need to coax children to drink Cocomalt • And it's such a delicious drink with such a delightful chocolate flavor! Children *do* take to it so eagerly . . .

But Cocomalt is something more than just that. It is actually a completely balanced *natural* food that combines in correct proportions nourishing elements ideally suited to children. It not only increases the milk minerals by over 50% but it adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk.

Serve it hot or cold. Either way makes a truly wonderful drink . . . Incidentally, you'll find that it is a sure way of making the youngsters take their daily required glasses of milk—without coaxing, without fuss.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • Hoboken, N. J.
Makers of Davis Baking Powder

FREE: A fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This book was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and its Vitamin D content.

R. B. Davis Company,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

Please send me free booklet M-9 "Children of the Sun."

*Name*_____

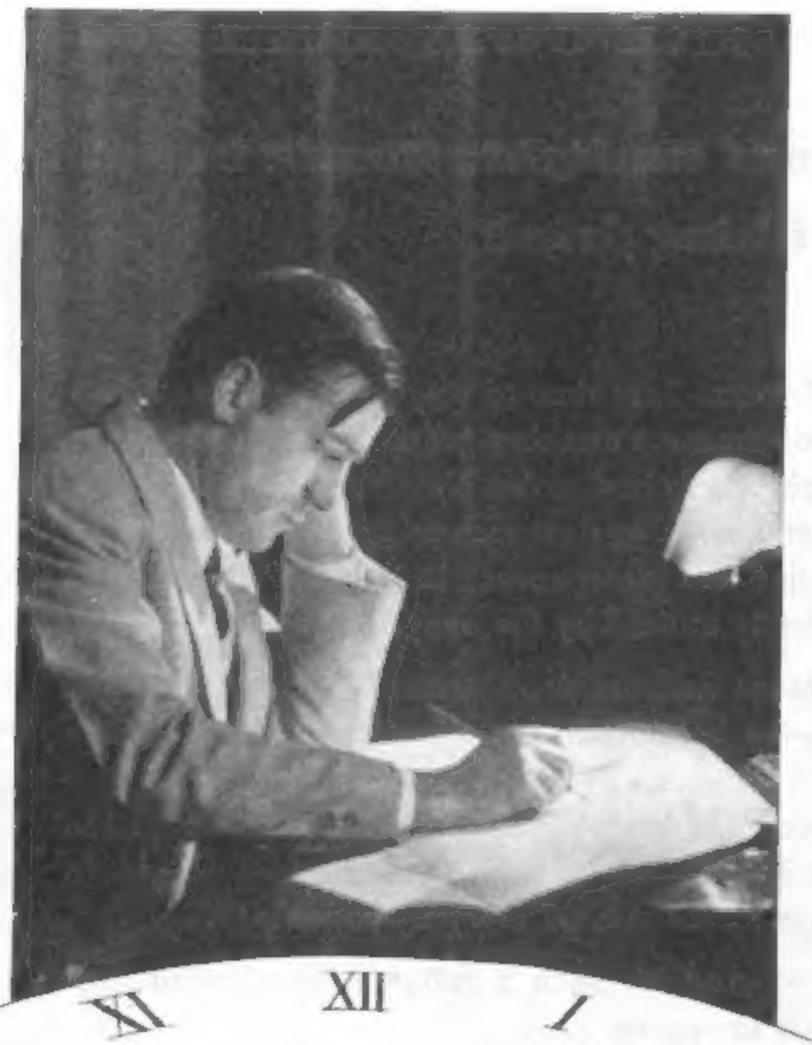
*Street*_____

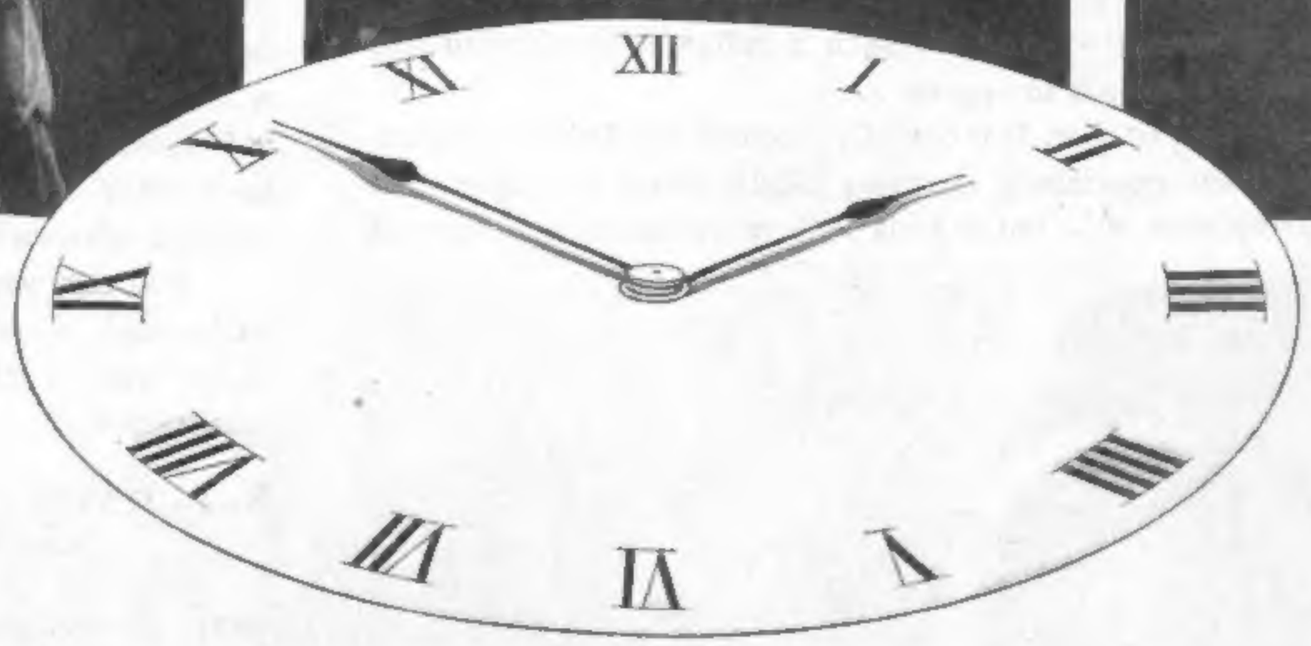
*County*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk





Rob yourself of sleep . . . *but you can't rob the* Gillette Blade *of its sure, smooth shave*

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into *every* Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that, four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

No two men have identically the same kind of beard. No man gives his Gillette the same kind of job to do every morning. A dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. The Gillette Blade alone remains constant.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job *well* every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

★ Gillette ★

Spur Tie

ALL TIED FOR YOU

50¢ · 75¢ · $1.00

This thing called STYLE

THE average man is merely covered with clothes—sartorially negative. A few are well dressed. There's something dynamic about their get-ups—something that clicks. The dominant note is always the tie. A smart tie is the sun of the solar system of style.

Several million men have discovered that a Spur Tie rings the bell. The sort of tie that's sure of itself, not a shrinking, shapeless blob of silk. The keynote of good grooming.

Admire the vivacity of its big variety of shapes, the pep of its flare, the sparkle of its jewel colors and exclusive patterns.

When you put on a Spur Tie, feel inside for the flexible skeleton. Twist, pinch and pat it into any form that fits your face. It will stay that way all day.

You may safely assume that every noticeably fine-looking bow tie you see is a Spur Tie. Millions wear them. There's a brilliant showing for Juniors.

Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-P Bedford Street, Boston, Mass. 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. 120 Battery Street, San Francisco. 426 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. 412 S. Wells Street, Chicago. 1604 Arapahoe Street, Denver. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd., Montreal. In Australia: Wallace, Buck & Goodes, Pty., Ltd., Sydney.

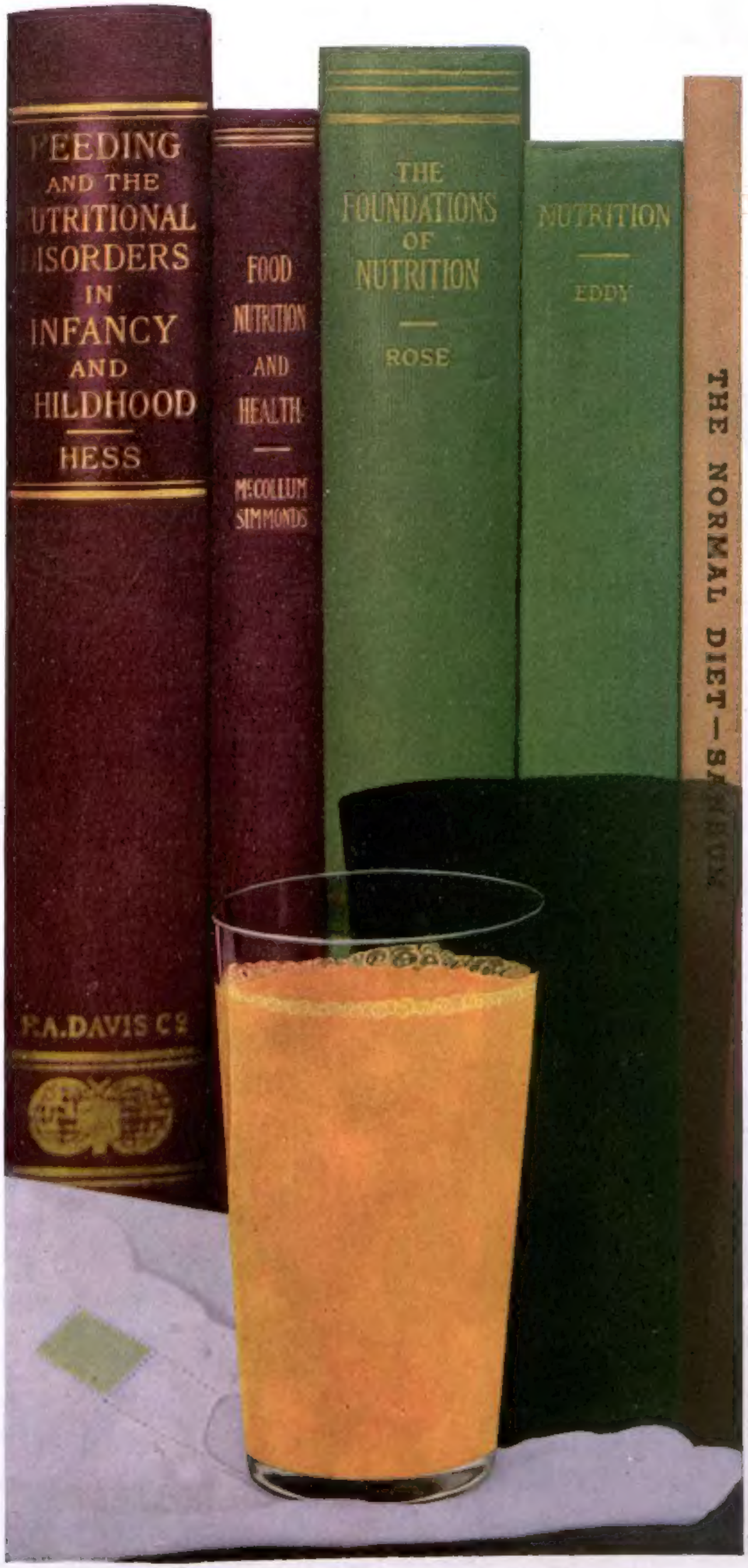
Insist that the Spur Tie red label shown above is on every tie and avoid inferior imitations. You can shape a Spur Tie in any way you like—fluffy or flat, severe or sportive—and the patented H-shaped Innerform holds it that way.

FREE

You'll enjoy this fascinating little book "Off the Lot." Full of charming photographs. All about motion picture stars. For your copy write to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-P Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

. . .BEHIND FRESH ORANGE JUICE. . .STANDS. . .

Medical Science



RECOGNITION of *fresh* Orange Juice as a health builder and corrector and preventive of many common maladies becomes broader every year. Modern medical text books (illustrated here) definitely establish the value of this fruit.

Through abundance of vitamins (including scurvy-preventing vitamin "C"), mineral salts, fruit acids and fruit sugars, Orange Juice supplies elements which serve to balance the diet, and naturally tone the system.

Probably no other food or drink gives more enjoyment with so much benefit. To begin the day at breakfast with fresh California Sunkist Orange Juice is to adopt the suggestion of eminent diet authorities. Drink another glass at lunch; another in the late afternoon. Digestion will be benefited and unnatural fatigue and headache eliminated.

Fresh California Sunkist Orange Juice is a potent corrective and preventive of Acidosis, caused by our over-acid diet. Acidosis is the beginning of most common maladies (certain types of headache, "biliousness," sleeplessness, fatigue, sour stomach, acid perspiration) which in turn head the patient for dangerous diseases. Often we eat *too much* good and necessary but acid-forming foods such as fish, cereals, eggs, bread and meat and *too little* alkaline-reaction Oranges and other fresh fruit, vegetables and milk. *Acidosis results.* If your case is stubborn or of long standing consult a physician.

Acidosis is subtly undermining the health of the nation. You should know more about it—*and you may*—if you send to the address below for a free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which discusses this prevalent malady and offers normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets approved by an eminent diet authority.

California Sunkist Oranges are in your market fresh every day. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Richest Juice *Finest Flavor*

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor

electrically powered; simple to operate; only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass or metal bowl. $14.95, delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95.

Dealers Using the Sunkist Extractor

make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition of this speedy, efficient machine. Write for full information and terms to the address below, please state business.

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Address—California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 110, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

YOUR WEIGHT AND HOW TO CONTROL IT
EDITED BY MORRIS FISHBEIN M.D.

DORAN